THE ART OF LOOKING AT PICTURES

CARL H.P.
THURSTON

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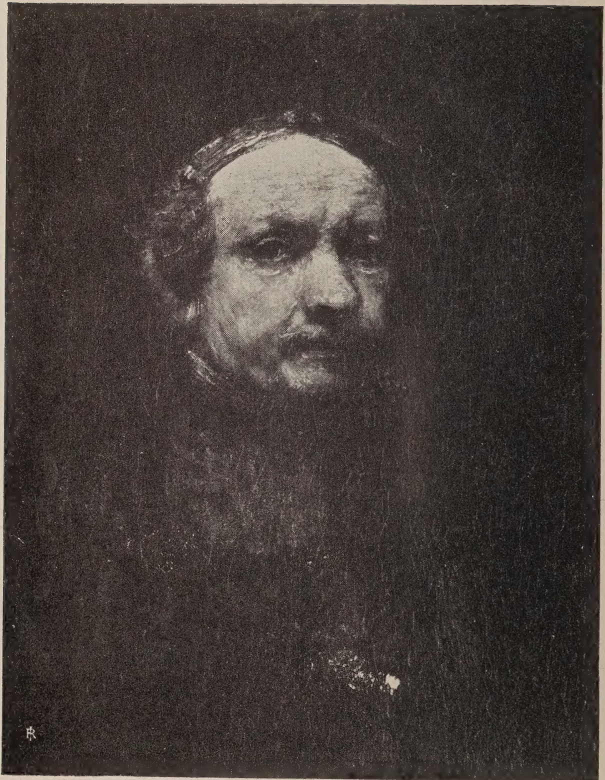

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST—*Rembrandt*

UFFIZI

THE ART OF LOOKING *at* PICTURES

An Introduction to the Old Masters

By

CARL H. P. THURSTON

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FOREWORD

A BEGINNER in the study of art soon discovers a group of defects in the pictures of the Old Masters which seems to make any sincere enjoyment of them impossible. Their attempts to imitate nature seem pathetic failures, their subjects are antiquated and uninteresting, their colours dingy, and their forms and faces often positively ugly. The handbooks to which he goes for aid either ignore these enormities or gloss them over with a word or two, devoting all their attention to certain alleged beauties in these works. His own attempts to perceive these beauties fail, and he ends in bitterness and contempt.

It is for such people that this volume is designed. It is concerned first of all with just these unpleasant aspects of the Old Masters, not with their charms. It does not, of course, make them only the more conspicuous by naming and listing them; but it is always conscious of them, and its chief aim is to lead the beginner, by hook or by crook, past the apparently insurmountable barrier which they present and give him a glimpse of the beauties beyond.

It is necessarily a rudimentary book. It is not for the connoisseur or the initiated, but for the neophyte without the gates. It tells not merely *what* to look for in the work of a painter, but *where* to look, and *how*. It is not meant to be *read,* but to be *applied,* sentence by sentence, to pictures or prints. Literary interest, which may be defined as the concealment within each sentence of a subtle temptation to hurry on to the next one, has been sacrificed to utility. It is a reference book to which anyone who dislikes the old masters may apply for help in learning to understand them. Its Directions for Looking are based on the laws of æsthetics and psychology, but they are not merely theoretical. They were worked out at first hand in the course of the author's own search for the beauty in which he sometimes believed but oftener doubted.

CONTENTS

PAGE
Acknowledgement v
Foreword vii
Introduction xiii
What Makes a Picture "Great"? . . xvii
How to Visit a Gallery xix
Explanations and Suggestions . . . xxiii
Directions for Looking 1
Books Recommended for Reading and Reference 274
Biography 275
Critical Biographies 275
Critical Essays 275
History and Development of Art . . 276
Handbooks for Special Places . . . 277
Schools of Painters 278
Key to Pronunciation 282
Index to Painters 284
Index to Places 287
Index to Quotations 289

ILLUSTRATIONS

Portrait of the Artist. Rembrandt . *Frontispiece*

Facing Page

Spring (detail). Botticelli 8
Madonna of the Magnificat. Botticelli . . 16
The Entombment. Caravaggio 24
Cardinal Richelieu. P. de Champaigne . . 32
Virgin and Child. Correggio 40
Madonna del Latte. Correggio 48
Last Communion of St. Jerome. Domenichino . 56
The Artist's Father. Dürer 64
The Resurrection. P. della Francesca . . 72
Portrait of a Man. El Greco 82
Nurse and Laughing Baby. Frans Hals . . 90
Anne of Cleves. Holbein 98
The Floating Feather. M. d'Hondecoeter . . 108
The Country House. P. de Hooch 116
Christ and St. John. Jordaens 126
Madonna of the Rose Hedge. Luini . . . 134
The Spinner. Maes 144
Madonna and Saints. Mantegna 152
Creation of Man (detail). Michelangelo . . 162
St. Nicholas of Bari. Moretto 170
The Tailor. Moroni 180
The Immaculate Conception. Murillo . . . 188
Raphael and Tobias. Perugino 198
La Belle Jardinière. Raphael 206
Madonna della Sedia. Raphael 216
Descent from the Cross. Rembrandt . . . 224
The Syndics. Rembrandt 232
Crowning of the Elect (detail). Signorelli . 242
La Bella. Titian 250
Virgin of the Cherries. Titian 258
Angel Musicians. H. and J. van Eyck . . 266
Chart . . . . End

INTRODUCTION

It is hard to convince anyone that any mere process of education can change his opinions of the Old Masters; our sense of beauty is so instinctive, so deep-rooted, so independent, so self-confident that it proudly repudiates any suggestion that its standards of judgment are anything less than absolute and eternal. I shall simply assume that any person into whose hands this book has come is at least willing to be convinced, and leave conviction itself to develop out of his own experience.

Such an education must, except for the most fortunate individuals, be threefold,—an education of the will, the eye, and the intellect,—but at the first and the last I can only hint here.

THE WILL

The education of the will, indeed, cannot be taught but only indicated. The hard work of instruction must be done by the will itself.

It should first be trained to remove every trace of suspicion from the mind,—suspicion that the so-called great painters have been much overrated, suspicion that only the conspiracy called culture has kept their names alive, and suspicion that anyone who admires them publicly is either a hypocrite or a victim of self-delusion.

When your mind has been thoroughly cleared of such poisons and a normal confidence in the sincerity of other people re-established, set your will to insisting again and again that there must be something in the old pictures, after all, to have stirred up so much talk and inspired so many books during century after century. Then try to believe that you are as capable as anyone else of seeing this something, whatever it may be, and that you have failed thus far merely because you have been looking for the wrong thing.

This achieved, the chief remaining task for the will is to supply an endless patience, patience to persevere in the face of difficulties, and patience to be content with slow progress.

One of the most troublesome obstacles will be the difficulty of believing that the old pictures are really *more* beautiful than the new, but that may be laid aside for the present. Our problem here is not to compare one picture with another, but merely to find as much beauty as possible in each one. I have, however, in the section entitled "What Makes a Picture 'Great'?" suggested a line of thought which may serve as a temporary compromise between the opinions of the reader and those of the critics. It should be remembered, too, that no one has said that all ancient pictures are more beautiful than all modern ones.

THE EYE

The greater part of this book is devoted to the education of the eye. It is based on a firm belief that an appreciation of the old masters can never be taught by describing the emotions one ought to feel in their presence; and that the only successful method is to set the eye hunting in them for a few simple, definite qualites which, when found, will yield distinct pleasure, and to show it, at the same time, how to ignore the unpleasant elements which block its path. I have depended on four kinds of Directions for Looking,—first, those which warn against wasting time and effort in looking for qualities which a painter does not possess; second, those which are designed to console the eye for the absence of these qualities until it has ceased to miss them; third, those which point out the qualities in the work of an artist which will become the most permanent sources of pleasure; and, fourth, those which offer various mechanical means of accenting, or otherwise making more visible, the more elusive of these qualities.

In addition to their individual utilities, these Directions for Looking possess a combined effectiveness that depends on that principle which alone make it honestly possible to call some of the Old Masters beautiful. I mean that habit, or instinct, which leads the eye to shape the most barren material into familiar forms and, whenever possible, to find these forms beautiful,—for example, to recognise faces and landscapes in a few pencil-strokes and discover dragons and castles in vague masses of clouds. The first glances at an old picture may reveal only crudeness and dullness, but when one seeks patiently in the work of even the most primitive painter for those few aspects of nature which he reproduced successfully, or in the canvases of the grossest and most matter-of-fact artist for whatever phases of beauty he did perceive,—presto! they fuse suddenly nto a beautiful whole and crudeness and dullness vanish, like clouds before the sun.

THE INTELLECT

The intellect may be used as a direct instrument of appreciation, finding its pleasure in detecting in a picture the hall-marks of its period and the expression of its painter's thought and purpose, but this is one of the ornaments of appreciation rather than one of structural necessities; and, for the beginner, it offers a dangerous temptation to rest content with a purely intellectual pleasure instead of pushing on to the richer æsthetic one.

I have tried to employ the intellect, through the biographies and quotations appended to the Directions for Looking, merely as a tool to smooth the way for the æsthetic faculty, by arousing interest, establishing important distinctions, and clearing away misunderstandings. I hope that the biographies will show that the Old Masters, in spite of their antiquity, were very human people, after all; and also establish certain human relationships between them which will make it easier to remember who was who, and when. The quotations are given especially to serve as a graduate course in Looking and to tempt the reader to dip into the books from which they have been drawn.

Although the book has been arranged especially to aid the visitor to the picture-galleries of Europe and America, the somewhat different problems of the student who is limted to photographs or prints have also receied careful consideration. Those who are able to use the book only in this way will find that the opportunity of applying it to a large number of pictures by a given artist in a single evening will go far toward offsettng the disadantage of being confined to reproductions.

Cambridge, Mass. Carl H. P. Thurston.
October, 1914

WHAT MAKES A PICTURE "GREAT"?

(1) *Great* means only *tested and approved.* A great picture is one which has successfully survived many fluctuations in taste, in styles of painting, in theories of art, in systems of thought, and in ideals of life. It is necessarily an old picture. The greatest pictures are not necessarily those which give the greatest pleasure to the greatest number of people; greatness can never be determined by majority vote, for only a small minority know the whole range of painting well enough to vote with discretion. The great pictures of the world are those which the keenest observers, the most unprejudiced students of art, and the most sensitive and most finely human souls of generation after generation have found to be the most truthful, the most artistic, the most beautiful, and the most exhilarating records of life.

(2) The greatness of a picture cannot be measured by the amount of emotion one feels at first sight, for that depends too much on passing moods, on peculiar sensitiveness to certain impressions, and on sympathy with the temperament of the painter to be a reliable index. And it is in the very nature of a great picture to win its way to the heart slowly. Greatness is not a quality which the novice can either confirm or deny; it is for him only an indication as to where his time and effort may be spent most profitably.

(3) *Great* does not mean *flawless.* A picture, however faulty, which possesses a single supreme excellence will always outlive one of uniform medi-

ocrity. With long acquaintance, the defects in a great picture grow invisible. The greatness of a picture depends on its plus qualities alone; the minus ones may be neglected.

(4) Pictures are constantly rising and falling in rank, but the movement is so slow that it must be measured by generations rather than by years. The current valuations—critical, not financial — are never far out of the way, for the struggle between bulls and bears is as keen among art-critics as on the stock exchange. New fashions in beauty and new ways of applying paint have as little effect on the status of the Old Masters as the movements of the solar system do on the fixed stars. They are affected most by changes in ideals of personality and character, by new attitudes toward life, and by new discoveries as to the direction in which the spiritual evolution of the race is flowing. Yet, as each new century tests them with its peculiar acids, the result is only a new demonstration that Art possesses a Midas-touch, able to turn even the most perishable of human commodities into indestructible gold.

(5) The years which lie between us and an old picture give it a charm which no amount of labour or of genius can produce,—not merely the charm of age and venerability, or of astonishment at the unexpected skill displayed by our remote ancestors; nor a charm wholly due to the blending and mellowing of tone which is the outward sign of slow chemical changes in the paint; but the charm inherent in remoteness and strangeness, and the charm of an opening discord, the inevitable discord between antiquity and the present, ultimately resolved into pure harmony.

HOW TO VISIT A GALLERY

If possible, take a pair of opera-glasses with you, and use them. They will halve your weariness and treble your enjoyment.

Begin with the Italian pictures in each gallery rather than with the Northern ones; and study first the earliest pictures of each school.

Study most attentively the painters of the country you are in, for in most cases you will not find them so well represented elsewhere.

Devote a little time each day to the artists whom you particularly dislike.

Don't feel obliged to see every picture in a gallery. Skip relentlessly, and go out as soon as you feel strained or tired.

Try to learn a few pictures by heart.

Be patient. Remember in using the Directions that the later ones for each painter will often fail repeatedly until the earlier ones have been thoroughly digested.

Don't expect to admire a painter whole-heartedly until you have learned to admire a good many apparently isolated virtues in his work. Enthusiasm will come on the day that these fuse together.

Don't expect to like the first picture by an artist who is new to you, or the tenth; allow for the part which familiarity must always play in the enjoyment of pictures.

If you are tempted too often to quarrel with Baedeker's taste in distributing stars and double stars, think of all paintings as a sort of great mountain range in which the foothills seem to anyone on the outskirts to tower above the high peaks in the centre.

Forgive every artist for the pictures with which he earned his living while he was learning to paint.

Try to discover the artist's attitude toward his subject.

Whenever you find hanging near each other two pictures of the same subject by different men, spend a little time in noting the differences between them and finding reasons for them.

Don't value a picture too highly for imitating nature accurately or revealing the play of a skilful brush; learn to regard these qualities merely as aids in expressing something else more perfectly.

Think of art rather as a *lens* held up to nature than as a mirror.

Accept an Old Master's version of his subject as a poem; don't insist that he give you a modern newspaper report of it.

Don't get too homesick for your own century.

Remember that you will never be able to dislike a painter comfortably until you are confident that you know his virtues as well as you do his defects.

If you admire a few pictures by some artist and detest his others, interpret it to mean that you have missed the essential quality of those that you do care for and that you are enjoying them for some accidental characteristic.

Determine, if you can, whether you instinctively care more for beauty of colour, beauty of outline, or the beauty of solid forms in space; the knowledge will make it easier to gain an appreciation of the other two.

Remember that each of these three posseses a beauty of its own, independent of what it is used to express or to represent, just as handwriting or printing is often beautiful even when the words which compose it are meaningless or repulsive.

But don't grow too intoxicated with the emotional glow which beautiful form and colour give,—or too peevish at its absence,—to go deeper into a picture; its ultimate values lie in its personality.

Accustom yourself, in the older Italian pictures, to the absence of a careful treatment of light and shade (technically known as chiaroscuro) and to a certain dull sameness of quality in the reds, browns, blues, and greens, and you will soon find them no more monotonous than drawings in black-and-white and etchings in sepia.

Remember that if a picture is worth looking at at all it is worth spending at least five minutes over.

Don't be discouraged by all these warnings.

Don't hurry through the directions; give each one a fair trial before passing to the next.

EXPLANATIONS AND SUGGESTIONS

In selecting the few painters for whom there was room in this volume, I have kept in mind four qualifications,—æsthetic value, difficulty of comprehension, strategic value in a general campaign of appreciation, and frequency of distribution along the route of the average tourist. I have tried not to omit anyone of special importance who flourished before 1800; but from the artists of the nineteenth century I have chosen only a few whose strong individuality has always tended to repel possible admirers.

The stars which stand before a third of the names are not to be interpreted exactly like those in Baedeker; for, although they indicate, in general, the greatest painters, their primary purpose is to mark strategic value rather than æsthetic importance: to point out the pictures whose mastery will do most to make the appreciation of all the others easy.

The book will prove most useful to those who use it most completely,—either in a summer or winter spent largely in picture galleries, or in studying a comprehensive collection of prints. Lack of space has made it impossible to repeat under the name of each artist every hint which might be useful in learning to appreciate his work, and a system of cross-references would have been cumbersome and impractical. In most pictures, some element of beauty will be present only in slight degree, and any attempt to point it out would result only in discouragement and confusion.

Remember that you will always get the best results when you study a number of pictures by the same painter at a time.

I am sorry that so many of the Directions must necessarily be mechanical, and that so many more must inevitably be outgrown,—even to the point of becoming not merely unnecessary but even untrue, —and yet must remain in their places on the page like so many dead logs across the path; but the numbering of each Direction makes it easy for the advanced reader to skip, and a habit of thinking of them as merely optical gymnastics, comparable to five-finger exercises on the piano, will lessen the irritation.

The border-line between the Directions applicable especially to prints and those more valuable for pictures is so vague that I have not attempted to distinguish between them. It may be remarked, however, that since so much detail is lost in even the best processes of mechanical reproduction, the suggestions for studying prints are necessarily cruder and will often seem needless when applied to the original pictures.

The Directions do not pretend to give a complete, or even a representative list of the virtues of any painter—but only to provide a practical introduction to his work, which will lead the reader safely past the gate and well into the heart of it.

The Quotations have been selected with more regard for their illuminating power than for their critical accuracy.

I have taken the liberty of condensing freely, without indicating omissions by the usual row of dots.

The pictures named under the heading, "Examples of best work" may be taken as indicative of the height of the artist's achievement. When he has worked in several distinct forms I have named one from each; otherwise I have preferred, for the sake of the traveller with a limited itinerary, to choose works from widely separated galleries, even at the risk of including something lower than the best. When a single picture has been ranked far above the others I have given that as the artist's "Masterpiece."

The scheme of pronunciation is that used in the New International Encyclopædia. The key will be found on page 282.

DIRECTIONS FOR LOOKING

Allegri, Antonio, see Correggio.

Allori, Angelo, see Bronzino.

Amerighi, Michelangelo, see Caravaggio.

***Andrea del Sarto** (Andrea d'Agnolo, 1487-1531), Florentine School.

(1) Note that you grasp the unity of the picture at first glance and derive a certain immediate pleasure from it, just as if it were by a modern painter. (2) Study Andrea's use of shadows as a mortar to knit the composition together. Compare with the more evenly lighted pictures of Lorenzo di Credi, Ghirlandajo, and Raphael. (3) Observe the roundness and softness of the flesh and the filmy folds into which the drapery falls. (4) Note what a pleasant sense of stability and equilibrium you get from the statuesque poise of each figure. (5) Yet feel the freedom and exuberance in such hands and arms as are pointing, waving, or reaching. (6) Feel the spirit of playfulness which animates every figure, even the animals. (7) Study the fascinating combination of roguishness and tenderness in children and cherubs. (8) Note the elasticity with which they spring from one position to another. (9) Decide whether the grouping of the figures or the colour scheme contributes most to the harmony of the picture. (10) Compare with some picture of Fra Bartolommeo's. Which produces the richer effect? (11) Note that each detail seems to exist rather that it may lead your eye to the next one than for its own sake. (12) Note how easily and rapidly your eye sweeps over the whole picture.

Andrea was born in Florence, in the parish of Santa Maria Novella. His name of d'Agnolo was derived, according to Florentine custom, from his father's given name, and the del Sarto, by which he is more commonly known, from the latter's trade of tailor. At eight, he was apprenticed to a goldsmith, and a few years later to Piero di Cosimo, to learn painting. At twenty-two, he opened a workshop with Franciabigio, but their partnership lasted only a few years. At twenty-six, he married Lucrezia del Fede, the possessor of a temper whose fame has been exceeded only by Xantippe's. He was called to France soon afterward by Francis I., and during his year there was handsomely paid for the first and only time in his life. But his wife, "more anxious," according to Vasari, "to profit by his gains than to see him again," insisted that he return to her in Florence; and, never seeming to lose his love for her in spite of her exactions, he promptly obeyed. The remaining years of his life were spent in his native city. His chief pupils were Pontormo and Vasari. During his years as a student he formed a friendship with Jacopo Sansovino, of which Vasari says: "So close an intimacy and so great an affection was subsequently contracted by Jacopo and Andrea for each other that they were never separated, night or day. The conversations of these young artists were, for the most part, respecting the difficulties of their art." He was called by his contemporaries "il pittore senza errore"—"the faultless painter."

"He rarely painted the countenance of a woman in any place that he did not avail himself of the features of his wife; and if, at any time, he took his model from any other face, there was always a resemblance to hers in the painting, not only because he had this woman constantly before him and depicted her so frequently, but also, and what is still more, because he had her lineaments engraven on his heart."—*Giorgio Vasari.*

"His life appears to have been a triple tragedy from the active hindrance of his wife's character, from the weakness of his own, and from the fact that he came, either just too soon or too late, at a time when the greatest rewards fell naturally to three men [Leonardo, Raphael, Michelangelo], who possessed exactly the one high spiritual quality which was denied to Andrea. He lived in an age which demanded not only a complete technical equipment, but also great spiritual gifts."—*E. H. and E. W. Blashfield.*

"The great genius of this admirable painter was in some subtle manner measured and limited by a personal timidity which the circumstances of his bourgeois life only fastened closer upon him, and from which he had not force of character to liberate himself."—*H. Guinness.*

"If nature denied him the soul of a poet and the stern will needed for escaping from the sordid circumstances of his life, she gave him some of the highest qualities a painter can desire—qualities of strength, tranquillity, and thoroughness, that, in the decline of the century, had ceased to exist outside Venice."—*J. A. Symonds.*

"The works of men like Michelangelo and Leonardo betray a hundred subtleties of invention, and astonish with a sense of difficulties aimed at and overcome. But Andrea knew nothing of these complexities; difficulties of technique did not exist for him."—*H. Guinness.*

"Andrea del Sarto approached, perhaps, as closely to a Giorgione or a Titian as could a Florentine, ill at ease in the neighborhood of Leonardo and Michelangelo."—*Bernhard Berenson.*

Best represented in Florence.

Examples of best work: *Birth of the Virgin, Madonna of the Sack,* Church of the Annunziata, Florence; *Madonna of the Harpies,* Uffizi, Florence.

***Angelico, Fra** (Giovanni da Fiesole, 1387-1455), Florentine School.

(1) Look intently into the eyes of the most prominent figure until you feel the intensity and purity of the religious emotion with which they glow. Examine several other faces in the same way. (2) Now look at both mouth and eyes together until you realise that the faces express not only radiant saintliness and perfect faith, but sweetness of character

and an entire lack of self-complacence. (3) Note what a variety of expression you can now see in these faces which at first sight looked so much alike. (4) Examine the hands, and observe that those which are not in an attitude of prayer or praise are engaged either in some unselfish service or in a gesture of affection. (5) Note the touch of lovableness which the hair often adds to a face. (6) See how expressive the occasional back views have been made. (7) Feel the general upward sweep of the lines of the draperies. (8) Shut one eye and study the architecture in the background until you feel its excellence as a stage-setting, and find a little beauty in its simplicity. (9) Note that the painter has begun to break away from the plain gold background which his predecessors usually employed instead of landscape. (10) Observe how well the purity and simplicity of the colouring and the delicacy of the gold ornamentation suits the subject of the picture. (11) Pick out all the patches of blue, and group them so that they seem to form a pattern against the rest of the picture.

Guido, the earliest of the many names by which Fra Angelico has been known, was born at Vicchio, in Tuscany. On taking the vows of the Dominican order at Fiesole, he assumed the name of Giovanni; "da Fiesole" was probably added when he went out into the world as a painter, to distinguish him from other Giovannis, but the terms Angelico ("the Angelic") and Il Beato ("the Beatified") were applied to him only after his death. He painted in Cortona, Orvieto, Perugia, Florence, and Rome. He was buried in the church of the Minerva in the latter city. His chief pupils were Gentile da Fabriano and Benozzo Gozzoli.

"He led a holy and self-denying life, shunning all advancement, and was a brother to the poor; no man ever saw him angered. He painted with unceasing diligence, treating none but sacred subjects."—*W. M. Rossetti.*

"He altered nothing, but left all as it was done the first time, believing, as he said, that such was the will of God. It is also affirmed that he would never take the pencil in hand until he had first offered a prayer. He is said never to have painted a crucifix without tears streaming from his eyes."—*Vasari.*

"Surely the good monk visited Paradise and was allowed to choose his models there."—*Michelangelo.*

"One is convinced that those blessed spirits can look no otherwise in heaven itself."—*Vasari.*

"He was the typical painter of the transition from Mediæval to Renaissance. We are too apt to forget this transitional character of his, and, ranking him with the moderns, we count against him every awkwardness of action, and every lack of articulation in his figures."—*Bernhard Berenson.*

"He covers the Virgin's dress with gold, not with any idea of representing the Virgin as she ever was, or ever will be seen, but with a burning desire to show what his love and reverence would think fittest for her."—*John Ruskin.*

Best represented in Florence; Rome.

Examples of best work: *Crucifixion,* San Marco, Florence; *Coronation of the Virgin,* Louvre, Paris; *Paradise,* National Gallery, London.

***Bartolommeo, Fra** (Baccio della Porta, 1472-1517), Florentine School. Pronounced bär″tȯ-lŏm-mā′ȯ.

(1) Observe how comfortably your eye moves along the flowing lines of the draperies and passes from one figure to another. (2) See how easily it passes from the high-lights into the shadows and back again, with no perceptible jolt at the border. (3) Note that no single detail of the picture forces itself unpleasantly on your attention or stands out

as irritatingly prominent; everything is subordinated to the total effect. (4) Hide each of the figures in turn from view, with a finger-tip or a pencil, and note the obvious incompleteness of the remainder of the picture. (5) Study each figure, not as a part of the picture, but as a human being, till you feel the restfulness of its calm dignity. (6) Then follow several of the long outlines of various figures and objects, comparing the quality of their curvature with that of the lines in neighbouring pictures by other men, until you realise the peculiar richness and dignity which it imparts to the composition. (7) Observe how luxuriant his landscapes seem, in comparison with those of most of his fellow Florentines. (8) Try to study the composition of the picture a little,—i.e., the distribution of the figures with relation to the frame and to each other. First, imagine the frame moved in a foot or so on one side after another; then, try to imagine the chief figures set in different places and given different postures; and, finally, try to feel directly the beauty that results from their occupying just their present positions. (9) For example, choose three heads that have obviously been grouped together and try to feel the particular beauty due to their standing at just those distances from each other. It is of the same order as the beauty of proportion which makes some rectangles pleasing and others too thin or too squat.

Baccio della Porta was born in a village near Prato in 1472. (Baccio is a Tuscan diminutive of Bartolommeo; the della Porta was acquired when he moved to Florence and took up his residence near one of the gates.) He learned the elements of painting from Cosimo Rosselli, but perfected his style, according to Vasari, by studying the works of Leonardo da Vinci "with the most devoted zeal." Later, he worked for a time with Raphael, exchanging the secrets of his own skill in handling colours and draperies for the latter's knowledge of perspective. While still a young man, he was moved by the fiery sermons of his friend Savonarola, and after the latter's tragic death in 1498, he took the Dominican vows and entered the convent of San Marco, to which Fra Angelico had belonged half a century before. In the great Bonfire of Vanities he burned all his sketches of nude figures and his paintings of profane and mythological subjects, and for several years he refused to paint at all. Only the command of the Superior of the convent, added to the urgent entreaties of his friends, induced him to take up his brush again. He left no pupils of importance—unless the carefulness with which his friend and co-worker, Albertinelli, imitated his style makes it only just to reduce him to that rank.

"The most religious of the painters who have been complete masters of form."—*H. Taine.*

"What, above all, contributes to the impressiveness of his pictures is the magnificent grouping, the well-balanced composition of the whole."—*Wilhelm Lübke.*

"Simple figures—the pyramid and the triangle, upright, inverted, and interwoven like the rhymes in a sonnet—form the basis of the composition."—*J. A. Symonds.*

"Those majestic male figures, in the full consciousness of their own calm strength, are ideal types of the free, unfettered character of the Renaissance, wholly released at last from the trammels and limitations of mediævalism."—*Hermann Lücke.*

Best represented in Florence; Lucca.

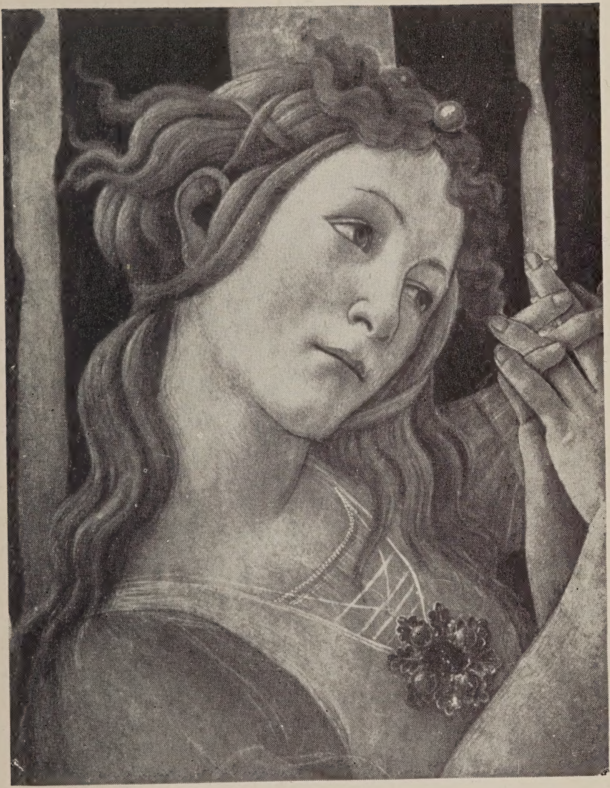
Examples of best work: *St. Mark,* Pitti, Florence; *Holy Family,* Louvre, Paris; *God the Father with Mary Magdalen and St. Catherine,* Provincial Museum, Lucca.

Bazzi, Giovanni Antonio, see **Sodoma.**

Bellini, Gentile (1429?-1507), Venetian School. Pronounced bĕl-lē´nė.

(1) Stand across the gallery from the picture and note how real the scene looks, thanks to the excellent perspective of the architecture. (2) See what a genius the painter has for massing people effectively, even if somewhat formally, into groups; how imposing, almost impressive, the whole composition is. (3) Move closer and study the picture as you would an old print, for its interesting information about clothes and customs and the general aspect of Venice in the fifteenth century. (4) Study each face and posture carefully until you realise that the picture contains a great many striking portraits of persons of decided individuality. (5) Watch for the resemblances to Mantegna which appear in many of the pictures.

Gentile was the son of Jacopo, and the elder brother of Giovanni Bellini. He was named for Gentile da Fabriano, who had been his father's master in painting. His sister Nicolosia married Andrea Mantegna. Though a lesser painter than his brother, his work was in great demand; and when the Sultan Mahomet, in 1479, requested that a good painter be sent to him at Constantinople, Gentile was given the commission. Vasari says that he "presented Sultan Mahomet with a most charming picture, which that monarch admired exceedingly, scarcely finding it possible to conceive that a mere mortal should have in himself so much of divinity as to be capable of reproducing natural objects so faithfully." After his return he worked with his brother on a great series of frescoes for the ducal palace, which have since been destroyed by fire. Vasari says of their relations that "the two brothers had so much affection for each other that each, constantly extolling the other, attributed inferior merit only to himself, and thus modestly sought



SPRING (Detail)—*Botticelli*

ACADEMY, FLORENCE

to emulate each other no less in gentleness and courtesy than in the excellences of art."

"Gentile Bellini's Church of St. Mark's is the best Church of St. Mark's that has ever been painted, so far as I know."—*John Ruskin.*

"As a draughtsman he possessed a finer feeling for line than any other Venetian of the fifteenth century."—*Roger E. Fry.*

"He has an unerring instinct for the right incidents to include. He cuts out all unseemly trivialities; his actors are stern, powerful men. He never forgot that he was chronicling the doings of a city of strong men, and that he must paint them, even in their hours of relaxation and emotion, so as to convey the real dignity and power which underlay all the events of the Republic."—*Evelyn M. Phillips.*

Best represented in Venice.

Examples of best work: *Procession,* Academy, Venice; *St. Mark preaching in Alexandria,* Brera, Milan.

Bellini, Giovanni (1431?-1516), Venetian School. Pronounced bĕl-lē′nē.

(1) If you feel that the picture is uninteresting, analyse it until you realise that this is due merely to the fact that the painter has not chosen to fill his people with dramatic emotions, but has painted them in their quieter, more passive moods. (2) Study the freshness of the complexions, the innocence of the mouths, and the trustfulness of the eyes, until you realise that they are all people to whom your sympathy would go out very easily. (3) Observe the slight wistfulness which sometimes mars the serenity of the mouth. (4) See how conscious the Madonna and Child are of their divine

destiny. (5) Study the figures again, and especially their attitudes and carriage, until you feel their unwearied freshness. Note that none of them have grown cynical or blasé. See how lightly the eyelids are poised. (6) Note the painter's progress from the Solio finish of his earlier pictures to the Matt Velox of the later ones. (7) Study his surfaces, textures, and outlines until you realise that he has finished every picture, not sketchily, as with some of the later Venetians, or for the sake of minuteness, like Dou and Dolci, but carefully, as a cabinet-maker polishes a fine piece of mahogany. (8) Try to forget the people and objects in the picture for a moment and look at its serene, golden glow of colour as impersonally as if it were a cathedral window, or a sunset. (9) In the pictures in which only Madonna and Child appear, group them in your eye as a single impersonal object; then let your eye wander from it to the background and back again until you have felt in the mere contrast between group and background, first in contour, then in volume, and then in colour, the same emotional quality that you have previously found in the faces. This is difficult and can be achieved only after long absorption in a picture, but it breaks a path to a new plane of appreciation.

Giovanni Bellini, like his brother, received his first instruction in painting from his father, Jacopo; but the influence which shows most strongly in his early pictures is that of his brother-in-law, Mantegna. He never ceased to learn from other artists; his pictures show that, even when he was over eighty, he could take a hint from his pupil Giorgione. Yet he absorbed this foreign material so completely, and cemented it so firmly with his own discoveries in technique, that the course of his development seems strongly individual at every stage. His early work was done chiefly for the churches of Venice. At fifty, he was appointed conservator of the paintings in the great hall of the ducal palace. Besides keeping the pictures of his predecessors in repair, he added several new works of his own, but all of them were destroyed in the fire of 1577. As late as 1506, when he was over seventy-five, Albert Dürer reported that he was still the best painter in Venice. And even in 1513 Titian had great difficulty in diverting a share of the work in the ducal palace to himself. The list of Bellini's chief pupils, Giorgione, Titian, Lotto, Cima, Catena, Previtali, and Sebastiano del Piombo, is sufficient justification for his generally accepted title of founder of the Venetian school of painting.

"Both in the artistic and in the worldly sense, the career of Giovanni Bellini was, upon the whole, the most serenely and unbrokenly prosperous, from youth to extreme old age, which fell to the lot of any artist of the early Renaissance."—*Sir Sidney Colvin.*

"John Bellini is the only artist who appears to me to have united, in equal and magnificent measures, justness of drawing, nobleness of colouring, and perfect manliness of treatment, with the purest religious feeling. John Bellini and his brother Gentile close the line of the sacred painters of Venice."—*John Ruskin.*

"It is, above all, in this quality of achievement without visible effort, this unruffled, quiet perfection, that Giovanni Bellini is a master of masters."—*E. H. and E. W. Blashfield.*

"Like every Venetian painter, he had 'the golden touch.' "—*E. H. and E. W. Blashfield.*

Best represented in Venice; Berlin, London.

Examples of best work: *Altarpieces* in St. Zaccaria and the Church of the Frari, Venice; *Doge Loredano,* National Gallery, London.

***Blake, William** (1757-1827), English School.

(1) Note that all the lines of the design display the same peculiar quality of curvature. (2) Note

the great simplicity of the whole composition, and its flavour of unworldliness. (3) Don't try to interpret the picture as an attempt to depict an actual event or to translate into pictorial terms any particular concept, such as joy or innocence; but think of its figures as the forms in which a man of unusually vivid imagination has actually beheld that which to other people is only an intangible abstraction. (Remember that many people form visual images in their minds as they listen to music.) Try to feel, rather than see, their appropriateness to the subject. (4) Invert the print. Note how much emotion is expressed merely by the arrangement of the lines,—peace, excitement, etc.

Although William Blake was born in London, and his father kept a hosier's shop, both the Lord God and the Prophet Ezekiel appeared to him in a tree before he was four years old. At intervals during his life, the archangels and the spirits of Milton and other great ones of the earth brought him wisdom and counsel. He declared that when he looked at the setting sun he saw, not a ball of fire, but a chorus of angels singing praises. And he died, at the age of seventy, in the greatest ecstasy, shouting and singing extemporaneous hymns. Beside this spiritual history, the material events of his career seem trivial. He learned his art through four years of study at a drawing school and seven of apprenticeship to an engraver. He earned his daily bread by illustrating books and painting water-colours, and by the sale of his own poems, printed from copper plates on which he engraved both text and illustrations, by a process revealed to him by the spirit of his brother. For the nourishment of his soul he produced book after book of mystical and complex prophecy, which were incomprehensible to the rest of the world. He was often accused of madness; but in spite of that, and of his habit of singing his own poems in public gatherings, he was well received in literary and artistic circles. Flaxman, Hayley, and Linnell were among his most intimate friends.

"It is clear that no madness imputed to Blake could equal that which would be involved in the rejection of his work on that ground. The greatness of Blake's mind is even better established than its frailty."—*J. Comyns-Carr.*

"He was a Cockney, like Keats; and Cockneys as a class tend to have too poetical and luxuriantly imaginative a view of life."—*G. K. Chesterton.*

"Neglected and misunderstood, Blake was always busy, always poor, and always happy."—*H. J. Wilmot-Buxton.*

"My business in life is not to gather gold, but to make glorious shapes, expressing godlike sentiments."—*Blake.*

"What other artist has attempted such a theme as 'The Universal Empire of Death characterised by his plucking the Sun from his sphere'; or 'A Personification of Thunder, directing the adoration of the Poet to the Almighty in Heaven'?"—*R. and S. Redgrave.*

Best represented in London and Cambridge; good examples of his work are to be found in the collections of prints of many other museums.

***Böcklin, Arnold** (1827-1901), German School. Pronounced bĕk′lĭn.

(1) If his pictures seem stiff and wooden, turn, for comparison, to the work of some of his followers; you will find plenty in the German galleries. (2) When you go back to Böcklin, study intently the solidity, the unmistakable actuality, of every detail. If after you have looked for several minutes they do not seem to draw together, click into place, and take on the sturdy elasticity of life, move back a few steps, shut one eye and study the picture for a moment or two with the other. (3) Compare the texture and structure of trees, rocks, flowers, water, and clouds with each other, until you realise how obviously they are all parts of one and

the same world. Note that this world sometimes seems only an intensification of our own, but oftener a mysteriously different one. (4) See how big and open and free it is; how direct and vital its inhabitants. Feel its suggestion of infinity and eternity. (5) Study the faces and attitudes of the people till you feel their freedom from pride, vanity, envy, narrow selfishness, and uncomfortable self-consciousness, from all the petty limitations of humanity. (6) Notice particularly the independence with which they live their own lives, oblivious of other people's opinions. (7) Study the people as if they were characters in a sort of morality play, representing abstract ideas such as Age, Sorrow, Strength; but don't mistake them for mere allegorical figures, like the statues on public buildings. Realise that the stiffness of people and objects, which disturbed you at first, is somehow essential to their playing of these symbolic rôles. (8) Observe that, though the picture presents a single mood, it is hard to feel that any given detail was inserted merely because it would look pretty, or horrible, or sad, or sublime, or whatever the dominant sentiment may be, or that any of the figures have been posed merely for effect. (9) Study his pictures of horror and terror until you realise that he does not paint these subjects because of any morbid delight in them, but simply because his strong sympathy with humanity makes him feel their hideousness so keenly that he is forced to give expression to it. (10) See how fundamental and elemental his humour always is, akin to what we smile at in the play of a young kitten or the walk of a giraffe. (11) Feel the vigour and the richness of his colouring. (12) See how beautiful his sunlight always is, wherever and however it appears.

Basel, when Arnold Böcklin was born there in 1827, was one of the most commercial and unartistic cities in Europe. It could offer him only a small academy of drawing, and a collection of Holbeins hidden away in a dark corner of the library. When he had outgrown the former, his father, yielding after considerable opposition to his choice of a profession, managed to find means to send him at eighteen to study in Düsseldorf, and later in Antwerp, Brussels, Geneva, Paris, and Rome. He married, at twenty-six, an Italian orphan as penniless as himself; and they began a painful struggle with poverty, which did not end till six years later when the New Pinakothek in Munich bought *Pan Among the Reeds.* It is her face that appears, with very little variation, in so many of his pictures. In 1860 he accepted a professorship at Weimar. During his two years there he became interested in mathematics and mechanics and began the construction of a flying-machine, a project which he never wholly abandoned. He divided the remainder of his life between Munich, Basel, Zurich, and Florence. His fame and prosperity increased steadily; and on his seventieth birthday festivals were held all over Germany in his honour.

"A man of few words, reserved and somewhat diffident with strangers, but frank and ingenuous with his friends. Warm-hearted and generous in disposition, he was the very soul of honour, never stooping to a meanness of any kind. Frugal, industrious, and simple in his tastes, he despised all outward show, cared nothing for the conventionalities of life, and was wholly indifferent to the extravagant praises heaped upon his name when, finally, fame and glory such as fall to the lot of few men during a lifetime, were awarded him."—*"Masters in Art."*

"He accomplished for German art what Goethe had already done for German poetry and Wagner for German music. Through the medium of a rich-set palette he revealed to Germans—and to the world—the Germanic soul."—*Christian Brinton.*

"Böcklin, instead of illustrating mythology, himself creates it. . . . There is nothing forced, nothing merely ingenious, nothing literary in these inventions. The figures are not placed in nature with deliberate calculation; they are an embodied mood of nature."—*Richard Muther.*

"He succeeds in making romance real and reality romantic."—*Christian Brinton.*

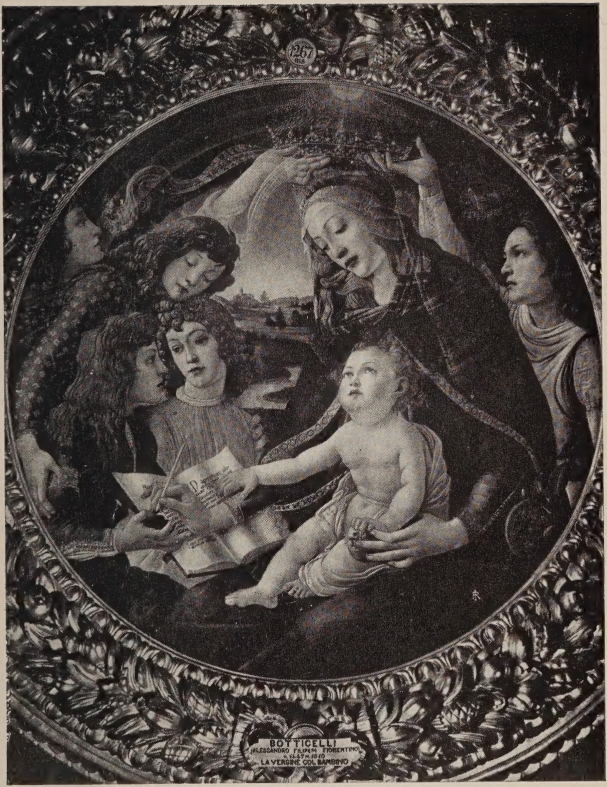
"Böcklin is as inexhaustible as infinite nature itself."—*Richard Muther.*

Best represented in Munich, Basel, and Berlin.

Examples of best work: *Isle of the Dead,* Museum, Leipzig; *The Sacred Grove,* Museum, Basel; *Play of the Waves,* New Pinakothek, Munich; *The Fields of the Blessed,* National Gallery, Berlin.

Bonifazio Veronese (1487-1553), Venetian School. Pronounced bō″nē̇-fä′tsē̇-ō.

(1) Stand across the gallery from the picture and observe its richness of colour, like that of a fine mosaic of rare woods. (2) Move closer and note the emotional effect of the various single combinations of colour,—a red beside a blue, a strip of yellow across a white, etc. (3) Try again, at this distance (by avoiding faces and focussing your eye on some blank patch of colour), to see the whole picture merely as an arrangement in colour and feel its richness. (4) Note how many of the legs, arms, and trunks of different figures are exactly parallel to each other. Pick out all the vertical ones till they stand out as a unified group against the rest of the picture. Do the same for each of the other distinct directions. Then combine all these groups so that you can easily think of all the figures as forming a *single* object. It will be helpful to regard the shadows as things that bind together rather than as things that separate. (5) See what a variety of attitudes Bonifazio uses in his large groups, and how harmoniously the figures are distributed on the canvas. (6) See how childlike his people seem compared to those of the other Venetian painters. Do they suggest in any way the English of the Vic-


1267
bis
BOTTICELLI
(ALESSANDRO FILIPEPI FIORENTINO)
n. 1447 m. 1510
LA VERGINE COL BAMBINO

MADONNA OF THE MAGNIFICAT—*Botticelli*
UFFIZI

torian period? (7) Note what a well-bred company they are; no one thrusts himself forward unpleasantly, and no one seems out of place; they always fill the frame but never crowd it. (8) Note, in the larger pictures, what excellent bystanders they make; they are never mere wallflowers, never unpleasantly eager or curious, but always polite and interested.

Very little is known of the three, or possibly four, Venetian painters who share the name of Bonifazio. It is even difficult to distribute their pictures satisfactorily among them. The one who is known on account of his birthplace as Bonifazio Veronese is, however, considered the greatest. He is supposed to have studied under Palma Vecchio. His pictures, less universal than those of the greater Venetians, illustrate more decisively the change from the religious earnestness of the quattrocento to the worldliness of the century that followed. Though his pictures are still religious in title, his saints and madonnas are only members of the Venetian aristocracy posed in the traditional attitudes.

"Bonifazio, whose colour is as rich as Titian's."—*H. Taine.*

"One of the gayest and most brilliant colourists of the whole glorious school, and an incomparable chronicler of the Venetian life of the day."—*Corrado Ricci.*

Best represented in Venice; Milan, Vienna.

Examples of best work: *The Finding of Moses,* Brera, Milan; *Dives and Lazarus,* Academy, Venice.

Bonvicino, Alessandro, see Moretto.

Bordone, Paris (1495-1570), Venetian School. Pronounced bôr-dō′nā.

(1) Study especially the eyes and hands, until you feel in them a combination of humility with a

certain yearning tenderness. (2) Note how subdued the picture seems. There is no glare or glitter or sheen, no glow of colour; and the textures of various objects have a dull, even a thick, finish. (3) Observe how well this harmonises with the character of Bordone's people. (4) In studying his colour, don't look at it as if the canvas were merely a rug, but throw it back within the picture to the people and objects which it clothes. (5) If you don't care for Bordone at first, go back to him when you have learned to enjoy the greater Venetians.

Paris Bordone was born at Treviso in 1495. He was sent to Venice at the age of eight to begin his education; six years later he entered Titian's studio. According to Vasari, "he did not spend many years with that master, whom he perceived to have little disposition to instruct his disciples, even though entreated by them to do so, and entreated thereto by the patience and good conduct of those young men. Bordone resolved to leave him therefore, but grieving much that Giorgione was no longer alive at that time, the manner of the latter pleasing him greatly; as did still more his reputation of being an excellent and affectionate teacher to all who desired to learn from him." He received his first independent commission at eighteen. Much of his early work was executed on the façades of houses, in Venice, Vicenza, and Treviso, and the last vestiges of it have disappeared. In 1538, "knowing that he who would succeed in Venice must pay great court to one and another, Paris, who was a man of reserved habits, and had no taste for certain modes of proceeding, which he saw to prevail around him, resolved to accept whatever should be offered to him in other places." Setting out for Paris, he entered the service of Francis I and "painted numerous Portraits of Ladies for that Monarch," also "for the high ecclesiastic, Monsignore de Guise, a singularly beautiful Church picture, with one of Venus and Cupid for his chamber. For the Cardinal of Lorraine he painted the *Ecce Homo,* with a Jupiter and Io." On his return journey he painted in the Fugger palace at Augsburg,—these works have also been destroyed,—and in Milan. He died in Venice in 1570.

"Bordone's pictures are of very unequal merit. They have a certain nobility of style, and that golden harmony of colour which he derived from Titian, together with the realistic conception of the human figure and the dignified character of his portraiture."—*P. G. Konody.*

"Like Palma, he is principally known as a painter of Venetian women. He not only knows how to cause velvet and silk to shimmer as brilliantly as did his predecessor and renders the delicate shades of red hair and the soft gleam of powdered skin with equal appreciation, but also endows his women with such a commanding majesty, such a nobility of pose, and such queenly movements, that Palma's entire art seems trivial in comparison."—*Richard Muther.*

"He flashed out at times as a great painter, in his portraits and, above all, in his great canvas in the gallery at Venice, which is his masterpiece, and one of the most interesting works in the whole range of Venetian art."—*Corrado Ricci.*

Best represented in Venice, Vienna, Berlin, Milan.

Masterpiece: *The Fisherman and the Doge,* Academy, Venice.

***Botticelli, Sandro** (Alessandro di Mariano Filipepi, 1444-1510), Florentine School. Pronounced bŏt″tĭ-chĕl′lĭ.

Botticelli will always arouse strong enthusiasm and equally strong antipathies, and, strange to say, the greatest enthusiasts usually develop among those who have felt the deepest antipathies. In no other painter does conversion, when it finally comes, result in such an outburst of fervour.

(1) Begin *as close as possible* to the picture, and study the contours of each face, profile, nose, eyelids, lips, neck, and hair, until you feel the exquisite delicacy of each line. (2) Move away a step or two and study the expressions of the

faces until you feel the tenderness in each one, sometimes overlaid with melancholy, thoughtfulness, roguishness, or pride, but always tender. (3) Observe that even the older faces have preserved a childlike freshness, purity, and sensitiveness to impressions; the years may have made them sorrowful and sympathetic, and they are often a little weary, but not a single nerve fibre has been broken or exhausted; they can still feel intensely. (4) If you are still unable to enjoy the faces, half shut your eyes so as to lessen the claim of the various expressions on your attention, and study the purely physical beauty of the features, especially of the hair. (5) Hold a finger-tip before your eye and hide each face in turn from view; see how much character and purpose is expressed merely in the body. (6) See how many of the figures have been caught in the middle of some graceful movement, as if they had been painted by some process of instantaneous exposure. (7) Notice how few idle hands are to be found. (8) Study the picture (especially those which illustrate some narrative) as if it were a photograph of a scene from a play and see how much dramatic interest it contains. (9) Feel the vigour of the masculine figures. (10) Feel the nervous tension of many of Botticelli's colour schemes. (11) Go back to the lines; feel the mastery with which each one is drawn, and the strong emotional content of each one, studied purely as line, regardless of what it represents. (12) Notice the delicacy of the plants in the foreground, and of the ornamentation of the robes.

Sandro Botticelli was born in Florence, probably in 1444. It is refreshing, for anyone who cares enough for him to wish to obliterate the common notion that he was a pale and moony æsthete, to know that his contemporaries shortened his first name to a nickname fully as wholesome as Bill, and, not satisfied with that, added for a second name "little barrel." We learn further that when he was sent to school he stubbornly refused to "take any pleasure in reading, writing, or accounts." His father soon took him out and apprenticed him to a goldsmith, but the art of the goldsmith pleased him little more. He insisted that he wished to become a painter; and when he finally entered Fra Lippo Lippi's studio, at sixteen, he grew so contented and industrious that, according to Vasari, "he rapidly attained a degree of proficiency which no one would have predicted for him." As his reputation grew, commissions poured in from the Medicis and the other wealthy families of Florence. At thirty-six he was called to Rome to superintend the decoration of the Sistine Chapel. After his return to Florence he enjoyed ten more years of prominence and prosperity; but on the death of Lorenzo de Medici in 1492 he became absorbed in the teachings of Savonarola, and from that time on he seems to have produced very few paintings. The last years of his life were probably spent in complete retirement. He was buried in the church of Ognissanti, near which he had been born. In temperament he was reckless, headstrong, and moody enough to be called eccentric; yet often kindly and genial, with a strong vein of humour, and a stronger one of poetry. His principal pupil was Filippino Lippi, the son of his own master.

"In his best years he left everything, even spiritual significance, behind him, and abandoned himself to the presentation of those qualities alone which in a picture are *directly* life-communicating and life-enhancing. If we are such as have an imagination of touch and of movement that it is easy to stimulate, we feel a pleasure in Botticelli that few, if any, other artists can give us. . . . Every line, every indentation, every boss appeals so vividly to the sense of touch that our fingers feel as if they had everywhere been in contact with the body."—*Bernhard Berenson.*

"The peculiar character of Botticelli is the result of a blending in him of a sympathy for humanity . . . with his consciousness of the shadow upon it of the great things from which it shrinks. . . . . He paints Madonnas, but they shrink from the pressure of the divine child, and plead in unmistakable undertones for a warmer, lower humanity."—*Walter Pater.*

"That peculiar strain of haunting and melancholy grace which is this artist's own."—*Sir Sidney Colvin.*

"The only painter of Italy who understood the thoughts of heathens and Christians equally."—*John Ruskin.*

"His *Venus* strangely resembles his *Madonna.* Both are great refusals. The one has missed heaven; the other has missed earth."—*A. Streeter.*

"The greatest artist of lineal design that Europe has ever had."—*Bernhard Berenson.*

Best represented in Florence; London, Berlin, and Rome.

Examples of best work: *Spring,* Academy, Florence; *Frescoes,* Sistine Chapel, Rome; *Magnificat,* Uffizi, Florence.

Boucher, François (1703-1770), French School. Pronounced bōō″shȧ′.

(1) To the normal Anglo-Saxon, Boucher's pictures are like a hot-house full of exotic plants; one can learn to enjoy them, but finds that the briefest visits are the best. Don't try to judge his people for either their morals, manners, or characters; and don't look at him as an illustrator of whatever he pretends to be illustrating,—shepherdesses, goddesses, or what not. Simply try to catch the sensuous mood of the curves and rounded softnesses that flow into each other, infused with dreamy yearnings and melting tendernesses; of the foliage that waves and flutters, dissolving in the distance into cloud; of the clouds that melt into haze, and haze that melts into clear sky,—a mood of relaxation and yielding. (2) Note how many of the prominent curves of each figure are continued almost without a break in the lines of its neighbour.

It seems very fitting that Boucher should have been born in Paris, that his father should have been a designer of patterns for embroidery, that he himself should have become a great success in the social and operatic circles of Paris and a favourite of Madame de Pompadour, and that she should have admired his work enough to appoint him her instructor in etching. It is easy to understand why he was elected to the Academy at thirty-one, made inspector of the Gobelin tapestries at fifty-two, and court painter ten years later, and we are not surprised to learn that his principal pupil was Fragonard. But the peculiar quality of his pictures hardly suggests that the man who produced them regularly devoted ten hours of each day to painting, and left behind him at his death over a thousand finished pictures and ten thousand sketches.

"Never were morals and manners better provided with an exponent than were those of the court of Louis XV. in Boucher, their painter."—*Sir Edmund Head.*

"He is made for turning the heads of two sorts of people, the world of fashion and the world of artists."—*Diderot.*

"The majority of them are so ethereal, so delicate and graceful, so unreal, so purely decorative, that you can no more object to their nudity than to that of a china doll, or that of the cupids which ornament the frame of your mirror."—*D. Cady Eaton.*

"The 'pretty,' that is the soul of the age; and it is the genius of Boucher."—*E. and J. de Goncourt.*

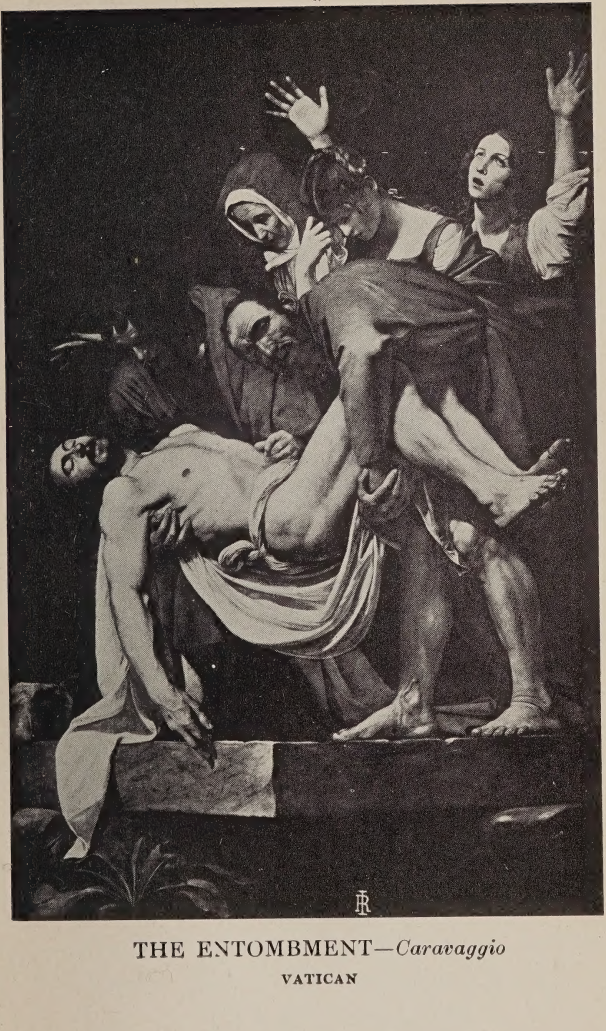
Best represented in Paris, London, and Stockholm.

Examples of best work: *Rinaldo and Armida,* Louvre, Paris; *Rising of the Sun, Setting of the Sun,* Wallace Collection, London; *Triumph of Galatea,* Stockholm.

Bouts, Dirk (1415?-1475), Flemish School. Pronounced bouts.

(1) Note the largeness of the heads; the large, full eyes; the long, straight, firm noses; and the full, rolling underlips. (2) Feel the heavy, almost sensual, strength of the faces. (3) But note the seriousness beneath it. (4) Compare the heads with the bodies; observe how completely the former dominate the latter. (5) Feel the slight melancholy in the faces, and their capacity for lasting affection. (6) Observe Bouts's love for the picturesque:—the odd, gorgeous head-coverings; the ornaments of gold and other metals, set off against cloth or some other simple background; his choice and grouping of architecture; his delight in painting bubbling springs, and pebbles seen through clear water. (7) Note especially the frequency, and the effectiveness, with which he introduces sunsets, moonlight, and artificial light. (8) Compare his pictures with those of the Italians of the same century, such as Lippi, Angelico, Mantegna. Note the differences in type of face, treatment of draperies, grouping of figures on the canvas, intensity of colours, and the combinations of colours chosen for a picture. (9) Study the dramatic value of the expressions of the various personages, in relation to the parts they are playing in the incidents depicted. (10) Glance over the faces rather rapidly, looking at two or three at a time rather than at individuals, till you feel the strong spirit of devotion which pervades the whole company.

Dirk Bouts is one of the numerous painters who owe their rescue from a long oblivion, the restoration to their names of paintings long ago assigned to convenient contemporaries, and the little information about their lives which we now possess to the work of the



THE ENTOMBMENT—*Caravaggio*

VATICAN

critics and invesigators of the latter half of the nineteenth century. Bouts was probably born at Haarlem between 1410 and 1420. About 1450 he appears at Louvain, and we know that he spent the remainder of his life there. He was the official painter of the municipality for many years, and several records of payments in cloth for his pictures have been discovered in the city records. He is believed to have studied under Roger van der Weyden and to have been, in turn, the master from whom Quentin Matsys received his earliest training.

"For depth, power, and fulness of colouring, no other painter in the whole school can be compared with him." —*F. T. Kugler.*

"He heightened the canopy of his sky and widened its curtains, and so gave to nature more of the dignity which had previously been reserved for human or saintly personages."—*William M. Conway.*

"The artist felt that biblical scenes should not occur in the Netherlands; and as he distinguished the figures as Orientals by turbans or other Eastern head-dresses and curious arms, so also he sought to give the landscape an exotic character."—*Richard Muther.*

"His models for prophets and saints are chosen from the craftsman class rather than from the nobility."—*William M. Conway.*

"In the arrangement of his subject the sense of the picturesque so predominates over that of the symmetrical as often to give an arbitrary and scattered look to his compositions."—*F. T. Kugler.*

Best represented in Louvain, Munich, Berlin, Brussels, Vienna.

Examples of best work: *Betrayal of Christ,* Old Pinakothek, Munich; *The Last Supper,* St. Pierre, Louvain.

Bronzino (Angiolo di Cosimo, or Angelo Allori, 1503-1572), Florentine School. Pronounced brŏn-zē′nō̇.

Portraits: (1) Stand seven or eight feet from the picture. Try to fix your attention exclusively on some single feature of the face; see how almost irresistibly it wanders off to the others, and how the picture seems to fill with life as soon as your eyes begin to move. (2) Step close to the frame; then move slowly away again and note how much more comfortably you can look at these people from a distance, in spite of the minute finish of the picture. (3) Notice the little tinge of resentment in the older people at having to sit there to be painted, and the interest and trusting confidence of the children. (4) Note the steadiness of the gaze. (5) Feel how many schemes his people have formed in their lives, and are still forming, even while they are being painted. (6) Do you know any other painter who has caught so much of the essential spirit of childhood, and mixed with it so little of the typical adult sentiment about it?

Bronzino was born at Monticelli, near Florence. He studied under Pontormo, became his favourite pupil, and worked with him until his death in 1558. Much of their work is almost indistinguishable. Vasari says, "And it is of a truth not a little wonderful that Angelo should have acquired Pontormo's manner so completely, seeing that the latter was always somewhat rude and repulsive, even with his most beloved disciples, not liking, indeed, that anyone should see his works until they were entirely finished. The patience and affection displayed by Angelo to Pontormo were nevertheless such that Jacopo could not choose but treat him well, and love him like a son." Much of the dignity of his style was due to his careful study of the works of Michelangelo. He was a poet as well as a painter.

"Bronzino has left a series of portraits which not only determined the character of court painting for all Europe, but in their sincerity are worthy of the best traditions of the primitives."—*Richard Muther.*

"As a portrait painter he is inferior to none of his contemporaries, not even the Venetians."—*Jacob Burckhardt.*

"Bronzino had none of his master's talent as a decorator, but happily much of his power as a portrait painter. Would he had never attempted anything else. The nude without material or spiritual significance, with no beauty of design or colour, the nude simply because it was the nude, was Bronzino's ideal in composition."—*Bernhard Berenson.*

"As painting, it is true, they are hard, and often timid; but their air of distinction, their interpretive qualities, have not often been surpassed."—*Bernhard Berenson.*

"Nor is Bronzino less enamoured of his art now, in his sixty-fifth year, than he was as a youth; and it is a great thing in him that, whereas many artists fall off in their age, he, on the contrary, does even better now than in the best years of manhood, as his works are daily proving."—*Giorgio Vasari.*

Best represented in Florence.

Examples of best work: *Garcia de Medici, Lucrezia Panciatichi,* Uffizi, Florence; *Stefano Colonna,* Corsini, Rome.

***Brouwer, Adriaen** (1605?-1638), Dutch School. Pronounced brow′ ĕr.

(1) Pick out the most respectable-looking character in the picture and look squarely into his eyes until you see something more in him than a brute with a pulled-down hat and an open mouth. (2) Examine all the faces, looking especially at the eyes and mouths, until you feel the irresistible good humour of many of them and the unmistakable refinement of a few. (3) See how humourously he presents certain emotions and types of character. Look especially for humour in faces which are so entirely absorbed in some trivial action that they show no trace of self-consciousness. (4) Feel the peculiar charm of the rare figures that are engaged in restful

contemplation rather than in action. (5) Compare his masculine types with Botticelli's. (6) See how thoroughly at ease they all are, how naturally they hold their hands, arms, and heads. (7) Note what a large proportion of the heads are thrown back; and how often someone peers at the scene through a door in the corner. (8) Note how much more vigourous, spontaneous, and individual his people are than Teniers's. (9) Study the slightness of the incidents which he chooses for subjects until you are convinced that his main purpose in painting is not to glorify the roughness and crudeness of peasant life. (10) Notice how clear his colours are; how many of them possess that distinction of tone which one often observes in flowers and in cloth; and how harmoniously they are distributed on the canvas. (11) Note what a good background his sketchy, grey-brown walls make for the more striking colours of the figures, and how neatly these figures are outlined against them. (12) See how firmly each group of figures is welded into a unit, through the agency of both colour and line. Study the picture until you feel in it a little of that well-balanced, closely knit, all-embracing unity which is characteristic of Rembrandt.

Brouwer seems to have been as devoted to poverty in his life as in his pictures,—not ascetically, but cynically and impudently, as a revolt against the conventionalities that spring up in richer soil. He was born at Oudenarde, in a family of very humble circumstances; and was apprenticed to Frans Hals at Haarlem while still a mere boy. Tradition says that Hals soon recognised his talents, and coolly shut him up in an attic by himself and forced him to turn out very profitable work on short rations, until Adriaen Ostade finally discovered him and persuaded him to escape to Amsterdam. In any case, he found his way to Amsterdam; his reputation grew rapidly and he was soon taken up by the young bloods of the day. But when he had endured their society as long as he could, he one day made himself, according to Houbraken, a suit of coarse sacking and painted it so elaborately that it immediately became the talk of the city, and the dandies ransacked the shops in their eagerness to duplicate such a beautiful fabric. Then, when the sensation was at its height, he sprang on the stage of the theatre one night with a wet cloth in his hand, and gave the audience a wild lecture on the follies of fashion as he vigorously scrubbed off his own brilliant plumage. At another time, his family succeeded in overcoming his sartorial scruples sufficiently to induce him to buy a beautiful new suit for his nephew's wedding. But when the guests began to express their delight and astonishment, he flew into a rage, seized a dish of gravy and dashed it over his clothes, and then tore them off and flung them into the fire, exclaiming that they had invited, not him, but his clothes to the affair, and that he was going back to his true friends in the taverns. We next hear of him in prison at Antwerp, charged with being a spy. Rubens interested himself in his case, secured his release, and offered to take him into his own home. But Brouwer, as distrustful as ever of fine living, refused, and Rubens had to be content with purchasing seventeen of his pictures. He died in a hospital at Antwerp at thirty-two. His epitaph asserts that he was "a man of great mind, who rejected every splendour of the world, and who despised gain and riches."

"An Adonis in rags, a philosopher under the fool's cap, an Epicurean with cynical manners."—*Wilhelm Bode.*

"Only the English have failed to appreciate him. One wonders if their Puritanism has in this case deceived their usually broad and hospitable taste."—*F. Schmidt-Degener.*

"His keen observation, his freedom from petty human vanities and follies, his witty and good-humoured sallies, his open mind for the beauties of nature—all these qualities of the man are reflected in his paintings."—*Wilhelm Bode.*

Best represented in Munich.

Examples of best work: *Soldiers Playing Cards,* Old Pinakothek, Munich; *Peasants Quarrelling over Dice,* Zwinger, Dresden.

Brueghel, Pieter, the Elder (1525?-1569), and **Pieter, the Younger** (1564-1637), Flemish School. Pronounced bru̥′Kĕl.

(1) Note that the picture is usually composed of a mass of incidents which illustrate the various phases of some story or abstract idea. Study each group of figures until you have discovered its relation to the main subject. (2) Yet realise that the whole picture is not merely a collection of detached scenes, but that each one multiplies the effect of all the others. (3) Feel the terrible doggedness of purpose which animates each figure, so that he seems to act with the relentlessness of an ant or a spider, or of a piece of machinery. (4) Realise with what vehemence the artist must have created and executed his compositions. (5) Note that each detail seems to clamour louder than its neighbour for your attention. Yet realise that Brueghel was too serious a man to strive primarily for mere loudness or for grossness and vulgarity; but that in aiming for vigour, intensity, and completeness in his illustrations he simply overshot his mark. (6) Realise that his pictures are not merely collections of grotesques, horrors, and vulgarities, gathered at random, but that every detail was introduced deliberately to serve some particular purpose. (7) Compare him with John Bunyan and "Pilgrim's Progress." (8) Realise that he could hardly have planned his pictures very completely before beginning them, but that he must have invented them almost as rapidly as his brush could move across the canvas. (9) Observe that he gave little thought to any possible spectator, providing neither beauty nor sentiment. It is hard to imagine him pausing for self-congratulation on the excellence of his work. If he stopped to consider anything it was merely how to hold attention a little more tense.

(10) Study his monsters until you feel the power of his inventive faculty.

Of the numerous painters named Brueghel, the two Pieters are the most interesting. Another son of Pieter the Elder, Jan, known as Velvet Brueghel (1568-1625), probably surpassed them both in the mere technique of painting, but he does not stand supreme in his own field, landscape, as they do in theirs. He was, however, sufficiently esteemed by Rubens to be invited to paint the landscapes in several of his pictures. One of his daughters married David Teniers. Pieter the Elder, often called the Droll, was the son of a peasant. He travelled extensively in France and Italy (two of his pictures are in the museum at Naples), and studied especially the wildest parts of the Alps. Little is known of his life or of that of his son, who was distinguished from his father by the title of Hell Brueghel.

"He was one of those who made laughter a mask under which to but partially hide all the anxieties and pains and sorrows of a time when so little value was placed on human life."—*Paul Mantz.*

"If he amused himself often with buffooneries it was after the manner of Rabelais, who put into his *Gargantua* and his *Pantagruel,*—gigantic farces in form,—the people, the affairs, and the thoughts of his time. Laughter is not the only possible response to Brueghel, any more than to Rabelais."—*Charles Bernard.*

"Neither Teniers nor Brouwer ever exhibited such absolute good-temper, nor showed so much animation, sense of fun, and delicate raillery."—*A. J. Wauters.*

"He seeks to penetrate the soul of things."—*Charles Bernard.*

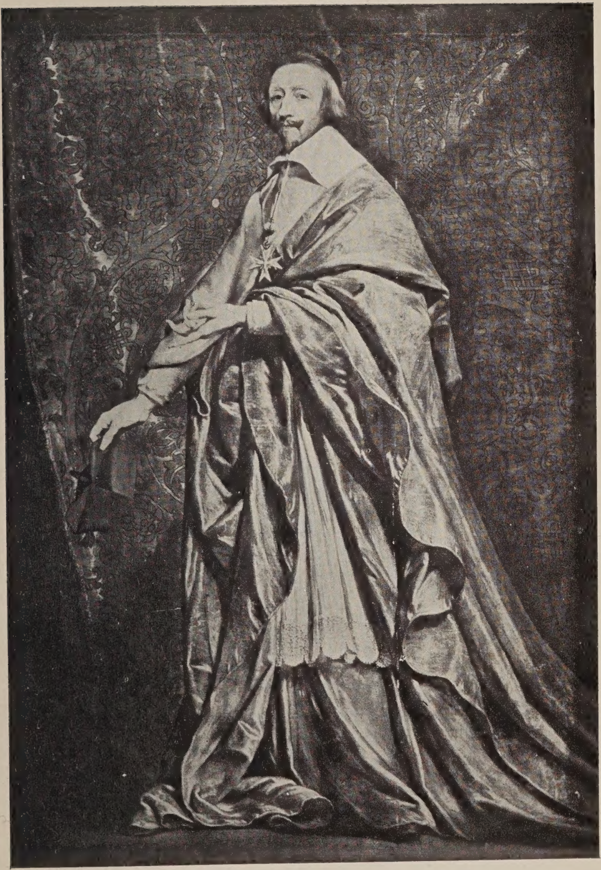
Best represented in Vienna.

Examples of best work: *Massacre of the Innocents,* Vienna; *Parable of the Blind,* Museum, Naples.

***Burne-Jones, Sir Edward** (1833-1898), English School.

(1) Stand close to the picture. Select the most interesting looking figure and look straight into its eyes until you begin to respect their calm seriousness, and to realise that behind their melancholy is a self-control which will never let it sink into melancholia or despair. (2) Shut one eye, and hold a finger before the other so as to hide the heads from view. Note the beauty of the rich, parallel folds of the draperies. (3) Notice the strength and beauty of the feet. (4) Notice that, at a distance, the hands and arms seem to have been posed to produce a decorative effect. Then step closer; see how entirely these gestures now seem due to acts of will of the figures in question. (5) Notice the dignity of the total effect of the picture and yet the delicacy and tenderness of the detail. (6) Notice that you never feel any discomfort from the presence of the *frame;* obviously, these figures did not have to be squeezed, or twisted, or crowded in order to get them all in. (7) Observe that the figures are absorbed less in the momentary action in which they are engaged than in the eternal verities which it symbolises to them. Feel the atmosphere of mystery and peace which arises from this elevation of thought. (8) Realise that these are people who feel more than they act. (9) Realise that their melancholy is more the product of thought and sympathy than of low vitality.

In his early days at Birmingham, Edward Coley Burne-Jones was a frail, motherless boy, who dreamed dreams



CARDINAL RICHELIEU—*P. de Champaigne*
LOUVRE

and thought long thoughts, which he always described as "camels" when requested by inquisitive grown-ups to reveal them. High spirits, an infectious laugh, and a keen love of fun of all kinds saved him from melancholy. A school friend says, "His temper was hot and fierce." His father had scruples against novels, and Æsop's Fables was his nearest approach to fiction. He hated paintings, but spent hours in drawing,—with little black devils for his favourite subjects. As he grew up, his choice of a profession fell naturally on the Church, but three years of the closest intimacy with William Morris at Oxford weakened this decision; and his meeting with Rossetti at twenty-three fired his growing enthusiasm for art. It flamed up so rapidly that he left Oxford at once, and went to London to begin almost at the beginning of his craft under Rossetti's direction. William Morris soon followed him, with the intention of becoming an architect. Their intimacy continued throughout their lives; and some of Burne-Jones's finest work consists of designs for tapestries, stained-glass windows, and illustrations for books, done for the firm of Morris and Co. At twenty-seven he married Miss Georgiana Macdonald, two of whose sisters were the wives of Sir Edward Poynter and Mr. John Lockwood Kipling. In the face of a flood of discouraging, stinging criticism, he painted indefatigably all his life, interrupting his work only for two short trips to Italy—one with Ruskin as guide—and the rests that his never vigorous health sometimes demanded. He was never elected to the Royal Academy, but received an honorary degree from Oxford at forty-eight, the Legion of Honour nine years later, and a baronetcy four years before his death.

"The earth, the sky, the rocks, the trees, the men and women of Burne-Jones are not those of this world; but they are themselves a world, consistent with itself, and having therefore its own reality. Charged with the beauty and with the strangeness of dreams, it has nothing of a dream's incoherence."—*Laurence Binyon.*

"I mean by a picture, a beautiful, romantic dream of something that never was, never will be, in a light better than any light that ever shone, in a land no one can define or remember,—only desire."—*Burne-Jones.*

"The figures are immersed in water rather than in air." —*Kenyon Cox.*

"His knights might be shy young gods entering the world for the first time."—*Robert de la Sizeranne.*

"I love to treat my pictures as a goldsmith does his jewels. I should like every inch of surface to be so fine that if all but a scrap from one of them were burned or lost, the man who found it might say, 'Whatever this may have represented, it is a work of art, beautiful in surface and quality and colour.'"—*Burne-Jones.*

"The sense of wonder (that sense for which a recent writer tells us no word has yet been found in the French language) is never absent from his creations."—*Julia Cartwright.*

"If I could travel backwards, I think my heart's desire would take me to Florence in the time of Botticelli."—*Burne-Jones.*

"I should like to paint and paint for seventeen thousand years."—*Burne-Jones.*

Best represented in London and Birmingham.

Examples of best work: *King Cophetua,* Tate Gallery, London; *Star of Bethlehem,* Gallery, Birmingham.

Buonarotti, Michelangelo, see Michelangelo.

Cagliari, Paolo, see Veronese.

Canaletto (Antonio Canale, 1697-1768), Venetian School.

(1) Note the blueness, the depth, and the peculiar richness of his skies. (2) Shut one eye, and note the excellence of the perspective, and the apparent reality and stability of the buildings. (3) See how natural the attitudes of his people are. (4) Do his pictures contain more or less of the true spirit of Italy than those of Turner, Whistler, and other foreigners?

Canaletto was the son of a Venetian scene-painter, and it was during the years in which he practised his father's trade that he laid the foundations for his remarkable knowledge of perspective. When he turned to landscape painting he increased this knowledge by the use of the camera lucida,—which he added for the first time to the painter's equipment. His best known pictures are those of Venice, but the latter part of his life was spent in painting English scenes. His nephew, Bernardo Bellotto, an inferior painter, imitated his style and is also often called Canaletto.

"He reproduces the Venice we know, and we see how little it has changed."—*Evelyn M. Phillips.*

"It is well to remember that at the time Canaletto painted and drew Venetian scenes there were said to be 60,000 persons who gained a living by the gondolas."—*Anon.*

"Canaletto painted Venice with a feeling for space and atmosphere, with a mastery over the delicate effects of mist peculiar to the city, that make the views of the Salute, the Grand Canal, and the Piazzetta still seem more like Venice than all the pictures of them that have been painted since."—*Bernhard Berenson.*

Best represented in Windsor, Vienna, London.

Examples of best work: *Scuola di San Rocco,* National Gallery, London; *The Grand Canal,* Zwinger, Dresden; *Piazza di San Marco,* Windsor Castle.

Caravaggio (Michelangelo Amerighi, 1560?-1609), Naturalistic School. Pronounced kä″rȧ-vä′jō̇.

(1) Observe the intentness of the faces. (2) Find, if possible, some figure that has a heavy weight to support. Notice the almost architectural satisfaction that you derive from it, as if the man were a column in a well-designed building. Note

that all of his figures who are engaged in muscular work give the same kind of pleasure, though in lesser degree. (3) Notice the slight physical exhilaration that the brilliant lighting of his flesh produces in you. (4) Notice how the beauty of the occasional thoughtful or melancholy figure is enhanced by contrast with the violence and vigour of the others. (5) Feel the dramatic tension of the scene. (6) Feel the presence of an invisible Fate which binds together the lives of all the people in the picture. (7) Feel the dignity of the long lines of the figures and of the vast black spaces around them. (8) Study Caravaggio's use of light till you feel the emphasis which it adds to the emotional and dramatic values of his scenes,—i.e., note which parts are brightly lighted and which left in shadow, and the total effect of the lighting scheme.

Like so many of the Italians whose work was done away from home, this painter is known by the name of the town in which he was born, rather than by any of the names conferred on him at baptism. He began his career in this little Lombardy village as a mason, but soon transferred his tremendous energy to painting. His ability and his furious contempt for the idealism of the painters who had preceded him soon made him the recognised head of a new school of painters, the naturalists, whose sole aim was to transfer nature to their canvases as faithfully as possible. But this demanded only a small portion of his vitality, and the rest was left at the service of his violent temper. A series of crimes forced him to flee successively from Milan, Venice, Rome, Naples, Malta, and Sicily. He died on the beach at Pontercole on his way back to Rome, of a fever caused by exposure and wounds.

"He struggles against the academies and declares that nature should be the only teacher. To her he wishes to owe everything, nothing to art. The more wrinkles his model has the better he is pleased. Porters and beggars, strumpets and gipsies are used in his religious pictures; and he takes pleasure in callous hands, torn rags, and dirty feet. In harsh contrast to the Renaissance, which had recognised only the distinguished, the plebeian Caravaggio will acknowledge the existence of beauty only among the lower classes, and sets himself up only as the democratic painter who raised the lowest classes to a place of honour."—*Richard Muther.*

" . . . that gift which distinguishes him so clearly from his contemporaries and especially from the Romans, of treating subjects that had been repeatedly handled as if they had never been put on canvas before, as if he were the first who had had to paint them."—*Wolfgang Kallab.*

Best represented in Rome and Paris.

Examples of best work: *Entombment of Christ,* Vatican Gallery, Rome; *Grand Master of the Knights of Malta,* Louvre, Paris; *Narcissus,* Corsini, Rome.

***Carpaccio, Vittore** (1465?-1522?), Venetian School. Pronounced kär-pä'chō.

(1) Remember, in approaching Carpaccio, that he was one of the few Old Masters in whom the novelist predominated over the dramatist; he was more interested in telling everything that was happening at the moment he chose to depict than in concentrating and focussing a few things to gain a greater intensity. Read the picture as if it were a long, romantic tale of chivalry. Begin with the setting; follow it building by building, and rock by rock, from the foreground back to the horizon, not to determine whether it is beautifully or accurately painted, but in the spirit of a tourist entering some quaint old city for the first time. (2) Then turn to the people; puzzle out the story and the relation of the various incidents to it. (3) Observe that he

makes even the utterly unrelated incidents in the background so interesting in themselves that they somehow seem an integral part of the picture and not mere space-fillers. (4) See how absorbed all the busy people are in what they are doing. (5) Observe the friendly way in which the old men talk together; and how kindly disposed both old and young seem toward their fellow men. (6) See how lovable the animals are, and note that they are, properly, still more naïve than these very naïve men. (7) Note the expression of yearning on the faces of some of the people. (8) Don't overlook the multitude of interesting and significant objects scattered apparently at random over the ground. (9) Note the beauty of the colour contrasts, those, for example, between yellow and black velvets, or between the red of a robe and the colours of the face and hair above it.

Little is known of Carpaccio's life. Critics have discovered the influence of most of his important contemporaries in his work, but it is now believed that he served his apprenticeship with the little-known Bastiani. He is considered the most original of the Venetians in invention and composition.

"He had truth in his very heart."—*Zanetti.*

"We find in him that perfect truthfulness, that bloom of the Christian conscience which the following age, more rude and sensual, is to trample on in its vehemence."—*H. Taine.*

"Carpaccio is not a very great painter, but a charming one."—*Evelyn M. Phillips.*

"As a story-teller, he has had no superior in the school of Venice, and perhaps none in Italian art."—*W. J. Stillman.*

"The most diverse qualities of the two Bellinis are blended in him—a taste for the picturesque, and a tender and touching sweetness."—*André Pératé.*

"There is a truthfulness of appearance—an out-of-doors feeling—about his work that is quite captivating." —*John C. Van Dyke.*

Best represented in Venice.

Masterpiece: *Life of St. Ursula,* Academy, Venice.

Champaigne, Philippe de (1602-1674), French School. Pronounced shäN″på′ny′.

(1) See how clean-cut the faces are; notice the delicate modelling of the noses. (2) See how direct the gaze is; how the face combines high-mindedness with an unusual simplicity, sincerity, and democracy of spirit. (3) Feel the strong flow of what is called personal magnetism from the subject of the portrait to you. (4) Find the touch of melancholy in the humour of the eyes and mouth.

Champaigne is sometimes considered a Belgian painter because he was born in Brussels and spent his early years there; but he went to Paris at nineteen and remained there during the rest of his life, and all his important work was done under French influences. Through his friendship with Nicholas Poussin, he soon secured employment on the decoration of the palace of the Luxembourg, where Rubens was then painting for Marie de Medici the allegorical series now in the Louvre. Seven years later Champaigne was appointed first painter to the same queen, and was given an apartment in the Luxembourg and a pension of over 5,000 francs a year. He held the same position under her successor, Louis XIII., and later became the favourite painter of Cardinal Richelieu. He was sincerely and deeply religious, accepting, like Blaise Pascal, the teachings of the Jansenists at Port Royal. None of his honours destroyed his natural simplicity and reserve; and though he lived in the midst of the gaieties of the royal palace, his leisure was devoted entirely to his wife and his three children. He was an unusually successful portrait painter and most of the famous men of his time sat to him; but in his later years he turned more and more to religious painting. He was one of the first members of the French Academy.

"The graver side of the age—an age that produced Pascal—found its representative artist in Philippe de Champaigne."—*Gerard W. Smith.*

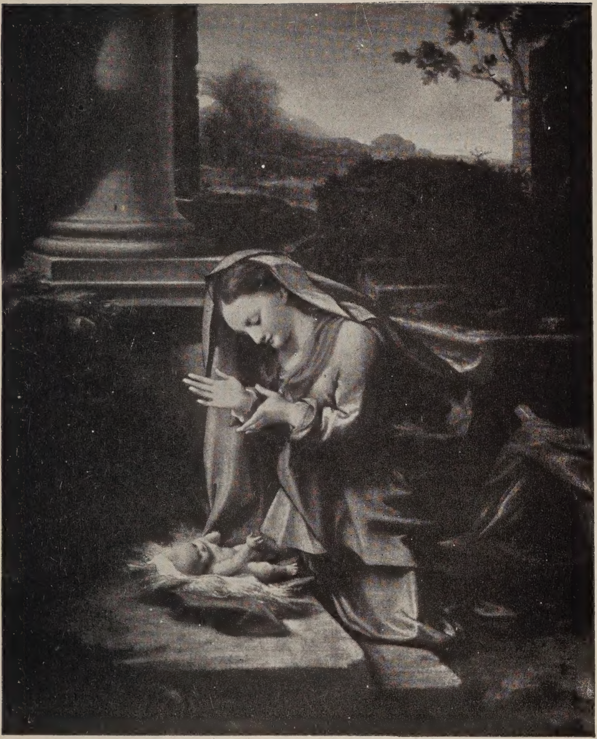
"He was among the first portrait painters of his time."—*C. H. Stranahan.*

Best represented in Paris.

Examples of best work: *Les Religieuses,* Louvre, Paris; *Richelieu,* National Gallery, London; *The Last Supper,* Louvre, Paris.

***Chardin, Jean Baptiste Simeon** (1699-1779), French School. Pronounced shär″dăN′.

(1) See how free the picture is from the voluptuous curves of Boucher, Fragonard, and other French contemporaries of Chardin. (2) Note how unassuming his people are, and what quiet lives they lead. (3) Examine carefully every detail of the furnishing of the room; note especially the beauty of the reflections from polished surfaces. (4) Note how the scene has changed while you have been studying it from apparent flatness to three-dimensional reality; and how its atmosphere of placidity has given place to an expectant animation. (5) Note in his pictures of game how pathetically dead a bird may be made to seem without a touch of sentimentality. (6) After you have grown familiar with the pictures, try to determine how much of your pleasure in them is due merely to the lavish manner in which the paint has been laid on the canvas. (7) Note the perfect simplicity of the



VIRGIN AND CHILD—*Correggio*
UFFIZI

scene, the ingenuousness with which people and things seem to have been posed. (8) Compare his colour harmonies with those that one finds in good pottery. (9) Feel the solidity of his pots and pans.

Chardin was born in Paris in 1699. His father was a cabinet-maker who made billiard tables for Louis XIV. The boy began his career as a painter with a signboard for a neighbour who was a barber-surgeon, and executed it with the independence which characterised him throughout his life. Instead of producing the traditional array of cups and lancets, he depicted on one half of the panel an exciting street-brawl and on the other the surgical treatment of the victims. Then, awed by his own audacity, he rose early one morning and hung it in place before the barber appeared. Shocked at having such a violation of professional etiquette thrust upon him, that worthy refused at first to pay, or even to forgive, the artist; but the magnitude of the new business which the sign brought to his shop soon mollified him. Chardin's experience with the other inhabitants of France was very similar. Tradition prescribed rococo goddesses and shepherds as the only fit subjects for a picture. Chardin preferred to paint pots and kettles and did so, with no concessions to popular taste. At twenty-nine he was elected unanimously to the Academy in recognition of his technical excellence; but the critics and the public remained hostile for years, and he was not granted the pension and the apartment in a royal palace with which France was accustomed to reward her foremost painters until he was fifty. He was a friend of the Encyclopaedist Diderot. After his death his reputation declined so rapidly that Sir Sidney Colvin wrote, "In the first quarter of the nineteenth century his work lay tossed among the least regarded lumber of the broker's shops on the quays of the Seine, and might be bought literally for nothing by anyone desiring and not ashamed to possess it;" but since that time his reputation has grown once more to its normal size.

"It is said that Greuze, entering the Salon and seeing one of Chardin's pictures, looked at it and passed on, sighing deeply."—*Diderot.*

"When Chardin took to painting simple scenes from the daily world of the *petite bourgeoisie* to which he himself belonged it was a new phenomenon for his contemporaries."—*Sir Sidney Colvin.*

"An orderly, sober world, methodical and regular."—*Lady Dilke.*

"Strangely for a Frenchman, he does it all without the faintest suspicion of swagger; he never says to himself or us how clever he is, but is as modest in his art as in his life."—*Sir Sidney Colvin.*

Best represented in Paris and Stockholm.

Masterpiece: *Le Bénédicité,* Louvre, Paris.

Chavannes, Puvis de, see Puvis de Chavannes.

Cima da Conegliano (Giovanni Battista Cima, 1459?-1517?), Venetian School. Pronounced chē′ mȧ dȧ kō″nål-yä′nō̊.

(1) Stand across the gallery from the picture and study the composition. See how carefully symmetrical it usually is; how obviously simple, and yet how satisfactory to the eye. (2) Step closer and note how strong, clear-cut, and cool the architecture is; note the good taste shown in its ornamentation. (3) See how many different marbles the buildings contain, and how excellently they are rendered. (4) Note, before you go any nearer, how sturdily independent all the figures look from a distance. (5) When you examine the faces more carefully, notice first that the men seem to be straining every nerve to appear properly interested in whatever they are depicted as doing. (6) Then study them more intently until you feel that this is only an expression of the great capacity for loyalty which characterises both men and women. (7) If his Madonna faces seem peculiarly stubborn, watch for the

occasional pictures in which this stubbornness breaks into a grim smile. (8) Step back again and note the rich glow of colour which comes from the group of costumes. (9) Note what a wide range of colour he introduces in each picture. (10) Study its distribution on the canvas; note that there is usually only one rather large patch of each colour. Compare with the habit of Crivelli and others of scattering each colour in little dabs all over the picture. Observe that Cima's method gives just as strong a sense of variety, and perhaps a stronger impression of sureness and mastery. (11) Feel in his whole treatment of colour the same stubbornness and independence which you found in the faces of the people. (12) Observe how well he has depicted in his saints the spirit of martyrdom: the stubbornness which refuses to abandon a faith once adopted; the power of body, and especially of will, needed to endure torture; and the gleam of fanaticism which makes them even welcome it.

Little is known of Cima's life beyond the fact that he was a pupil of Giovanni Bellini.

"What he lacks in grandeur is compensated by staid and dignified simplicity."—*Crowe and Cavalcaselle.*

"Cima never poses. He comes to us like a simple strain of old country music, a folk-song."—*Mary Knight Potter.*

"In his landscape and in his architectural background, Cima attains to a high degree of perfection."—*Corrado Ricci.*

Best represented in Venice, Milan, and London.

Examples of best work: *St. Peter Martyr,* Brera, Milan; *Incredulity of St. Thomas,* National Gallery, London.

Cimabue, Giovanni (1240?-1302?), Florentine School. Pronounced chē″mȧ-bōō′ā.

(1) A liking for Cimabue must, for most people, be confined to a historical appreciation of the new impetus he gave to the stagnant art of the Middle Ages; yet there is a certain pleasure in trying to discover the improvements he made over his predecessors,—an increased animation, more roundness of form and softness of expression, and better flesh colour,—and his pictures have an undeniable dignity and force. (2) Compare, especially at Assisi, the depth of his religious feeling with Giotto's.

The truth of many of the traditions that have grown up around Cimabue is questionable, but it seems certain that he not only made great progress in the art of painting but succeeded in arousing a new enthusiasm for it among his fellow-citizens. According to Vasari, the Madonna which he painted for Santa Maria Novella was carried from his house to the church "in solemn procession, with the sound of trumpets and other festal demonstrations," and "all the men and women of Florence hastened in great crowds to admire it, making all possible demonstrations of delight." He was the leading master of his time in mosaic work as well as in painting, and was also associated with Arnolfo di Cambio as architect of the cathedral of Florence. Perhaps his greatest service to art, however, was his discovery and development of the talents of Giotto.

"Cimabue never departs widely from the character of the older art. He retains its flat background, its symmetry, its general character. But he is restive under all these limitations."—*H. H. Powers.*

Best represented in Florence.

Masterpiece: *Rucellai Madonna,* Santa Maria Novella, Florence.

Claude Lorraine (Claude Gelée, 1600-1682), French School. Pronounced klōd lôr″rān′.

Don't waste any time regretting the artificiality of the composition, or the apparent dulness and unreality of the colours; they are merely superficial defects, and make the real beauty of the picture not harder to enjoy but only harder to discover.

(1) Shut one eye and look at the picture until you become more conscious of its three-dimensional space than of its two-dimensional surface. Repeat this for a few seconds whenever you realise that you have again lost this sense of depth, until it finally becomes unnecessary. (2) Note how very far out the horizon lies. (3) Follow the delicate gradations in distinctness,—in colour, outline, and surface,—from the foreground to the horizon; study them especially in the shadows. (4) See how hazy the atmosphere is. (5) Feel the glow of sunlight on the haze, on the clouds, on trees, buildings, and water. (6) Feel the vastness and calmness of the space above land and water. (7) Study the tree-tips, the clouds, and the waves until you can feel the breezes blowing through this space. (8) Go close to the foliage, and look at it through half-shut eyes until you feel its tremulousness and its vitality. (9) Note the peculiar richness of those parts of the picture in which ships and trees are outlined against the sky. (10) See how restfully your eye dwells on the land or water just this side of the horizon. (11) Feel the immeasurable peace of the life with which he fills his foregrounds.

Claude Gelée (usually called Claude) was born of very poor parents in Chamagne, a little village in Lorraine, near the Moselle. According to his friend Sandrart, he proved such a dunce in school that he was apprenticed to a pastry-cook and soon, as the traditions of that profession in Lorraine prescribed, set out for a journey to Rome. There he turned to painting, picking up scraps of technical knowledge while serving as colour-grinder and general factotum to a landscape painter. At twenty-five he left Rome to wander for two years through Europe. On his return he began to paint industriously; and within ten years he had won the favour of Urban VIII., and other ecclesiastical dignitaries; and orders for his pictures soon began to flow in on him from France, Spain, Germany, and England, as well. His method of work was to wander through the Campagna from sunrise to sunset, studying effects of light, and trying to match the tints he saw by mixing colours on his palette,beginning the actual picture only when he returned to his studio in the evening. He seldom went into society, and even his fellow-artists in Rome knew little about him. Although he always received large prices for his pictures, he died comparatively poor. He was the first painter to make a serious attempt to introduce the disc of the sun into a landscape.

"Rome in the seventeenth century was the counterpart of Paris in our own, the stage of Europe, the favourite abode of sovereigns in exile, the rendezvous of all lovers of pleasure, the goal of every artist, the mart of all the elegances of life."—*George Grahame.*

"The marvel is not that he should have been somewhat artificial, but that he should have been so natural as he was. The age rather than the artist was responsible for his shortcomings."—*George Grahame.*

"He elaborated his pictures with great care; and if any performance fell short of his ideal, he altered, erased, and repainted it several times over."—*W. M. Rossetti.*

"We must realise the passion of that day for architecture to understand the prominent position which architecture occupies in the pictures of the period. The building mania which prevailed in Rome in the seventeenth century seems to us incredible."—*George Grahame.*

"Far as the eye may wander away into space in Claude's pictures, it is always able to retrace its wanderings to a definite and beautiful foreground, where all is repose and serenity, crowned with some one of the varied mysteries of light,—the ethereal drapery of aerial perspective, or the more tangible, though still dreamy, mist of sunrise or sunset."—*C. H. Stranahan.*

Best represented in Paris, London, Petrograd, and Madrid.

Examples of best work: *Embarkation of Queen of Sheba,* National Gallery, London; *Landing of Cleopatra at Tarsus,* Louvre, Paris; *Dawn,* Prado, Madrid.

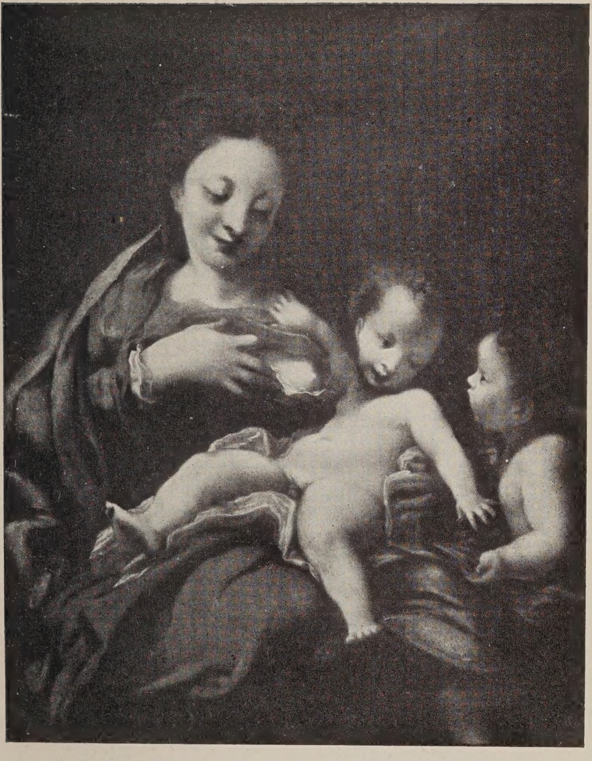
*Constable, John (1776-1837), English School.

(1) Be sure to stand far enough from the picture for its splashes of paint to blend together in your eye as they were intended to. Try to determine the position of the sun in each picture. (2) Notice, in contrast to Corot, the profusion of detail on Constable's canvases. Note especially the complexity of movement in the trees, and the individuality of each branch and bough. (3) Try to sympathise with the painter in his desire to reproduce on his canvas exactly what he saw before him, regardless of whether the result proved to be "pretty" or not. Note that he took more interest in the freshness and sparkle of things than in their forms. (4) See how well he has caught both the texture and the movement of clouds. (5) Pick out some comparatively smooth, brilliantly lighted place in the picture, a hillside, a meadow, or a wall, and let your eye play across it till you get a sense of exhilaration from the broad sweep of its lines. (6) Note that the main interest of the picture is usually brought as far front as possible. (7) Notice the solidity of his brush-work, the apparent impenetrability of his walls and rocks, the sturdy vigour of the whole picture. (8) Feel the straightforwardness with

which he worked and the simplicity of the means he used.

John Constable was born at East Bergholt in Suffolk. When he left school at seventeen, he determined to take up painting, which had fascinated him from boyhood; but his father was equally determined that he should enter the Church. They finally compromised on his entering his father's mills; and for several years the boy divided his time spasmodically between business and painting. At twenty-three he turned definitely toward art and became a student at the Royal Academy. He exhibited his first picture there three years later. His development was unusually slow; he painted few of the pictures now considered his finest before he was forty. His ability was gradually recognised by other artists, but he never found favour with the general public. Even when the pictures remaining unsold at his death were sold by auction, they brought only ridiculously small prices. Perhaps if his marriage with Miss Maria Bicknell in 1816, which marked the beginning of his best period, could have taken place sixteen years earlier, when he first began to struggle against the opposition of her relatives to the match, his career might have been more successful and his achievement even greater. After her death in 1829 he took little interest in life; and even his long-delayed election to the Academy, three months later, brought him no pleasure. He was the first painter to break away from the artificial, conventional representation of landscape and paint nature in her own vivid colours. When a friend one day begged him earnestly to adopt the rich colour of an old Cremona violin as an ideal for the tone of his pictures, he answered him by laying an old fiddle on the green lawn and pointing silently to the contrast. He marks the end of the "Where do you put your brown tree?" period in art.

"If a man's influence on others is to count for anything, if a man has been the pioneer of a great revolution, posterity, when brought face to face with the large results of his energy, is quite justly in the habit of laying but little stress on minor flaws in character or talent. So, while stern logic must deny Constable a place among the giant intellects of the human race, even hostile criticism



MADONNA DEL LATTE—*Correggio*
THE HERMITAGE

must admit him to be one of the most important factors, whether for good or evil, in the whole history of painting."—*C. J. Holmes.*

"The landscape painter must walk in the fields with a humble mind. No arrogant man was ever permitted to see Nature in all her beauty."—*Constable.*

"Constable's work consists almost entirely of landscapes or sketches made in four districts—the meadows around Dedham, the meadows around Salisbury, the beach at Brighton, and the suburban scenery of Hampstead."—*C. J. Holmes.*

"His work is to be deeply respected, as thoroughly original, thoroughly honest, free from affectation, manly in manner."—*John Ruskin.*

"No one has painted English cloud effects so truthfully."—*C. J. Holmes.*

Constable himself defined his ideal as the painting of "lights—dews—breezes—bloom—and freshness."

Best represented in London.

Examples of best work: *The Hay Wain,* National Gallery, London; *Hampstead Heath,* South Kensington Museum, London.

***Corot, Jean Baptiste Camille (1796-1875),** French School. Pronounced kō̇″ro′.

(1) Stand halfway across the gallery from the picture; try to feel its *mood,* forgetting for the moment whether it looks natural or not. (2) If you are unsuccessful, move a little closer and look at it through half shut eyes; observe the naturalness of the water, of the nearer tree-trunks, and the flowers that dot the foreground. (3) Notice the willowy vitality of the smaller boughs; and observe that only foliage seen against the glow of the sky is represented as indistinct. (4) Note how alive each tree seems. (5) Then see how far the horizon has

receded since you first looked at the picture; and note that nearly all the characteristics which at first seemed unpleasant mannerisms have now disappeared. (6) Now study the gentle slope of the land, the gentle curvature of other objects, and the tenderness of the light which plays on them all. (7) Feel the softness of Corot's surfaces, and the bloom which he has given to the whole world, until you become conscious of the mystery and poetry in the picture. (8) Note how well he has caught the peculiar impersonality of people seen at a distance. (9) Observe that he never puts too much of any one thing into a picture, that he never satiates you with anything.

Corot was born in Paris in 1796. His father was a hair-dresser, his mother kept a ribbon and millinery shop, and he himself, to please his father, sold cloth over the counters of a draper's shop for eight years. At twenty-six, however, he began to find painting too fascinating and what he called "business tricks" too repulsive; and he won a reluctant consent from his father to a change of profession,—and with it an allowance of 1500 francs a year. But even late in life, when his son's name had gone round the world, the old man, still unconvinced of the wisdom of the change, used to ask querulously of friends and pupils if Camille was really as great a man as people said. Corot's development had indeed been very slow. While he was studying in Rome, at thirty, his fellow artists liked him well enough as a simple-hearted good fellow, but laughed at him as a painter, until the director of the Academy suddenly prophesied that he would some day become the greatest of them all. He was not decorated with the Legion of Honour until he was fifty, and he had to wait twenty years more to be made an officer; his work won little appreciation from the public before he was sixty. Yet he went on painting happily all the time, and worried much less about his lack of recognition than any of his friends. He was equally free from self-consciousness in regard to his pocket-book. When his friends remonstrated with him at the small prices for which he sold his pictures, he simply told them to mark the prices themselves. He gave money to whoever asked him for it, remarking to anyone who protested that he could always earn more. When someone tried to keep him from giving a thousand francs to a woman who had driven up in a cab to beg for it, he only replied that the misery that was dressed in silk was the worst kind. When a friend remarked at dinner that he was getting a poorer soup for ten sous than Corot did for six, the painter called in his caretaker and began to complain gruffly that she had been deceiving him about the price of his soup. When she tried to explain volubly that she couldn't afford to sell it for a centime less, he cut her short with, "It is worth more; I can't afford to pay you less than ten sous." He never accepted any pay from his pupils; and he gave away his pictures as freely as he did his money. Among his other idiosyncrasies were a distaste for reading—he used to say that he began a book once but hadn't yet been able to finish it—and a habit of shaving without a mirror. He died at seventy-eight, after ten years of recognition as the leading figure in the artistic circles of Paris, and as one of the greatest landscape painters the world had ever known. He was buried in Père Lachaise.

"Of the painters classed in the Barbizon School it is probable that Corot will live the longest, and will continue to occupy the highest position. His art is more individual than Rousseau's, more poetic than that of Daubigny, and in every sense more beautiful than J. F. Millet."—*David C. Thomson.*

"The word that describes him best is *serene*."—*Charles Bigot.*

"A personality as rare, exquisite, and charming as has ever found expression in the plastic arts."—*W. E. Henley.*

"I am only a skylark, singing little songs in my grey clouds."—*Corot.*

"He himself has said that he should wish you to feel no fear for the little birds that might fly through his trees."—*R. A. M. Stevenson.*

"Corot's true distinction is the blithe, the airy, the truly spiritual way in which he gets farther away than anyone from both the actual pigment that is his instrument, and from the phenomena that are the objects of his expression—in a word, his ethereality."—*W. C. Brownell.*

"There are days in which it is I who paint; in those days the work is bad. The days when it is not I—an angel has come and worked for me; then it is good."—*Corot.*

"The sun is hot now; the flowers droop; the birds are silent. We can see too much. Let us go home, to dine, to rest, to dream—to dream of the morning landscape."—*Corot.*

Best represented in Paris, London, The Hague, Boston, Baltimore, Glasgow.

Examples of best work: *Une Matinée,* Louvre, Paris; *Macbeth,* Wallace Collection, London; *Le Lac,* Corporation Art Gallery, Glasgow.

***Correggio** (Antonio Allegri, 1494?-1534), School of Parma. Pronounced kôr-rĕd′jō.

Don't expect to find religion, morality, or intellectuality in Correggio; forget for a moment to demand these qualities, as you would in a picture that you knew had been painted by a faun in the forest.

(1) Stand across the gallery from the picture, at first. Note how often its colouring suggests an apple orchard in bloom or the pearly interior of a shell. (2) Move slowly forward until the poses and gestures which at first seemed rather artificial, begin to look perfectly natural; this will usually be the best point from which to study the picture. (3) Begin with the children; see how plump and roguish they are and how unquenchably good-natured. (4) Then turn to their elders and see what a graceful, guileless, exuberant folk these children grow up to be, and how much of their exquisite softness and daintiness of flesh they retain. (5) If the faces still displease you, hide them from view one at a time with a finger-tip and enjoy the spon-

taneous grace of the bodies. (6) Then turn to the faces again until you realise that their light playfulness and their suggestion of sentimentality are only a different expression of the very qualities which were so easy to admire in the trunk and limbs. (7) See how transparent the shadows are, as if they were actually due to an absence of light and not merely to a patch of darker paint; and how volatile they seem. (8) See how much life the play of light and shade adds to the picture. (9) Observe the cleanness of the skin, and the freshness of every bit of cloth and metal. (10) Note that the people are not merely actors in a tableau, doing their best to play the parts assigned to them, but that they are obviously living their own lives. (11) Study the light, till you feel it flashing through the picture like a living flame.

Antonio Allegri was born about 1494 in the little city of Correggio, in the territory of Modena, and derived from it the name by which he is usually known. His father was a tradesman of some means, and Correggio received a good education in addition to his technical training in perspective, sculpture, architecture, and anatomy. He rapidly developed a style of his own and attained a high technical excellence, and he never lacked patrons in his own district; but, alone among the great painters of the Renaissance, he remained almost entirely unknown to the rest of Italy during his lifetime and comparatively unappreciated at home. Titian, visiting Parma after Correggio's death, found that the frescoes in the cupola of the cathedral were still ignored; and, expressing his judgment in terms which people so blind to beauty would find comprehensible, he exclaimed, "Reverse the cupola, and fill it with gold, and even that will not be its money's worth." Vasari's statement that "Correggio was indeed a person who held himself in very slight esteem, nor could he even persuade himself that he knew anything satisfactorily respecting his art," may help to explain why he remained so insignificant in an age of boasters. He had no pupils of importance, although Parmigiani attained considerable distinction by imitating his manner.

"He was essentially a lyrical as distinguished from an epical or dramatic poet. It was enough for him to produce a gleeful symphony by the play of light and colour, by the animation of his figures, and by the intoxicating beauty of his forms. . . . Brightness and darkness are woven together on his figures like an impalpable veil, aerial and transparent, enhancing the palpitations of voluptuous movement which he loved."—*John Addington Symonds.*

"He composed with light more than with lines."—*E. H. and E. W. Blashfield.*

"Let no one say he has seen Italy, let no one think he has learned the lofty secrets of art, till he has seen thee and thy cathedral, O Parma!"—*Ludwig Tieck.*

"One who had aided Leonardo and Raphael, Michelangelo and Titian, to place the topmost stones of the shrine which Italy builded to the arts."—*E. H. and E. W. Blashfield.*

"His supreme gift may be described as suavity,—a vivid, spontaneous, lambent play of the affections, a heartfelt inner grace which fashions the forms and features, and beams like soft and glancing sunshine in the expressions."—*W. M. Rossetti.*

Best represented in Parma; Dresden.

Examples of best work: *Nativity,* Zwinger, Dresden; *Frescoes,* Cathedral, Parma; *St. Jerome,* Gallery, Parma.

Cosimo, Piero di, see Piero.

Cranach, Lucas, the Elder (1472-1553), German School. Pronounced krä′näG.

(1) The chief pleasure to be derived from Cranach's pictures is closely akin to humour,—a mild

glow of amusement. Study first the high foreheads of the women, their pursed lips, their wavy hair, and their ridiculous waists until you feel the spirit of naïve playfulness which is their most striking characteristic. (2) Then turn to his children, and compare their actions with the uncertain, wobbly playfulness of kittens. (3) Note how often the men seem completely absorbed in their budding self-consciousness. (4) See what a delightful sense of irresponsibility animates most of the action. (5) Note how charming he makes curly hair. Note the fairy-tale animals and the Christmas-tree foliage. (6) Hunt for the fascinating surprises in human anatomy which every picture contains. (7) Realise that it is the man's absolute sincerity, together with the fact that he wasn't trying at all to be naïve, humourous, playful, or charming, but simply couldn't help possessing those qualities, that makes his work so thoroughly delightful. Study the differences between Cranach, a naïve painter of ordinary people, and some modern sentimentalist who has tried to pretend that he was painting naïve people. (8) Realise that he belongs much more to the Golden Age than even the most naïve of the serious, pious, dignified Italians; and that it is as hard to laugh *at* him as at Chaucer.

Cranach was born at Cronach in upper Franconia, and probably took his name from it. Little is known of his early life, except that he lived for a time in Gotha and married there a Barbara Brengbier,—who is reputed to have been exceedingly ugly, but an excellent wife and mother. At thirty-two he went to Wittenberg as court painter to Frederick the Wise, Elector of Saxony; and he remained there for the rest of his life, holding the same office under each of Frederick's successors. Besides his painting, he ran a printing establishment and an apothecary shop; the duke gave him a monopoly of the sale of medicines, and the exclusive right to print the Bible. He was twice elected burgomaster of the city. He was an intimate friend of Luther, and the latter's works were printed on his presses. His son, known as Lucas Cranach the Younger, also became famous as a painter.

"Lucas Cranach may be regarded as pre-eminently the painter of the German Reformation. Although not approaching Dürer and Holbein in intellectual power and æsthetic perfection, he was moved even more deeply than they by the religious influences of the times."—*Mary M. Heaton.*

"The impression produced by his style of representation reminds one of the 'Volksbücher' and 'Volkslieder' of Hans Sachs, and, as in these, the tenderest flowers of art are found in the naïvest way in immediate juxtaposition with all that is tasteless and even childish."—*Sir Joseph Crowe.*

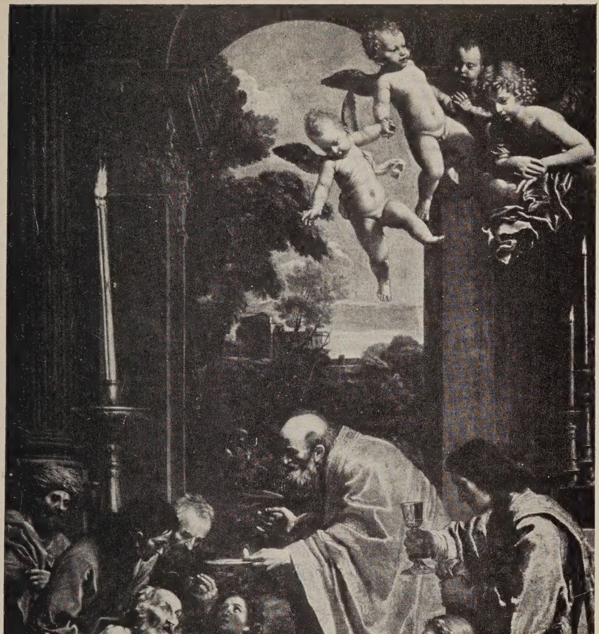
"A certain charm of animation and a warm, blooming colouring, must be accepted in most of his works as substitutes for a strict understanding of form."—*Sir Joseph Crowe.*

Best represented in Dresden and Berlin.

Examples of best work: *Repose in Egypt,* Kaiser-Friedrich Museum, Berlin; *John Frederick of Saxony,* Zwinger, Dresden; *Crucifixion,* Stadtkirche, Weimar.

Credi, Lorenzo di (c. 1459-1537), Florentine School. Pronounced krā́dē.

(1) Notice the delicate texture of the flesh and the soft play of shadow across it. (2) Note the fineness of the noses. (3) See how well the mildness of colouring suits the mildness of expression on the faces. (4) See what a harmonious setting the soft spring landscape makes for the whole group of figures. (5) Examine each plant in the foreground and each tree in the background until you feel that you



LAST COMMUNION OF ST. JEROME—*Domenichino*
THE VATICAN

would recognise it if you should see it again in another picture. (6) Feel the humility of his people. (7) Note the soft gradation of the sky down to the horizon; and the beauty with which trees and other objects stand out against it.

Lorenzo di Credi began life as a goldsmith; but the excellence which he attained in that art tempted him to become a painter, and he entered the studio of Andrea del Verrocchio. Among his fellow-pupils were Perugino and Leonardo da Vinci, and he admired their work so much that he modelled his style as much on theirs as on Verrocchio's, leaning especially toward Leonardo's. He was loved and trusted so thoroughly by Verrocchio that when the latter went to Venice to cast his great equestrian statue of Bartolommeo Colleoni, he left the management of all his affairs, financial as well as artistic, in Lorenzo's hands, and even wished to make him his heir. Toward the end of the fifteenth century Lorenzo, like so many other painters, came under the influence of Savonarola, became a *piagnone* (or grumbler), as the monk's professed followers were called, and burned his studies of nude and pagan figures in the Bonfire of Vanities of the Carnival of 1497. He died in 1537.

"Lorenzo was not anxious to undertake many large works, but took great pains in the execution of all that he did, and subjected himself to almost inconceivable labours for that purpose."—*Giorgio Vasari.*

"The deep sincerity and earnestness of the man's nature breathes in every picture which he painted."—*Julia Cartwright.*

"In the midst of that temperamental, nervous race, Credi is the only one who had no nerves."—*Richard Muther.*

"Lorenzo would seem to have lacked not so much a certain vision of beauty as the power to communicate it with spirit and life-enhancing energy."—*Bernhard Berenson.*

"He was a very lovable master."—*Richard Muther.*

Best represented in Florence.

Examples of best work: *Altarpiece,* Cathedral, Pistoja; *Adoration of the Shepherds,* Academy, Florence; *Virgin Adoring Child,* Old Pinakothek, Munich.

Crivelli, Carlo (1430?-1495), Venetian School. Pronounced krē-vĕl′lē.

(1) Crivelli's pictures will seem crude and repellent at first; but step back to the opposite side of the gallery and view them from different angles until you can feel their decorative value as bits of gold-encrusted splendour. (2) Go close to the picture, and study the gorgeousness of the patterns of the robes, and the intricacy of the architectural ornamentation. (3) Examine the whole picture carefully until you have discovered every spot in which each of the three or four principal colours appears. See how much beauty results from the endless repetition of these simple colours in masses of varying sizes. (4) Examine each face closely, looking especially at the nose, eyes, and cheeks, until you can feel their keen asceticism and their spiritual energy. Watch for the occasional one that is full of a delicate, nervous pathos, or is even tender and beautiful. (5) Notice that after you have been studying his pictures in several different galleries, you begin to admire the sheer power of the man, and ultimately to find his very harshness and ugliness fascinating, as in the grotesques on a cathedral. (6) Observe that every face displays a keen interest in something.

Very little is known of Crivelli's life. He was born in Venice, but seems to have spent most of his working life in the region around Ascoli. He was knighted in 1490 by Ferdinand II. of Naples. He always painted in tempera. His pictures are excellent illustrations of the development of the halo from the rain-shields which were fastened to the heads of statues of saints to protect them from the elements.

"In their sparkling metallic splendour and icy reptilian coldness, they have at the same time an offensive and delicate, a revolting and attractive, effect."—*Richard Muther.*

"We cannot think of a picture of his which could be described as hurried or superficial."—*C. McNeill Rushforth.*

"Nor has anyone been more skilful in the use of gold with colour."—*Cosmo Monkhouse.*

Best represented in London and Milan.

Examples of best work: *Madonna with Saints,* Brera, Milan; *Madonna Enthroned,* Kaiser-Friedrich Museum, Berlin; *Annunciation,* National Gallery, London.

Cuyp, Albert (1620-1691), Dutch School. Pronounced koip.

(1) The objects in Cuyp's pictures are apt to be cold and uninteresting; the fascination lies in the light that falls on them and the atmosphere that surrounds them. Begin with the figures in the foreground: note how distinctly they stand out, and how sharply they are flecked with light. Then let your eye drift off into the quiet haze of the middle distance and the indistinctness of the background. (2) Note how delicately the reflections in the water are drawn. (3) Study the reflection of light from the surface of the water, especially where it falls on the side of a ship or a boat; then let your eye play

between the water and the clouds from which the light comes until you see the relation between the two. (4) Feel the flood of warm sunlight that fills the picture. (5) Feel the peacefulness and the springlike warmth of the vast, light-filled space beneath the clouds. (6) Let your eye run back and forth just above the line of trees and buildings that is silhouetted against the sky until you can see and feel the atmosphere that surrounds them. (7) Find the most brightly lighted spot in the picture; gaze intently at it and gradually study the other lighted patches in the picture until you feel them fuse together as parts of a single, unified scheme of illumination from one source. Shut one eye if necessary.

Cuyp was born at Dordrecht, and seems never to have wandered far from it. His father and grandfather were both painters,—his father a very creditable one. Little is known of his life except that it was simple, comfortable, prosperous, and happy. He is said to have been a pupil of Van Goyen.

"Cuyp is to the river and its banks what Willem Vandevelde is to calm seas and Hobbema to woods."—*Sir Joseph Crowe.*

"Not the greatest, but the most versatile of all the Dutch painters. He seldom repeats himself."—*John C. Van Dyke.*

"His landscapes have a peculiar tinge of auburn which is Cuyp's and Cuyp's alone."—*Sir Joseph Crowe.*

"His youthful works are mostly insignificant and betray the beginner; in his late works he is only too often pedantic and unpleasing. Thus the majority of his paintings are not equal to his reputation."—*Wilhelm Bode.*

"There is a poetry of effect, an eternity of distance in his pictures, which no Dutchman ever expressed in a similar way."—*Sir Joseph Crowe.*

Best represented in London, Petrograd, and Budapest.

Examples of best work: *Riders with Boy and Herdsman,* National Gallery, London; *Piper with Cows,* Louvre, Paris.

David, Gheeraert (1450?-1523), Flemish School. Pronounced dä′vĕt.

(1) Observe that the figures, though they make no particular sentimental, emotional, dramatic, or even narrative appeal, grip your attention by their strong material actuality. (2) Note also the even greater actuality of wood, stone, and metal. (3) Turn to the people again; feel the sincerity in their eyes and mouths. (4) Study the calm intensity of their eyes until you feel that it knits them all into a unified group, serving as a substitute for the more obvious unity which a painter like Raphael gains by a more formal arrangement of his figures. (5) Now examine the people more carefully until you realise that they are not so filled with religious feeling, nor so far removed from everyday life, as those in the pictures of the earlier Flemings, such as Bouts. Feel their shrewdness and their one-day-a-week Christianity. (7) Then compare his colouring with that of the earlier men, until you realise that his increase in sophistication has not been confined to things of the spirit but has extended to his technical equipment. (8) Note especially how well he has caught the shadowy fascination of trees and forests.

David was born in Holland, but came to Bruges in 1483, at the height of its prosperity. His first commission there was to paint the inner side of the bars behind which Maximilian was confined, in order to make them less humiliating to the royal captive. But as soon as the results of his careful study of Memlinc, Van der Weyden, and the Van Eycks began to show in his work, commissions for painting of a higher order began to flow in on him, not only from Bruges itself, but from France, Italy, Spain, and Portugal, as well. By 1501, he had become dean of the painters in Bruges; he married the daughter of the dean of the goldsmiths' guild; and was considered one of the leading citizens of the city. He was her last great painter.

"They sit motionless there as if rooted to the spot by the overflow of psychic experiences; they have experienced the holiest, but their lips are silent, as if they feared through loud words to disturb the solemn repose."—*Richard Muther.*

"In Bruges he came under the direct influence of the master whom he followed most closely, Hans Memlinc. From him he acquired the soulful intensity of expression, the increased realism in the rendering of the human form, and the orderly architectonic arrangement of the figures."—*Paul G. Konody.*

Best represented in Bruges.

Examples of best work: *Marriage of St. Catherine,* National Gallery, London; *Madonna with Angels and Saints,* Museum, Rouen; *Madonna Enthroned and Saints,* Brignole-Sale Collection, Genoa.

David, Jacques Louis (1748-1825), French School. Pronounced dä″vēd′.

Portraits (his best work): (1) Note the directness of the gaze, and the clearness of the skin. (2) Feel the dignified beauty in the contours of face, body, and clothing. (3) See how intimately the painter has presented his sitter to you. (4) Feel the latter's freedom from any unpleasant egotism; his apparent readiness to meet you as an equal.

Other Pictures: (1) Study the figures till you feel the beauty of both contours and attitudes. (2) Feel the restraint with which he depicts action. (3) Note how much real dignity there is in even the most theatrical of the poses. (4) Study the faces and the action of the figures till you feel the nobility of character which they express. (5) Feel especially their loyalty and heroism. (6) Study the nude figures till you feel their sculptural solidity and grace.

David was born in Paris. His instruction in painting began under Boucher, but that painter of voluptuous nothings had the good sense to realise that the boy could make little progress along such paths and passed him on to the more severe Vien. Even under him David failed repeatedly to win the Prix de Rome. He proudly determined to commit suicide by starvation, and the combined efforts of his friends broke his resolution only after three days of argument. At twenty-seven, he finally succeeded in the competition, and set out for Rome with his master, who had just been appointed director of the Academy. During his five years there the writings of Lessing and of Winckelmann, and the discoveries in Pompeii, fed his enthusiasm for classic art, and he filled his paintings with what he conceived to be its spirit. When he exhibited "The Oath of the Horatii" in 1785, he was appointed painter to Louis XVI., and became the recognised head of the Classical School of painting. His popularity was great enough even to change the fashions of France. Fripperies and flummeries were discarded for severely simple robes; paints and powder were abandoned; and even the furniture makers adopted a style of classic simplicity. His studio became the meeting-place of all the distinguished men and women of France. When the Revolution broke out in 1789, he sprang into it with enthusiasm, and, with the stoic virtue which he admired in the ancients, voted as a member of the Convention for the death of the king who had been his chief patron. Later, he helped to suppress the Academy in Rome where he had learned his art. When the tide turned he narrowly escaped being guillotined with his friend Robespierre. But when Napoleon rose to power, he once more became court painter, and was decorated with the Legion of Honour. He admired Napoleon so deeply that he even consented to abandon his classical style at the Emperor's request. With the return to power of the Bourbons, Fortune deserted him, and he was exiled to Brussels. He was refused permission to go to Rome instead; and even after his death feeling against him was so strong that the government refused to allow his body to be brought back to Paris for burial. His principal pupil was Ingres.

"In colour, relief, sentiment, individuality, his painting was lacking. He despised all that. The rhythm of line, the sweep of composed groups, the heroic subject and the heroic treatment made up his art. It was thoroughly objective."—*John C. Van Dyke.*

"In his portraits he is neither rhetorical nor cold, but full of fire and the freshness of youth. Before any face to be modelled he forgot the Greeks and Romans, saw life alone, and painted,—almost alone of the painters of his generation,—the truth."—*Richard Muther.*

"To a new plebeian race, to whose feverishly excited patriotism the soft luxurious art of rococo must seem as a mockery of all the rights of men, he showed, for the first time, the man, the hero, who died for an idea or for his country."—*Richard Muther.*

"Subjects and treatment alike are inspired by the passing fashion of an age which had deceived itself into believing that it was living and moving in the spirit of classical antiquity."—*Encyclopædia Britannica.*

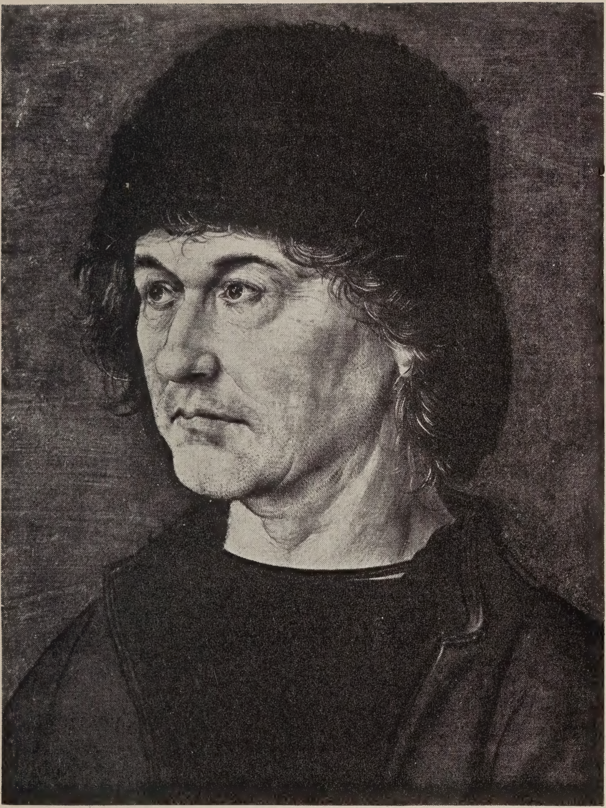
Best represented in Paris.

Examples of best work: *Coronation of Napoleon, Leonidas at Thermopylæ, Portrait of Madame Récamier,* Louvre, Paris.

Da Vinci, see Leonardo.

De Hooghe, see Hooch.

***Delacroix, Ferdinand Victor Eugène** (1798-1863), French School. Pronounced de-lä″krwä′.



THE ARTIST'S FATHER—*Dürer*

UFFIZI

(1) Don't expect to find much delicacy of form and line in Delacroix. Study the delicacy of his colouring; it is neither rosy nor silvery, but there is a fine gradation and blending of the darker colours which you will find, in time, an acceptable substitute for pearliness. In judging him, make some allowance for the darkening of many of the canvases in the years since they were painted. (2) Don't expect to discover the "plot" of the picture by the ordinary method of glancing rapidly from one figure to another to determine their relationships; study them individually, one at a time, slowly and intently, until you have read in each one his purpose, mood, and character. As you progress from one to another, the relationships between them will gradually reveal themselves. (3) Study each figure, especially the face, until you feel that its motives for action are not to be found in any compelling force outside itself, nor in any of the ordinary selfish passions or desires, but in some seething force within which must find expression. (4) Focus your eyes alternately on the human figures and on the horizon, until you feel the full spatiality of the picture. (5) Feel the emotional value, in the outdoor pictures, of the great distance of the horizon from the foreground, and of the lurid and murky skies above; and in the interiors, of the height and dim obscurity of the room. (6) Examine the artistic value of the distribution of figures in the space shown, just as you might if they were so many pieces of furniture in a room. (7) Study the faces again, till you feel the questioning in each one,—questioning himself, other people's motives, the laws of the universe, and the destiny of man.

Delacroix was born at Charenton-St. Maurice, near Paris, in 1798. His father had been one of the most violent of the revolutionists; and the violence of Delacroix's pictures is only an echo of the tempestuousness of his own life. He began, as a baby, by being dropped into the sea by one nurse and nearly burned to death by another; and during his boyhood he had a narrow escape from poison and another from choking to death, and was caught just in time in an attempt to dramatise, with himself as hero, a print of a hanging which happened to catch his fancy. As he grew older he lived in a perpetual Byronic revolt against the world; and his nervous temperament and fiery temper kept his social relations above the boiling point much of the time. Silvestre said, "He breathes fire and flame like the little horses in 'The Massacre of Scio.'" Baudelaire wrote, "The eyes of the tiger watchful of its prey have less fiery a gleam, its muscles are less tense with quivering impatience than those of the great painter, as with his whole soul he flung himself on an idea or endeavoured to grasp a dream." He entered Guérin's studio at eighteen, but spent much of his time in the Louvre, studying and copying Rubens and Veronese. At twenty-four he sent his first important picture, the "Dante and Virgil," to the Salon in a frame of laths,—the best that he could afford. A Baron Gros admired it sufficiently to provide a more suitable frame for it; it was accepted, and was finally bought by the royal family. He received the Legion of Honour at thirty-three, but it was not until twenty years later, when he had completed his ceiling paintings in the Louvre, that the public began to show admiration for his work. He was adored by the younger painters as the leader of the revolt against classicism, known as the Romantic Movement, and was proportionately abhorred by Ingres and his followers. He himself cared more for the classics in literature and music than for the productions of his fellow Romanticists; and he admired Ingres in spite of the latter's animosity toward him. The love of music was a passion with him. He never married, for fear that it might demand too much of the devotion which he felt belonged to his profession; and he never went to Italy, for fear of crushing his individuality by exposing it to the full strength of the Old Masters. He worked indefatigably as well as furiously, and left over eight hundred pictures.

"It was Eugène Delacroix's mighty brush that gave the fullest expression to the passionate emotions of his age, and no other of its great leaders, not Victor Hugo himself, is so representative of the ardent and troubled generation of 1830."—*Dorothy Bussy.*

"His whole work may be likened to a terrible hymn composed in honour of Fate and grief irremediable."—*Charles Baudelaire.*

"But what is this frenzied desire not only to compose but to get printed—apart from the pleasure of praise? It is the joy of reaching all those souls that are capable of understanding yours. To live in the minds of others—*that* is what is intoxicating."—*Delacroix's Journal.*

"Harmony Delacroix did not understand as the greater part of painters do. He wished it splendid and stirring, irritated by discords, and, so to speak, deliciously bitter."—*Charles Blanc.*

"There is no joy in Delacroix."—*Dorothy Bussy.*

"Nature is like a dictionary; we look out our words in it, their derivation, their etymology, all the elements in fact that go to compose a sentence or a story, but no one has ever considered the dictionary as a composition in the poetical sense of the word."—*Delacroix's Journal.*

"Not one who uses colour merely to increase the reality of appearances, as the majority of painters do, but one of that smaller band, headed by the Venetians and Rubens, who make the colour itself a source of emotional appeal."—*Charles H. Caffin.*

Best represented in Paris and Montpellier.

Examples of best work: *Massacre of Chios, Bark of Don Juan,* Louvre, Paris.

Del Sarto, Andrea, see Andrea.

Dolci, Carlo (1616-1686), Eclectic School (Florentine). Pronounced dŏl′chē.

(1) If the sentimentality of the picture repels you, go very close to the canvas so that you can see only a small portion of it at a time. The sentimen-

tality will disappear, and you will be left free to enjoy the delicacy of colouring and the perfection of finish. And you will find as you go from gallery to gallery that many of his pictures are quite free from sentimentality and contain nothing more reprehensible than prettiness and mild piety.

Dolci was born in Florence in the mild month of May. His talent developed very early in life; and while still a child he determined to devote it to the service of religion. He marked each canvas with the name of the saint on whose day he had begun it; and each year during passion week he painted a figure of Christ and nothing else. On the day of his wedding he forgot to attend the ceremony, and was found, after long search, praying in the chapel of the dead in the church of the Annunziata. He always worked slowly and laboriously; and often fell into a melancholia from which only the strenuous efforts of his confessor could rescue him and send him back to painting. It is said that his death was caused by a long fit of depression which resulted from seeing Luca Giordano turn out more work in four or five hours than he himself could produce in as many months.

"A melancholy and mystic sweetness, the vague and winning grace of dreamy abandonment, moistened or ravished eyes interrogating space."—*H. Taine.*

Best represented in Florence; Munich, Petrograd, and Dresden.

Examples of best work: *St. Cecilia,* Zwinger, Dresden; *St. Andrew,* Pitti, Florence; *Magdalen,* Uffizi, Florence.

Domenichino (Domenico Zampieri, 1581-1641), Eclectic School (Bolognese). Pronounced dō̇-mĕn″ē̇-kē′nō̇.

(1) Look first at the cherubs and other flying figures, until you feel the exhilaration of their mo-

tion. (2) Then pick out the other figures, both men and animals, that are in active motion; watch them until you feel their own pleasure in the mere exertion of muscular force. (3) Try to feel in the quieter figures their sensuous joy in merely living. Note especially the occasional sleeping figures. (4) Observe how much more interesting you find the minor figures, in regard to which the painter was not so ambitious and self-conscious. (5) Close your eyes until you can barely distinguish the colours; study the beauty of the distribution of light and shadow over the picture.

Domenichino (the general use of the diminutive form of his name was due to his short stature) was the son of a shoemaker of Bologna. He began the study of painting in that city under Agostino Caracci, but went to Rome in his early twenties and entered the studio of Agostino's brother Annibale. His progress there was so slow that he was nicknamed "the ox"; but laborious devotion to his art finally brought out his full powers. He gave up all social diversions except the theatre, which he attended to study the play of emotions in the faces of the actors and record them in his note-book. He gained the patronage of the three great cardinals of Rome,—Borghese, Farnese, and Aldobrandini; an appointment as chief painter and architect to Pope Gregory XV.; and the bitter jealousy of his fellow-artists. During the last ten years of his life he was working in Naples under the constant persecution of the band of local painters, headed by Ribera, who had determined to drive out all foreign competition at any cost. If they did not actually poison him, as rumour states, it is undoubtedly true that they caused him enough worry and anxiety to shorten his life by many years. He was the most conscientious pupil of the Caracci, and, with the possible exception of Guido Reni, the greatest. Throughout the eighteenth century and the first half of the nineteenth, he was considered only slightly inferior to Raphael; but modern criticism has given him a much lower rank.

"The persons delineated could not tell their tale more plainly to the ear than they speak it to the eye."—*W. M. Rossetti.*

"Although born in a time when types were prescribed and classified, he was original; he reverted back to observation and discovered a hitherto unknown part of human nature."—*H. Taine.*

"He was of a modest, gentle nature, slow and painstaking, feeling the beautiful in and for itself, and labouring with all his power to express it."—*Julia A. Shedd.*

Best represented in Rome.

Masterpiece: *Communion of St. Jerome,* Vatican, Rome.

Dossi, Dosso (Giovanni Niccolo di Lutero, 1475-1542), School of Ferrara.

(1) Notice the variety and dignity of the draperies. (2) Note the intensity and distinctness of his colours: they seem to burn rather than to glow. (3) Yet observe how cold, restrained, and even mysterious they are. (4) Study, in connection with this strangeness of colour, the expressions of the faces, the attitudes of the bodies, and the occupations of the hands, till you feel the essentially romantic, unreal quality of the picture, till it almost seems a page torn out of the Arabian Nights. (5) Feel the intense, self-contained individuality of every person in the picture, and even of every natural object. (6) Make a tube of your hands, or of a sheet of paper, and use it to exclude all the neighbouring pictures from view while you look through it at the Dosso Dossi alone.

Dossi was born in Ferrara only a year after the poet Ariosto, and the two men became intimate friends. Ariosto, in a famous stanza, ranked the painter with

Leonardo, Raphael, Michelangelo, Titian, and Mantegna. Dossi's style in paint shows a remarkable similarity to Ariosto's in words. His treatment of colour shows the influence of the five years which he spent in study in Venice; and the dreaminess of his manner is reminiscent of Giorgione. Several critics have believed that Correggio must have studied with him in Ferrara.

"His glowing colour and quaint fancy give the attraction of romance to many of his pictures."—*John Addington Symonds.*

"Perhaps the most imaginative of the Italian painters of the Cinquecento, he handles religious and secular themes alike from the romantic standpoint."—*Edmund G. Gardner.*

"A fantasy, a touch of magic, that was more characteristic of English genius in the Elizabethan period than of Italian genius at any time."—*Bernhard Berenson.*

"At times, the very trees seem imbued with a mysterious poetry, as though themselves impregnated with the fantastic or solemn nature of the scene over which they watch."—*Edmund G. Gardner.*

"He developed into a colourist unrivalled out of Venice, and acquired a peculiarly poetical treatment of light and shadow, surpassed only by Correggio, who learned it from him."—*Edmund G. Gardner.*

"His pictures may not be looked at too long or too often, but when you do come into their presence, for an enchanted moment, you will breathe the air of fairyland. His landscapes evoke the morning hours of youth, and moods almost mystically rapt. The figures convey passion and mystery."—*Bernhard Berenson.*

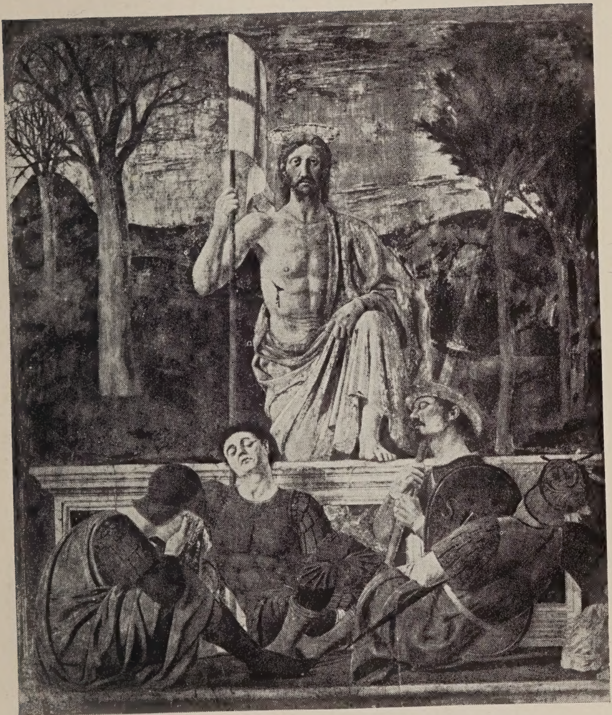
Best represented in Ferrara, Modena, Dresden, and Rome.

Examples of best work: *Altarpiece,* Gallery, Ferrara; *Circe,* Borghese Gallery, Rome; *Bacchanal,* Pitti, Florence.

Dou, Gerard (1613-1675), Dutch School. Pronounced dow.

(1) Note the eagerness of Dou's people; and their air of not being posed, but of having been snapped just in the middle of some action which they are intent on finishing. (2) Note, in the brownish pictures, the smooth richness which suggests a fine piece of mahogany; in the greenish ones, a delicacy like that of a beech forest. (3) Feel his delight in showing, especially on smooth surfaces, the gradation of light into shadow. (4) Observe how effectively he uses deep shadows. (5) Distinguish between the delicacy of surface of the objects in the picture and the enamel-like finish of the canvas itself. (6) If you find the picture a little insipid, turn from the people to the furniture and the pots and pans; see how interesting he has somehow made their mere shape and texture, and how much life there is in the light that is reflected from them. (7) Hold up a finger and hide the chandelier, or some other bright object, from view; see how dull the picture grows without it. (8) Try for a moment to ignore the human interest of the picture entirely, and look at it merely as a bit of space which has been carefully lighted to reveal certain colours to the best advantage. (9) Feel the affection, like that of a collector of actual objects, with which he seems to have assembled the various chairs, pans, and pottery on his canvases. Realise that he displays more pride and pleasure in the objects themselves than in his skill in depicting them.

Gerard Dou was born at Leyden in 1613. His father was an engraver and a worker in glass, and the boy learned both these arts; but at fifteen he decided to become a painter and entered Rembrandt's studio. The



THE RESURRECTION—*P. della Francesca*

SAN SEPOLCRO

latter was only twenty-two and not yet famous, but the influence of his personality was already so strong that Dou did not free himself from it and develop a distinct style of his own until years afterward. When Rembrandt moved to Amsterdam, three years later, Dou set up for himself as a portrait painter. He took excessive pains over small details,—once spending five days in painting a hand, and three in painting a broomstick the size of a finger nail. He was so fussy about dust that he moved to a studio which opened on a canal, suspended an enormous Chinese parasol above his easel and always waited before beginning to paint until he was convinced that every particle of dust which he had stirred up by his entrance had settled. He ground his own colours and made his own brushes and varnishes. Such precautions were naturally fatal to his success as a portrait painter; he bored even the phlegmatic Dutch beyond endurance, and was soon forced to resort to painting small genre pictures from paid models and uncomplaining furniture. Within ten years he was commanding astounding prices. The representative of Queen Christina of Sweden at The Hague paid him a thousand florins a year merely for the refusal of whatever he painted. He painted in all about three hundred pictures. His principal pupils were Gabriel Metsu and Frans Mieris.

"He saw the world through the reverse end of an opera-glass."—*John C. Van Dyke.*

"His pictures are so transparent and of such depth that they seem like nature herself seen in a darkened mirror."—*Henry Havard.*

"Dou must have had an inexhaustible patience."—*W. Martin.*

"He must have painted with a brush made of the eyelashes of a new-born babe!"—*Ducamp.*

Best represented in Paris, Munich, Petrograd, Dresden, and Amsterdam.

Examples of best work: *The Dropsical Woman,* Louvre, Paris; *Evening School,* Rijks Museum, Amsterdam; *Poulterer's Shop,* National Gallery, London.

*Dürer, Albrecht (1471-1528), German School. Pronounced du̦′rĕr.

If possible, begin the study of Dürer with the Engravings, and then take up in order the Woodcuts, the Drawings, and the Paintings. To begin with the paintings demands a great deal of patience and faith.

Engravings, Woodcuts, Drawings: (1) Examine the details of the mediæval city in the background, studied usually from Nuremberg. (2) Note the delicate accuracy of the plants in the foreground, and the sturdiness of the *muscles* of the trees. (3) Observe the dignity and beauty of the dogs and horses. (4) See what interest the constant variation of the folds of the draperies adds to the plate. (5) See what a mass of minute detail he has worked into the composition, yet so deftly that not an inch of it seems overcrowded or fussy. (6) Note, in the engravings, the fineness of the lines and the vastness of their number. (7) Feel the restfulness of the plane surfaces and of the restraint with which every line is drawn and every incident depicted. (8) Note the high seriousness and nobility of purpose in most of the faces. (9) Observe that even the pigs and the monkeys impress you with a sense of the dignity of life. (10) Feel the scriptural sublimity which fills many of the prints, and realise that their thoughtful mood is something deeper than mere intellectuality. (11) Note how much of the splendour of the woodcuts is due solely to the manner in which the space is filled.

Paintings: Don't stop to criticise the anatomy or the beauty of his people. Study intently their eyes, their mouths, and their high foreheads until you feel:—(1) that they are in equal degree men of thought and men of action; (2) that they are more inclined to reflect than to think, and to believe than to doubt; that they are intense and deep rather than broad, and are rarely frivolous; (3) that the seriousness with which they take moral, religious, and philosophical problems never interferes with their decisiveness when any action is necessary; that their problems are apt to end in strong convictions, on which they can act with confidence; (4) that they often act powerfully and relentlessly; (5) that they are never content with other people's opinions, always go to themselves as the court of last resort, and are obstinately sure of the correctness of their own judgments; and (6) that their characters are on the whole noble and dignified, and give an impression of clarity and compactness.

Albrecht Dürer was born in 1471 in Nuremberg, where his father, a Hungarian goldsmith, had settled ten or fifteen years before. He was the second of eighteen children, and his father's favourite son. As soon as he had learned to read and write, he left school to be initiated into the art of the goldsmith. His inclinations, however, began to turn strongly toward painting. At fifteen, he won a reluctant permission from his father to begin again at the beginning and learn this new trade. He writes, "In 1486 (reckoned from the birth of Christ), on St. Andrew's day, my father bound me apprentice to Michael Wolgemut, to serve him three years long. During that time, God gave me diligence so that I learned well, but I had much to suffer from his lads." After the close of his apprenticeship, he spent four years in travel. On his return to Nuremberg he was married to the daughter of a well-to-do merchant whom his parents seem to have chosen for him in his absence. Discussion of her disposition has raged violently. The modern tendency is, as in so many other cases, to paint her in much less virulent colours. The chief evidence for the prosecution is a letter of Wilibald Pirkheimer's, written soon after Dürer's death, in which he says, "In Albrecht Dürer I have lost the best friend I ever had on earth; and nothing grieves me more than that he should have died so cruel a death. I can ascribe it to no one but his wife (after the decree of God), for she so gnawed into his heart and to such a degree tormented him that he departed hence sooner than he would have done." With the exception of three long journeys,—one to Italy soon after his marriage; another, of two years' duration, undertaken eight or nine years later and spent principally in Venice; and a triumphal tour through the Netherlands in 1520, during which he was received with great honour in every city through which he passed,—Dürer's life was spent quietly in Nuremberg. He was an intimate friend of Luther and Melancthon, and a favourite of the Emperor Maximilian. He was on friendly terms with every great artist in Europe. Sir Sidney Colvin writes, "Except the brilliant existences of Raphael at Rome and of Rubens at Antwerp and Madrid, the annals of art present the spectacle of few more honoured or more fortunate careers." Although he considered himself first of all a painter, modern criticism finds his best work among his woodcuts and engravings. In the Nuremberg of his day prints rivalled books in popularity, and it was only natural for any artist in harmony with the age to find in them his truest medium of expression.

"It is invariably the case that the first acquaintance with Albrecht Dürer brings disappointment."—*Anton Springer.*

"As a painter, Dürer's works rank high, but not in the first class; as an engraver, he is easily the first of his age; as a draughtsman, he remains unrivalled for precision, dexterity, and variety; as a thinker, he is a worthy representative of the age of Luther and Erasmus."—*Lionel Cust.*

"Every type of work which he has left us bears witness to a sovereign honesty and unrivalled skill in craftsmanship, and is the work of a hand which was able to transcribe with inimitable clearness, force, precision, and delicacy the conceptions of a man whose thoughts were kindly, whose spirit was lofty, and whose heart was upright."—*Arsène Alexandre.*

"All the qualities of his art,—its combination of the wild and rugged with the homely and tender, its meditative depth, its enigmatic gloom, its sincerity and energy, its iron diligence and discipline,—all these are qualities of the German spirit. . . . He has every gift in art except the Greek and Italian gift of beauty or ideal grace."—*Sir Sidney Colvin.*

Best represented in Vienna, Berlin, and London (British Museum) in drawings; in Munich, Berlin, Vienna, Madrid, Dresden, and Florence in paintings. The engravings and woodcuts are to be found in nearly all collections of prints.

Examples of best work: Engravings,—*Melancolia, Death and the Knight, St. Jerome in his Study;* Woodcuts,—the *Apocalypse,* the *Great Passion.* Paintings,—*Four Temperaments,* Old Pinakothek, Munich; *Crucifixion,* Zwinger, Dresden; *Hieronymus Holzschuher,* Kaiser-Friedrich Museum, Berlin.

Dyck, Sir Anthony Van, see Van Dyck.

Eyck, see Van Eyck.

Fragonard, Jean Honoré (1732-1806), French School. Pronounced frä″gōnär′.

(1) Feel the light abandon of these figures who have never stopped seeking pleasure to take life seriously, even for a moment. (2) Observe that they even force their gayety a little, to be sure that it does not flag. (3) Note how much the trees resemble clouds, both in their structure and in their fluidity of form. (4) Note that the flowers are strewn about the canvas, not as if they were part of a deliberately planned composition, but as if they had been lavishly scattered there before a wedding procession. (5) See how gaily bits of colour flash out here and there against the grey-green background, without ever becoming obtrusive. (6) Study the arrangement of branches, statues, and other inanimate objects until you feel behind it the same spirit of

play that fills the people. (7) Note the delicacy of the colour and the lightness of touch with which the paint has been laid on.

Fragonard was born at Grasse, in Provence, in 1732. His family started him in life as a notary's clerk, but at eighteen he applied for admission to Boucher's studio. Boucher found him too inexperienced, but agreed to accept him as a pupil after he had six months of training under Chardin. He progressed so rapidly that at twenty he won the Prix de Rome, with a picture entitled "Jereboam sacrificing to Idols," painted in a severely classical style. Four years later he took up his residence in Italy, to remain until 1761. Heeding Boucher's parting advice, "My dear Frago, you are going to see Michelangelo and Raphael. But, I tell you in friendly confidence, if you take these fellows seriously you are lost," he devoted his attention for the most part to such painters as Baroccio, Pietro da Cortona, and Tiepolo. On his return to Paris he was at first accused by the critics of being too cold, too reserved, and even too timid, in his pictures, but in the hothouse atmosphere of the court of Louis XV. his art blossomed out with a voluptuousness exuberant enough to satisfy the most exacting. In 1765 he was admitted to the Academy. He became a favourite with Madame du Barry and with the dancer Marie Guimard. He was assigned an apartment and a studio in the Louvre, and his income is estimated to have been at least $8,000 a year. In 1769 he married Marie Anne Gerard, who became well known as a miniature painter. Much of his time in the following years was spent in the country, and the effect of this change in his habits of life is shown in the unusual mildness and innocence that begins to appear in his pictures. When the revolution first broke out he favoured it, and the influence of David secured him a position as director of the National Museum. But his ties with the aristocracy were too strong to be broken; and he was soon deprived of his place in the Museum, and retired to Grasse. Ten or twelve years later he returned to Paris, but only to find himself completely forgotten. He died there in 1806. It is only within the last thirty years that he has regained his rank among the great painters.

"He is certainly not a moral artist, but whoever judges works of art not by their subjects but by their artistic value will nevertheless reckon him among the greatest masters; so much sparkling *verve,* so much spirit and dash is shown in all of his paintings."—*Richard Muther.*

"His value is found in an impulse and charm personal to himself, thrown off in many slight works, and consisting more in grace of suggestion than in any actual performance. His is the pleasing effect of the absence of all effort."—*C. H. Stranahan.*

"A great painter of little subjects."—*Camille Mauclair.*

"Scenes of love and voluptuousness which are only made acceptable by the tender beauty of his colour and the virtuosity of his facile brushwork."—*P. G. Konody.*

"He attains the grand style in his light, playful subjects; he shows the influence of Rubens, of Jordaens, in his nudes, of Maes in the play of his lights, and even of Terborch in his drawing of fabrics."—*Camille Mauclair.*

"Fragonard is before all else a Provençal."—*Rose G. Kingsley.*

Best represented in Paris.

Examples of best work: *The Swing,* Wallace Collection, London; *The Shepherd's Hour,* Louvre, Paris.

Fiesole, see Angelico.

Filipepi, Alessandro, see Botticelli.

Forlì, see Melozzo.

Francesca, Piero della, or Piero dei Franceschi (1420-1492), Umbrian School. Pronounced frăn-chĕs′kȧ.

(1) Note with what distinctness and accuracy Piero renders space, atmosphere, and the gradations of light and shade. (2) Compare him, in this respect, with Dutch painters of the seventeenth cen-

tury, such as Terborch, Maes, Brouwer, Hondecoeter, de Hooch. (3) Study the eyes; feel the steady fixity of their gaze. (4) Realise what a tremendous power of will lies behind them. (5) See how huge most of his figures seem. (6) Observe how appropriate their rigidity of pose is to architectural decoration; how firm they stand amid the weight of pillars and the powerful thrust of vaults and arches. (7) Compare them with statues of Buddha and of the gods of Egypt. (8) Feel the wholesomeness of their natures, their freedom from petty ambition. (9) Feel their solemnity and austerity of manner. (10) Realise their consciousness of both the tragedy and the sublime dignity of life.

Piero della Francesca was born at Borgo San Sepolcro, not far from Arezzo. His early education was chiefly mathematical; and late in life he retained sufficient interest in the subject to write several treatises in which he applied the principles of geometry to the study of perspective. A sentence in his dedication of one of them to the Duke of Urbino bears further witness to the intellectual power which is stamped so strongly on his pictures. He speaks of "this little work on the five regular bodies in mathematics which I have composed, that, in this extreme fraction of my age, my mind might not become torpidly inactive." Vasari states that he was induced to become a painter in his fifteenth year, but we know nothing of his early studies until he appears in Florence in 1439 as the pupil and assistant of Domenico Veneziano. The records of his life reveal little beyond the names of the places in which he did his chief work, Loreto, Rome, Arezzo, San Sepolcro, Rimini, and Urbino, and the names of his patrons. An unusually large percentage of the pictures of which we have records have been lost or destroyed. He died at San Sepolcro in 1492, and was buried in the cathedral. His best-known pupils are Signorelli and Melozzo da Forlì; Perugino may have studied perspective with him for a time.

"Painting, as he found it, lacked the precision and sureness of touch which he regarded as essential."—*W. G. Waters.*

"Piero's personages are always grave, having somewhat of woodenness and also somewhat of grandeur."—*E. H. and E. W. Blashfield.*

"By dignity of portraiture, by loftiness of style, and by a certain poetical solemnity of imagination, he raised himself above the level of the mass of his contemporaries."—*John Addington Symonds.*

"In literature and in art as well, the student will light now and again upon striking figures which, if for no other reason, compel attention from the fact that they stand apart, upon pedestals of their own. Piero della Francesca is one of these great solitary figures in the world of Art."—*W. G. Waters.*

"Those who have once seen his fresco of the 'Resurrection' at Borgo San Sepolcro will never forget the deep impression of solitude and aloofness from all earthly things produced by it."—*John Addington Symonds.*

Best represented in Arezzo and San Sepolcro.

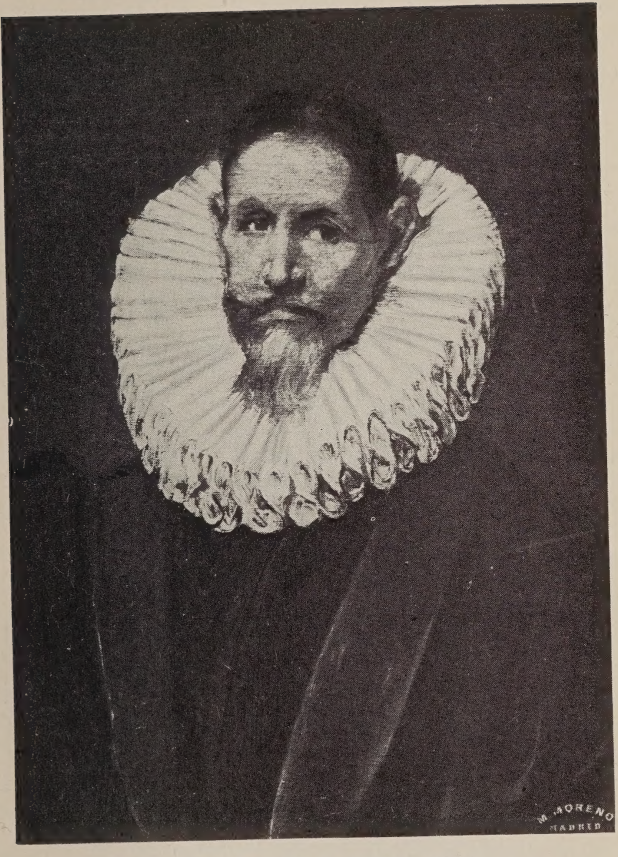
Masterpiece: *The Resurrection,* Civic Museum, San Sepolcro.

Francia, Il (Francesco Raibolini, 1450-1517), School of Bologna. Pronounced frän′chȧ.

(1) Stand six or eight feet from the pitcure. Let your eye follow the outlines of one figure after another, rather slowly, yet without pausing to notice form or expression, until you realise how melodiously all these lines flow across the canvas. (2) Then study in turn the smoothness of the surfaces, the well-rounded forms of solid objects, and the calm richness of the colours until you feel a similar musical quality in them, as well. (3) Observe that every part of the picture is well-lighted, and note how evenly and delicately light melts into shadow. (4) Study the faces until you feel that they are not wooden, but full of gravity, reverence, and awe. Note especially the liquidity of the eyes.

(5) Observe that the melting sweetness of the colour and of the facial expression never degenerates into sentimentality. (6) Note the frequent use of a bit of delicate ornament, or the dainty silhouette of a tree, to prevent the richness of the composition from growing too sickly sweet. (7) Observe the simplicity of the landscape, the long, slow curves of the mountains, and the openness and apparent vastness of the scene. (8) See how many of the figures have sunk into a revery. (9) See how much of the dignity, or grave mildness, of the picture is due to those figures who are looking neither directly at you nor at any of their fellows within the frame, but out, to something above and beyond. (10) Notice how clear and transparent the atmosphere usually is, as if the picture had been painted just after a rain. (11) Observe how little his people demand from each other, and how seldom they interfere at all in each other's lives; how rare any inharmonious elements are, either in the scenes which Francia chooses to depict or in the forms and colours in which he presents them.

Francesco Raibolini was the son of a carpenter in Bologna; he was born in 1450. He derived his name of Francia, according to Italian custom, from the goldsmith with whom he served his first apprenticeship. He became skilful at this trade, but, apparently conscious of more artistic power than could find expression within its limits, he took up niello-work, a process of ornamenting metal surfaces with a delicate inlay, and, later, the cutting of dies for coins and medals. He was so successful at the latter craft that at thirty-two he was appointed director of the mint of Bologna, and he held the office until the end of his life. He also designed for the printer, Aldus Manutius, a famous Italic type, which was copied so widely that he was forced to apply to the Pope for a decree granting him the sole right to use it. It was probably due to Mantegna's efforts that Francia finally turned to painting, but more of the influence of Perugino


M. MORENO
MADRID

PORTRAIT OF A MAN—*El Greco*

MADRID

is to be seen in his work. He conducted an enthusiastic correspondence with Raphael in which Raphael praised him extravagantly; but tradition says that when Raphael's "St. Cecilia" finally came to Bologna, Francia's despondency at the revelation of his own inferiority to a man so much younger was so excessive that it caused his death. Vasari wrote, "His manner and conversation were so gentle and obliging that he kept all around him in good humour, and had the gift of dissipating the heavy thoughts of the most melancholy by the charms of his conversation." He had over two hundred pupils, but only one of them, Marcantonio Raimondo, the engraver, became famous.

"His style is a medium between that of Perugino and that of Giovanni Bellini; he has somewhat more of spontaneous naturalism than the former, and of abstract dignity in feature and form than the latter."—*W. M. Rossetti.*

"A greater degree of *naïveté* and naturalness compensates for the inferiority of Francia's to Perugino's supremely perfect handling."—*John Addington Symonds.*

"His pictures almost without exception are religious; they betray no special sympathy with the classic or humanistic movement. There is not one of them that is concerned with mythology or pagan story."—*G. C. Williamson.*

Best represented in Bologna.

Examples of best work: *Altapiece,* San Giacomo Maggiore, Bologna; *Adoration of the Child,* Old Pinakothek, Munich; *Virgin and Child and St. Anna,* National Gallery, London.

*Gainsborough, Thomas (1727-1788), English School.

Portraits (his best work): (1) Try to feel the indefinable harmony that exists between various pairs of lines, such as the line that sweeps up the nose and out into the eyebrow and the line that flows from the ear to the point of the chin; the line of the thin, sensitive mouth and the lines of the almond-shaped eyes; and the lines of the corresponding fingers of the two hands. (2) Then notice the harmony between different masses, such as the fine proportion between head, bust, and voluminous skirt. (3) See how the lines of the foliage play about the lines of the figure, sometimes echoing them, and sometimes accenting them by setting up a strong contrast. (4) Note the length of limbs, fingers, and nose. (5) See how lightly the figures are poised. (6) Note how much of their distinction depends on their finely balanced uprightness and delicate perpendicularity, yet see how much it is accentuated by the sharp horizontals of mouth and eyes. (7) Note how many times the dominant colour is re-echoed in different parts of the picture; and how beautifully it is modulated, and blended with the others. (8) Feel the beauty of the contrast between Gainsborough's flesh colour and his blues, greens, and blacks. (9) Try to realise that his people are not merely beautifully finished and highly trained automatons, but are so keenly conscious of life that it fairly stings them.

Landscapes: (1) See how everything melts away toward the horizon. (2) Notice what graceful dignity each line possesses. (3) Feel the distinction with which the scene has been laid out, as if by a skilful landscape gardener. (4) Notice, as you examine the picture, that every tree, rock, and hillock seems to be bound to some one other, sometimes near it and sometimes far away, by some mysterious law of harmony. (5) Study the masses of light and shade, and the beauty of their distribution within the picture.

Gainsborough was born at Sudbury in Suffolk. His father was remarkable for his skill at fencing and his mother for her flower-painting. When he went to school at ten, he "had sketched every fine tree and picturesque cottage near Sudbury"; and he made practical use of this talent by trading drawings with his friends for the lessons which he hated to do for himself. At fifteen he was sent to London to study painting; at nineteen he married and opened a studio at Ipswich. His chief patron there, Sir Philip Thicknesse, was wise enough to advise him to move to Bath; and he did so, at thirty-two. His work pleased fashionable society so much that he was soon enabled to raise his price from five guineas a head to forty; and in fifteen years he had outgrown Bath and moved to London. At forty-one he became one of the original thirty-six members of the Royal Academy, but resigned a few years later because one of his pictures was not well hung. Almost from the day he reached London, a bitter rivalry existed between him and Reynolds; but on his death-bed he sent for Sir Joshua and succeeded in obliterating the unpleasantness which had separated them during life. He himself always considered his landscapes his finest work, but they remained ignored and unappreciated till many years after his death. Hodgson and Eaton wrote of him, "His was not a serious character; he was a bright, amiable, whimsical, and lovable man, who revelled in the joys of genius, of exquisite sensibilities and exuberant spirits—the grasshopper of the fable"; and Lord Gower, that "whilst Reynolds loved to be in the society of Burke or Johnson, Gainsborough liked those better who could play upon the fiddle or the flute."

"He sits down before his easel with a mind as blank as the canvas before him. His sitter is a young lady; he eyes her intently, he chats with her, he draws her out, he gets excited, strange flashes of drollery and absurdity escape him; she turns in her chair, her face lights up, and inspiration comes to him. 'Stay as you are!' he exclaims. He sees a picture; he seizes his palette and begins."—*Hodgson and Eaton.*

"Gainsborough's finest things are all impromptus. We might almost say that when he deliberated he was lost. . . . He felt no temptation to be literary, to be anecdotic, to be didactic, to be anything but artistic."—*Sir Walter Armstrong.*

"I don't think it would be more ridiculous for a person to put his nose close to the canvas and say the colours smelt offensive than to say how rough the paint lies, for one is just as material as the other with regard to hurting the effect and drawing of a picture."—*Gainsborough.*

"Paint can be used in many ways. It can be used to express ideas—Rembrandt's way; it can be used to render objects—the way of Velasquez; it can be used to delight us with its own constitution and to play upon our emotions like the notes of a violin—that was the way of Gainsborough."—*Sir Walter Armstrong.*

"They all smile, but there is something behind the smile that seems to mock at gayety."—*John C. Van Dyke.*

"Everything is cool, clear, and transparent, like the air of a hilltop in June."—*Sir Walter Armstrong.*

Best represented in London and Windsor.

Examples of best work: *Mrs. Robinson,* Wallace Collection; *Wagon and Horses passing a Brook, Mrs. Siddons,* National Gallery, London.

Gelée, Claude, see Claude.

Ghirlandajo, Domenico (Domenico di Tommaso Curradi di Doffo Bigordi, 1449-1494), Florentine School. Pronounced gēr″län-dä′yō̇.

(1) Stand close to the picture, so that you can see only part of it at a time. Examine it figure by figure, looking at each one as if it were an individual portrait having no relation to the others. See what a wide range of characters is introduced, and how sympathetically each one is treated. (2) Now step back, and see what a simple, stately group they form, and how restful they are in character, in pose, and in colour. (3) Study their sincerity and humility; compare them with the more worldly people of the sixteenth century painters. (4) Note the fine Roman architecture which Ghirlandajo has

added to the simple stage properties of his predecessors. (5) Examine the picture carefully, and note how many interesting bits of detail catch your eye. Observe that they keep its grave sobriety from becoming monotonous. (6) Realise how perfunctory many of his attitudes and gestures are.

Ghirlandajo, like Ghiberti, Brunelleschi, Verrocchio, Luca della Robbia, Orcagna, Andrea del Sarto, Cellini, Antonio del Pollajuolo, Botticelli, Francia, and many others, began his career as a goldsmith. It used to be said that his name of "garland-maker" was applied to him because he invented the metal garlands worn as ornaments by Florentine girls; but, as they are now known to have been worn long before his time, it is more probable that he derived the name from his father's fame as a maker of them. It is not known when he turned to painting, but at thirty-one he was considered the foremost painter of his time; and two years later he was called to Rome by Sixtus IV. to assist in the decoration of the Sistine chapel, the crowning artistic honour of the fifteenth century. But the greater part of his work was done in or near Florence. An incident from Vasari is probably typical of the conditions under which much of the art work of that day was done. When Domenico and his brother David went to paint in the abbey at Passignano, they were served with abominable food; and David complained to the abbot that "it was not decent that they should be treated like bricklayer's hod-men." The abbot promised better fare, but "when they sat down to supper, the monk entrusted with the care of strangers came as usual with a board whereon were porringers in the usual fashion and coarse meats fit only for common labourers. Whereupon David rose in a rage, threw the soup over the friar, and seizing the great loaf, he fell upon him therewith, and belaboured him in such a fashion that he was carried to his cell more dead than alive. The abbot, who had already gone to bed, arose on hearing the clamour, believing the monastery to be falling down, and began to reproach David. But the latter replied in a fury, bidding him begone from his sight and declaring that the talents of Domenico were worth more than all the hogs of abbots of his sort that had ever inhabited the monastery. The abbot being thus brought to his senses, did his best from that moment to treat them like honourable men as they were." Ghirlandajo was buried in Santa Maria Novella. His greatest pupil was Michelangelo.

"Now that I have begun to get into the spirit and comprehend the matter of this art, I grudge that they do not commission me to paint the whole circuit of all the walls of Florence with stories."—*Ghirlandajo.*

"What a nation of strong men must the Florentines have been, we feel while gazing at his frescoes."—*John Addington Symonds.*

"A certain hardness of outline, not unlike the character of bronze sculpture, may attest his early training in metal work."—*W. M. Rossetti.*

"It is the Renaissance in its dawn, a dawn grey and somewhat cool, as in the spring when the rosy hue of the clouds begins to tinge a pale crystal sky."—*H. Taine.*

"All that industry, all that love of his occupation, all that talent even, can do for a man, they did for him; but unfortunately he had not a spark of genius."—*Bernhard Berenson.*

"A mere goldsmith, with a gift for portraiture."—*John Ruskin.*

Best represented in Florence; San Gimignano.

Masterpiece: *Frescoes,* Santa Maria Novella, Florence.

*Giorgione (1478-1510), Venetian School. Pronounced jôr-jō′nå.

(1) Observe the warmth and golden glow of the colours. (2) Step away from the picture to a distance of about twice its height; slowly close and open your eyes several times in succession. Note that at no instant during this experiment does the picture cease to seem a beautiful harmony of light

and colour. (3) Recognise at the start that Giorgione was not much interested in either the deeds or the thoughts of his people. Accept his work as a picture of their moods. (4) Note that his people do not seem constrained, like those of the earlier painters; but that all their limbs seem to move freely, and that their spirits are especially free. (5) Select any detail of form,—a bit of drapery, a musical instrument, a nose or a forehead,—and feel the perfect freedom which the material of each, —whether cloth, wood, or flesh,—seems to enjoy within the lines and surfaces that bound it, a freedom like that of the water in a placid lake or a broad, slow-moving river. (6) Compare this quality with the nervous intensity of Botticelli. (7) Study the draperies, and note the fineness with which both textures and folds are rendered. (8) Then observe the delicacy of the gradations within each colour, the subtlety with which light melts into shadow, and feel the refinement with which colours have been selected to stand side by side. (9) Note the smallness of the faces, and the clear-cut, almost dainty, features so rare in other Venetian painting. (10) Feel the dreaminess of Giorgione's people, and their proneness to a soft melancholy.

When it was generally believed that Giorgione was the natural son of some member of the Barbarelli family, he was often referred to as Giorgio Barbarelli; but since that legend has been disproved he has been known only by the Italian diminutive of Giorgio, which might be translated "Big George." He was born in the little city of Castelfranco, near the foothills of the Venetian Alps, but went to Venice while little more than a boy and became a fellow-pupil of Titian's in the studio of Giovanni Bellini. His musical ability and his great personal charm made him a favourite in the most distinguished society of Venice even before his fame as an artist became great. His whole personality seemed to be permeated with the sensuous charm which is recorded on his canvases. As a painter, his influence on his contemporaries was so strong that even Titian, and Bellini himself, either could not or would not resist it. Many critics have asserted that if his life had been longer his name, and not Titian's, would now be the greatest in Venetian painting. Very little is known about his personal history; and critics still dispute as to how many of the pictures catalogued under his name are actually his.

"All accounts represent him as having made in Venetian painting an advance analogous to that made in Tuscan painting by Leonardo more than twenty years before; that is, as having released the art from the last shackles of archaic rigidity and placed it in possession of full freedom and the full mastery of its means."—*Sir Sidney Colvin.*

"After Giorgione detail is no longer considered, general effect is everything."—*E. H. and E. W. Blashfield.*

"Until now the Italians had painted saints and princes; the Venetians began to paint the people."—*E. H. and E. W. Blashfield.*

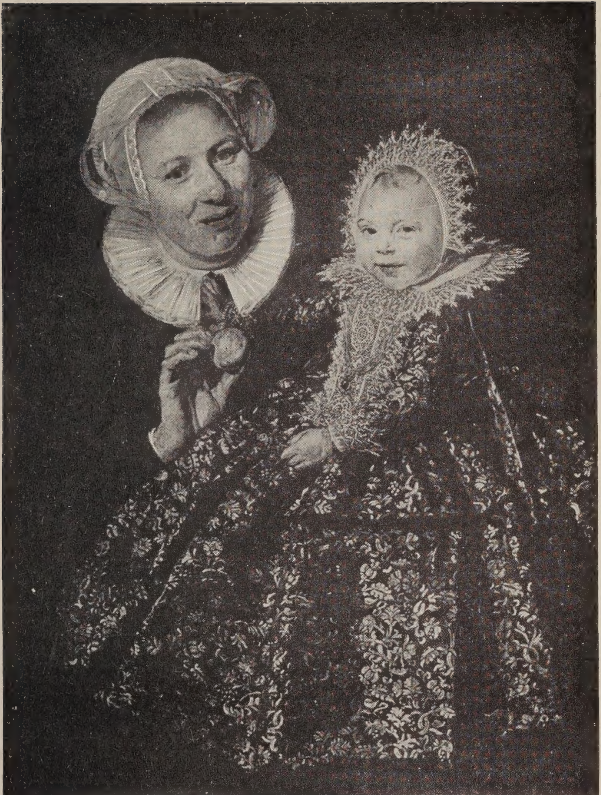
"Giorgione loved to paint eyes that gaze at us without seeing, eyes that are looking back to some faint memory or forward to some beautiful dream."—*Duncan Phillips.*

"The inner life was Giorgione's particular field of study."—*Duncan Phillips.*

"The art of Titian is unquestionably more powerful and energetic, but Giorgione is, in my estimation at least, a painter of more refined and subtle feeling."—*Giovanni Morelli.*

Best represented in Dresden, Florence, Paris, Vienna, Castelfranco.

Examples of best work: *Venus,* Zwinger, Dresden; *Madonna,* Cathedral, Castelfranco; *Concert Champêtre,* Louvre, Paris.



NURSE AND LAUGHING BABY—*Frans Hals*
BERLIN

***Giotto** (Ambrogiotto di Bondone, 1266?-1337), Florentine School. Pronounced jŏt′tō.

(1) Go close to the picture. Avoid the faces at first; look intently at the *upper part of the trunk* of the most prominent figure, until you suddenly feel its reality, its vitality, and its full humanity. Repeat with several lesser figures. (2) Now turn to the faces. Study especially the mouths and the profiles, neglecting the eyes for the present. Try to knit whatever personality you discover in each face with that expressed in the body beneath it. (3) Study the story which the picture tells; see how clearly it is set before you. Note that every figure is there to play some part in it, none merely to fill space gracefully. See how easy it is to group them according to the sort of part they play. (4) Study the picture as if it were a photograph from a play, noting the dramatic quality of the situation and the effectiveness of the "business." (5) Observe that hands and arms are posed, not to look beautiful, but to express action and emotion. (6) Note the different mental attitudes indicated by the *poise* of various heads. (7) See how intent each person is on what he is doing; and what intensely practical people they all are. (8) Move far enough away from the picture to see it, not as a group of people, but as a patchwork of colours. Note how successfully it *decorates* the space which it fills. (9) Imagine, for a moment, that you are looking down on the scene from a first-story window; it will help you to see the figures in their proper spatial relations. (10) Compare the picture, for expressiveness and reality, with the work of some still earlier painter. (11) When you have reached a stage at which you no longer find the picture unpleasant, but are still unable to feel any particular interest in it, try to

feel the austere dignity which pervades the whole composition.

Tradition asserts that Cimabue discovered Giotto, at the age of ten, watching his father's sheep on a hill near Vespignano and sketching one of them on a flat stone, and that, delighted with the quality of the work, he promptly took the boy back to Florence as his pupil. Our knowledge of the remainder of his life is limited, for the most part, to similar legends,—such as Vasari's tale of his painting a fly on the nose of one of Cimabue's Madonnas so naturally that that worthy tried many times to drive it away before he discovered the deception; or the story of his commenting, on being knocked down by a herd of swine that tried to run between his legs, "After all, the pigs are quite right, when I think how many thousands of crowns I have earned with their bristles without ever giving them even a bowl of soup"; or that of the famous perfect circle which he drew, with a single sweep of the hand, for a messenger who had come from Benedict XI. for a sample of his work. But it seems obvious that a man about whom so much tradition could gather must have been a striking figure in his own age. He is known to have worked in Rome, in Naples, and in many of the cities of central Italy, and to have been especially in demand among the Franciscan order. He seems to have been a wit, a poet, somewhat of a philosopher, a sturdy craftsman, and, above all, a popular hero. He undoubtedly possessed the qualities that unite to make a great painter; and the force of his genius was so overwhelming that for a hundred years many of his successors were content to imitate him without dreaming of any further progress in art.

"He aims at types which both in face and figure are simple, large-boned, and massive,—types, that is to say, which in actual life would furnish the most powerful stimulus to the tactile imagination."—*Bernhard Berenson.*

"What Giotto gave to art was, before all things else, vitality."—*John Addington Symonds.*

"Men before him had tried to tell stories, but had told them hesitatingly, even uncouthly; Giotto spoke clearly and to the point."—*E. H. and E. W. Blashfield.*

"His art is cold and transparent and speaks in sentences as brief and convincing as the conclusions of a mathematical theorem."—*Richard Muther.*

"Giotto's most marked characteristic is precisely that piercing directness of mind which neither swerves nor flinches till it is in touch with the truth at its heart."—*Basil De Selincourt.*

"A Florentine or Paduan congregation would have been shocked at too grave a departure from the wooden virgins with which their childhood had been so long familiar."—*Grant Allen.*

"The Florentine artists of the fourteenth century were essentially a school of fresco painters, who cannot be fairly or adequately judged save in their own chosen medium in the churches of Italy."—*Grant Allen.*

Best represented in Florence, Assisi, and Padua. Masterpiece: *Frescoes,* Arena Chapel, Padua.

Goes, Hugo van der (1435?-1482), Flemish School. Pronounced vän dẽr gōōs′.

(1) Study each robe as a single light-reflecting surface. (2) Note the delicacy of the little plants that Goes scatters over his pictures. (3) Study the personality of every figure in the picture, till you realise that the dominant quality in each one is adoration. Note how hard it is even to think of them as engaged in any other occupation. (4) Feel the hypnotic force of the concentration of all this adoration on one spot. (5) Feel the tumultuous energy of certain of his figures. (6) Compare him, with regard to this energy and adoration, with the other fifteenth century Flemings. (7) Note in comparison with the Italians, the clear intensity of his colour and the stiffness of his attitudes. (8) Notice how much more prominent the inanimate objects are than in contemporary Italian pictures.

Van der Goes was probably born at Ghent about 1435. He was admitted to the Guild of St. Luke in that city in 1467, and six years later was chosen Dean. Most of his work was executed in distemper on great linen sheets, designed to serve as a substitute for tapestries or as decorations for great public festivals, and these, of course, perished long ago. Only a few altar pieces painted on more durable material have come down to us. He worked on the decorations for the wedding of Charles the Bold and Margaret of York in 1468, for various papal jubilees, for Charles's entry into Ghent in 1470, for the funeral of Philip the Good in 1474, and for many other important functions. Success brought him so many contracts that he began to worry constantly for fear that he had accepted more than he could ever execute. To this he soon added a conviction that, for obscure reasons, he was eternally damned; and in 1476 the resulting mental tension drove him to a convent to find relief. For a few years he seems to have been much happier; but he fell once more into a state of deep melancholy, and finally, on his return from a trip to Cologne, became insane. His fellow-monks attempted to calm him by playing on the zither, but without success. He sank rapidly and died soon afterward.

"Every one of the faces in Hugo's picture is a portrait, and a portrait of extraordinary power."—*W. M. Conway.*

"The manner in which he paints trees is extraordinary. Each has its own physiognomy, and yet, with the finest calculation, all the lines are subordinated to the chief outlines of the figures."—*Richard Muther.*

"In veracity and strength of handling Hugo shows himself a true follower of Van Eyck. He surpasses him in the expression of reverence, and he nearly equals him in the expression of character, though he falls far behind him in artistic quality."—*W. M. Conway.*

"A toilsome, troubled, and struggling element runs through his work; he appears as a tormented spirit, always undertaking new problems, but who in the course of the work lost confidence and inspiration."—*Richard Muther.*

Best represented in Florence, Bruges, Berlin, Glasgow, Vienna.

Examples of best work: *Adoration of the Shep-*

herds, Uffizi, Florence; *Adoration of the Shepherds,* Kaiser-Friedrich Museum, Berlin.

Gossaert, Jan, see Mabuse.

Goya y Lucientes, Francisco Jose de (1746-1828), Spanish School. Pronounced gō'yȧ.

Paintings: (1) In the small, sketchier pictures, look intently with half-shut eyes until you begin to feel that the paint was not merely daubed on at random to fill the canvas, but that every spot and every line of it represents either some small object or the play of light on a larger one. (2) Note how, as you continue to look, detail after detail steals into your consciousness, like the stars at twilight. (3) Observe the inherent insolence of many of the poses and expressions. Realise that a nature to which insolence was so attractive would be apt to express what he had to say in paint as briefly and boldly as possible. (4) Study both his method of applying paint to the canvas and his apparent attitude toward his sitters, until you feel the essential recklessness of the man. (5) Feel the almost explosive brilliancy of his colouring. (6) To discover its full beauty stand close to the canvas so that your eye does not take in easily more than a third of it at a time; then study the smooth, hot opacity of the colour, the fascination of the bold strokes with which it is brushed in, the powerful charm of the bold combinations of two, three, or four brilliant colours, and the treatment of light that is reflected from highly coloured surfaces. (7) If you dislike Goya, realise that it is probably because he displays no emotions, no sentiments, and no ideals; cares little for beauty in the ordinary sense, has no respect for conventions; and paints only for the love of setting reality down on his canvas with as hot and brilliant an intensity as possible. (8) Think of his pithy style of painting as a highly concentrated shorthand which he probably invented chiefly for his own convenience. (9) Learn to study each of his pictures primarily as an expression of his own powerful personality.

Etchings: (1) It is by his etchings that Goya is best known,—not merely, perhaps, because they are more widely distributed, but because the essence of his technique was closely allied to the method of etching. Aside from the acid he poured on his copper plates, he applied a peculiar acid of his own to the objects that he depicted, and above all to human character, burning away everything superfluous until what remained could be represented by a single line or a dab of paint. Study his work until you realise how far he has burned away, in the people he portrays, every vestige of the emotions which ordinarily relate people to the rest of the world. Do they smile at you? or coquette with you? or glare? or stand on the their dignity? Did they try while they were being painted to look pleasant, or naïvely unconscious? Do they show any human interest in each other? They assume attitudes and expressions, it is true, but are they not those of the puppets in a marionette show? Their expressions might have been formed by long years of poker-playing. If they have passions, they are passions without object, raging, internal fires. They stare out into an infinity of solitude. They even have no relations with themselves,—no consciousness of their own beauty, no sense of dignity or humility, no hopes, no regrets, no self-pity, and no pride. (2) But observe, as you return again and again to his work, how the fragment that remains, the essential kernel of human personality, as it were, burns its way into your memory-

Goya was born at Fuentetodos, near Saragossa, in Aragon, in 1746. He received little schooling, and ran wild until a monk found him drawing a picture of a pig on a wall (an animal which seems symbolic, when compared with Giotto's sheep) and persuaded him to study painting. For several years he worked in a desultory way under a painter in Saragossa; but before he was twenty his reckless and quarrelsome disposition made him so obnoxious to the Inquisition that he had to flee to Madrid for safety. There he devoted his days more industriously to painting and studying pictures; but at night he would sally forth, armed with a sword and a guitar, for a carnival of drinks, duels, and serenades. After he had been found one morning in the street with a knife sticking in his back, Madrid also became impossible as a place of residence. He worked his way to the coast as a bull-fighter, and sailed for Rome; but there he had the misfortune to be caught abducting a young girl from a convent, and before he was thirty he was back in Madrid, which the lapse of time had made safe for him. He married (he had twenty children), and soon received a commission for a series of cartoons for the royal tapestry works. He broke away from the tradition of mythological subjects and substituted scenes taken from the daily life of the people, and this new departure made him immediately famous. Three years later, on the accession of Charles IV., he became one of the court painters. He was very much at home in the intrigue that made up the life of the court; and, in spite of the uncompromising frankness with which he painted and the violence of his temper, he was very successful as a portrait painter. It required, however, both courage and tact to sit to him successfully. When the Duke of Wellington commented abruptly on his odd manner of painting, Goya snatched a rapier from the wall, attacked him furiously, and refused to finish the picture. Although he would paint a religious picture whenever he could get an order for one, he was an outspoken agnostic, and attacked the church constantly in his etchings. During his last years his total deafness increased the violence of his temper. He died in 1828.

"I have had three masters, Nature, Velasquez, and Rembrandt."—*Goya.*

"Goya is the true child of that haughty and indomitable Aragon, with its great bare mountains, scorching hot and icy cold by turns, with its wild and well-nigh inaccessible valleys."—*Paul Lafond.*

"His whole art seems like a bull-fight; for everywhere he sees before him some red rag, and hurls himself upon it with the frantic fury of the *toro*."—*Richard Muther.*

"In him the sense of curiosity is in excess of the sense of beauty, and the love of experiment is in excess of the love of art."—*C. S. Ricketts.*

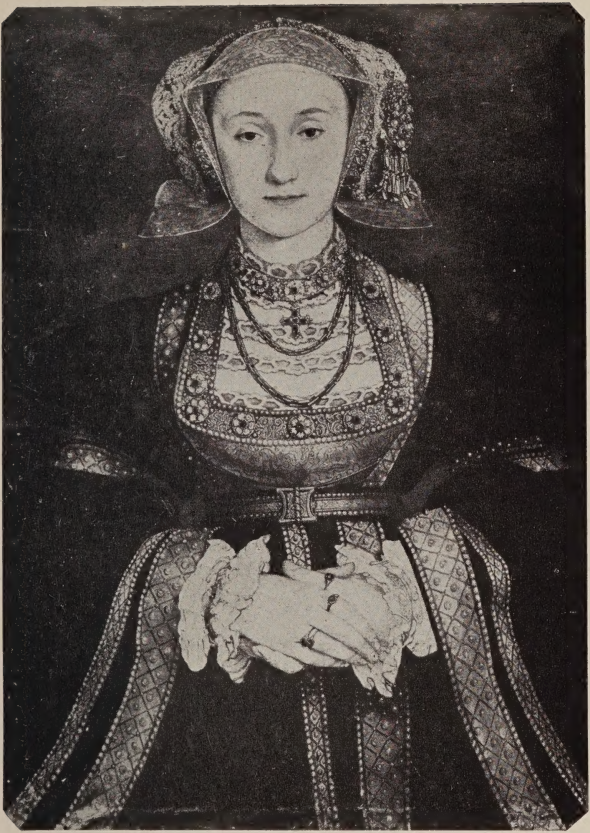
"From the very same class of people whom Sanchez Coello and Velasquez painted in such pride of kingly dignity he made a puppet-show of fools and criminals. In Spain, the most purely monarchical country of Europe, Goya painted portraits which are a satire upon all monarchy."—*Richard Muther.*

Best represented in Madrid.

Examples of best work: *La Maya, Charles IV. and Family,* Prado, Madrid.

Goyen, Jan Josephszoon van (1596-1656), Dutch School. Pronounced goi'en.

(1) Note how distinctively the picture stands out from the others in the gallery at first glance; and how quickly you feel its unity and a vaguely pleasing quality in its composition. (2) Look down at the water, as if from a height, and study it as a reflector of light, especially of light from the clouds. (3) Note how the clouds rise from *behind* the horizon. (4) Look intently at the most distant part of the horizon until you are sure that you feel its full distance. (5) Note the uniformity of colour and tone that prevails throughout trees and buildings; contrast it with the richness of the cloud forms until you feel the delicate dignity which it imparts to the picture. (6) Notice how large a proportion of the canvas is devoted to sky. (7) Compare the emotional effect of van Goyen's light tones with that of Ruisdael's darker ones. (8) Note the delicate



ANNE OF CLEVES—*Holbein*
LOUVRE

sharpness of his vertical lines. (9) Feel the enchanted-castle, sleeping-beauty atmosphere that hangs over the whole scene; a sort of expectancy that something momentous is about to happen, mingled with a mysterious calm and a sense of unreality.

Van Goyen was born at Leyden, and divided his life between that city and The Hague. From his fourteenth to his twentieth years he wandered restlessly from master to master, finally fixing on Esaias van der Velde; but he ultimately developed an unmistakable style of his own. In both cities he was successful and prosperous; at The Hague he was chosen president of the guild of painters, at forty-four. He numbered Van Dyck and Van der Helst among his friends; and his daughter Margaret married Jan Steen. Her portrait appears in many of the latter's pictures. Van Goyen was active and industrious; but his vivid imagination made him restless and changeable. Bode writes, "The making of hundreds of pictures did not satisfy his need for activity; he began to deal in pictures and arrange picture sales; his passion for gambling drove him to speculate in bulbs, for which he paid as much as sixty florins apiece; and eventually he speculated in land and houses, let them (young Paul Potter lived in one of them), sold them, and bought others." His only pupil of importance was Solomon Ruisdael, but many of his contemporaries and successors were strongly influenced by him.

"Van Goyen lacks at once the height and depth of Jacob van Ruisdael; his moods are dreamy rather than poignant, and he appeals where the other compels."—*Charles H. Caffin.*

"His early works, as well as his sketch books, show how industriously he studied Nature, how carefully for years he executed his pictures; only thereby did he attain the facility and freedom with which, in his later period, he gave artistic form to the manifold motives of his country, writing them down almost off-hand."—*Wilhelm Bode.*

"His touch, which was marvellously light, gave to his skies and streams an inimitable transparency."—*Henry Havard.*

"Unfortunately, he often used a blue known as 'Haarlem' blue which has faded with time, and the same thing may probably have occurred in the yellow."—*Ralph N. James.*

"Jan van Goyen is most at home on the coast of the Zuyder Zee and the banks of the Maas."—*Richard Muther.*

Best represented in Paris, Berlin, Amsterdam, Vienna, Cambridge, and Munich.

Examples of best work: *View of Dordrecht,* Rijks Museum, Amsterdam; *Banks of a Canal,* Louvre, Paris.

Gozzoli, Benozzo (Benozzo di Lese di Sandro, 1420-1498), Florentine School. Pronounced gŏt′sō-lē̇.

(1) Remember, in studying Gozzoli, that he was first of all a painter of great wall-decorations that were intended to fill a room with life and colour, not to be closely dissected and analysed. (2) Realise that although most of them were technically illustrations of the Bible, he seldom approached his subject with the serious spirit of the true illustrator, or even with the careful intensity of the dramatist. The stories on his canvases are rather to be read, incident after incident, as you would read some rambling, light-hearted, mediæval romance like the "Morte d'Arthur." (3) If the scene is a landscape, notice the interminable miles of road and the vigourous luxuriance of the vegetation. (4) If the background is mainly architectural, note how the buildings soar and tower, and how thoroughly metro-

politan his cities are. How he would have enjoyed painting New York! (5) Observe how effectively he frames his groups of people in architecture or trees. (6) Study the thinness and straightness of their mouths, the prominence of their cheek bones, and the hardness of their eyes. (7) Feel their lightheartedness, their boldness, their fierce youth, and, often, their insolence. (8) Yet notice, by contrast, the charm of the melancholy into which the younger ones, especially, are apt to fall. (9) Feel the strong upward thrust of the trees. (10) Realise that whatever action Benozzo introduces is invariably effective action. His people do not fail. (11) Note how many birds and animals he shows us in his pictures. (12) Feel the cynicism and the satire in much of his work in the Campo Santo at Pisa.

Benozzo Gozzoli (Benozzo the Thick-throated) appears first in the history of art as an assistant to Lorenzo Ghiberti in his work on the second pair of bronze gates for the Baptistery at Florence. Three years later he turned to painting. He began to study with Fra Angelico, and soon became his favourite pupil. Up to 1469, his commissions took him all over central Italy and allowed him only a few months at a time in each city; but in that year he commenced a great series of frescoes in the Campo Santo at Pisa which were to occupy him until 1485. The contract price for each picture was ten ducats (equivalent to about $500); and as a bonus the authorities granted him space for his own tomb within their walls. Many of his frescoes reveal the marks of hasty and careless work; and it is known that he often employed very inferior painters as assistants; yet Vasari could say, "Benozzo Gozzoli executed so many labours in his day that he proved himself to have but little regard for any pleasure beside; and, although in comparison with certain other masters, who surpassed him in design, he was not particularly eminent, he yet left all far behind him in perseverance, and among the multitude of his works there are many that are very good."

"The art of Gozzoli does not rival that of his greatest contemporaries either in elevation or in strength, but is preëminently attractive by its sense of what is rich, winning, lively and abundant in the aspects of men and things."—*W. M. Rossetti.*

"The first Renaissance painter to turn his attention to an essentially idyllic and picturesque interpretation of the Old Testament."—*Eugène Müntz.*

"Who wants to resist the fascination of his early works, painted, as they seem, by a Fra Angelico who has forgotten heaven and become enamoured of the earth and the springtime?"—*Bernhard Berenson.*

"His compositions are rich in architectural details, not always chosen with pure taste, but painted with an almost infantine delight in the magnificence of buildings."—*J. A. Symonds.*

Best represented in Pisa, Florence, San Gimignano, Montefalco.

Examples of best work: *Frescoes,* Campo Santo, Pisa; *Procession of the Magi,* Palazzo Medici, Florence; *Life of St. Augustine,* Sant' Agostino, San Gimignano.

***Greco, El** (Domenikos Theotocopuli, 1548-1614), Spanish School. Pronounced grā′cō.

(1) Note a certain flame-like quality in the picture: the eyes burn, the thin heads seem to flicker and waver, the draperies play about the bodies like tongues of fire, the sky is lurid, and the colour suggests a fire half reduced to ashes. (2) Concentrate your attention on the figures until you can see them separated from their background: look at them as a single, unified group; and regard the background, primarily, not as a realistic picture of clouds or earth, but as a sort of back-drop intended to add a particular emotional quality to the scene.

(3) Realise that even in the pictures which seem the most jumbled and haphazard in composition there is almost always a central figure, whose preeminence is emphasised both by colour and by position. Focus your eyes firmly on this figure, letting the others come only vaguely into consciousness, and note how surprisingly the plan of the picture clears up in your mind. (4) Analyse the purpose and meaning of every gesture. (5) Study the people for a time as if they were not supposed to be taking part in actual scenes from their own lives, but were rather engaged, as priests, in the performance of a religious ritual. (6) Don't let your eye rest too long, at first, on any one detail; let it move constantly and rather quickly over the picture, taking in only broad relations of line, mass, colour, light, and form. (7) If the forms appear strained and distorted, study them carefully until you realise that much of this apparent unreality is due merely to an exaggeration of the area and intensity of the lesser shadows, and a diminution of the darkness of the larger ones by reflecting too much light on them from surrounding objects; to an unnatural lustre in the high-lights; and to Greco's carelessness about making all the light seem to come from a single source. (8) Study the details of form and light in the portraits until you realise how accurately and skilfully Greco could copy nature when he cared to. (9) Observe that he often seems deliberately to have suppressed and distorted form to produce some particular emotional effect, that is, to have subordinated matter to spirit. (10) Study the faces carefully until you realise how completely the individual, self-seeking personality has disappeared, absorbed in wonder and worship, supplanted by a radiant consciousness of the glory of God. (11) Observe in the portraits again how much kindliness

lies behind the intellectuality of the faces, and how easy most of these men would find it to smile.

El Greco, or The Greek, as the Spaniards called him to avoid the unwieldy name which he brought with him to Toledo, was born in the island of Crete. He studied painting with Titian in Venice, spent a few years in Rome, and finally settled in Toledo at thirty. It has been conjectured that he may have been one of the pupils whom Titian sent there in response to a request from the king of Spain; but when questioned in a lawsuit a few years later as to his reasons for coming he refused to answer. At first he painted pictures as conventional as those of any of the Italians, but rapidly evolved a brilliant and erratic style of his own. Not finding a sufficient outlet for his eager personality in painting alone, he took up scultpture, wood-carving, and architecture as well, and achieved an excellent reputation in each. He plunged into lawsuits and won them, even one against the Inquisition itself. During his lifetime his genius was recognised and admired throughout Spain; but after his death his fame waned rapidly. For a long time it was generally believed that his marked originality deserved the name of insanity rather than of genius; and it is only within the last twenty years or so that he has been restored to his proper rank. He is often called, in spite of his Cretan birth and his Italian training, the most Spanish of Spanish painters.

"A savage, entering the world of art with impetuous primeval power."—*Richard Muther.*

"His pictures might at times have been painted by torchlight in a cell of the Inquisition."—*C. S. Ricketts.*

"There is something Gothic about Greco."—*Gustave Geoffroy.*

"His pictures have wonderful visionary quality, admirable invention, and are full of passionate fervency. They may be considered extravagant, but are never commonplace, and are excedingly attractive in their intense emotion, marvellous sincerity, and strange, chilly colour." —*George C. Williamson.*

"Colour was Greco's great gift to Velasquez—and to the world."—*Calvert and Hartley.*

"El Greco's work is typically modern, and from it the portrait-painter, J. S. Sargent, claims to have learned more than from any other artist."—*G. C. Williamson.*

"His restless assertion of personality appeals especially to this age that arrogates above all the right of the individual to express himself."—*Calvert and Hartley.*

Best represented in Toledo and Madrid.

Masterpiece: *Burial of Count Orgaz,* Church of Santo Tomé, Toledo.

Greuze, Jean Baptiste (1725-1805), French School. Pronounced grĕz.

(1) Observe the clear-cut line of the upper eyelid; the brightness, clearness, and readiness-to-flash of the eyes. (2) Feel the pressure of the lips on each other. Read what they tell of their owner's love of having her own way. (3) Feel the emotional tension at which the slightly pinched nostrils hint. (4) Note the slight puffiness of the hands; feel the distinctive quality of the pressure which they exert on whatever they touch. (5) Notice the strength of the neck; feel the naïveté with which it is thrust forward from the shoulders. (6) In the faces which are turned toward you, begin at the eye and follow slowly the line of the jaw to the point of the chin several times; note the smiling expression which the face often assumes as you do this. (7) See what simple, transparent creatures they are, how little they seem to conceal, or even attempt to conceal. (8) Realise that they are not posing in the hope of appealing to anyone in particular, inside or outside the frame, but simply from their own love of assuming effective attitudes. (9) Finally, feel the

full sentimentality, sensuality, and moral weakness of his heroines.

Greuze was born at Tournus, in Burgundy, in 1725. His father, a builder and master-mason, wished to make his son an architect; but the boy was determined to become a painter, and kept on sketching and colouring in secret after it had been forbidden him. He finally won his father over, and was sent first to a painter in Lyons and then to the Royal Academy in Paris to study. He was at first ignored by his teachers and fellow-pupils, but sprang into fame at thirty with the exhibition of "A Father Reading the Bible to his Children" at the Salon. He left France soon afterward to study for two years in Italy. He was known at Rome as "the lovesick cherub" on account of a hopeless passion for the daughter of an Italian duke; but not long after his return to Paris he married the daughter of a bookseller, a doll-like creature whose extravagance, bad temper, and faithlessness made him thoroughly unhappy. He finally divorced her. He became exceedingly popular among the fashionable world in Paris, and was appointed painter to the king and given an apartment in the Louvre. But he was notoriously vain and easily flattered, and success turned his head. His comment to a friend on one of his own pictures has been recorded: "O Monsieur, here is a picture that astonishes even me who painted it. It is perfectly incomprehensible how with merely a few bits of pounded earth a man can put so much life into a canvas. Really, if these were the days of mythology I should fear the fate of Prometheus!" In the Revolution he lost all his property, and, with the change of taste which accompanied it, all his popularity; he died in the Louvre in 1805, in great poverty.

"Greuze is a painter of the second order whose position among the foremost of his time was due to a happy chance. That he lived when he did was his good fortune; that he knew how to profit by the fact is to his credit."—*Charles Normand.*

"He belongs so completely to his own day that there is no wonder that his popularity should have been great—far greater, for instance, than any accorded to Chardin, who belongs to all time."—*Arsène Alexandre.*

"Greuze gives with a rare subtlety, with a suggestiveness the more unpleasant because it is so decently veiled, the unripeness of sweet youth that has not in it the elements of resistance to temptation."—*Claude Phillips.*

"If you cannot be true, at least be piquant."—*Greuze to a pupil.*

"It makes you fume to hear the exclamations of well-meaning fellow-creatures over his empty beauty, his ogling innocence, his immoral moralities, his styleless grace, his sentimentality without refinement, his artistic sententiousness, his ill composition and ill drawing, and the affectations in which he is steeped. To see through Greuze is in art the beginning of knowledge."—*Sir Sidney Colvin.*

Best represented in Paris and London.

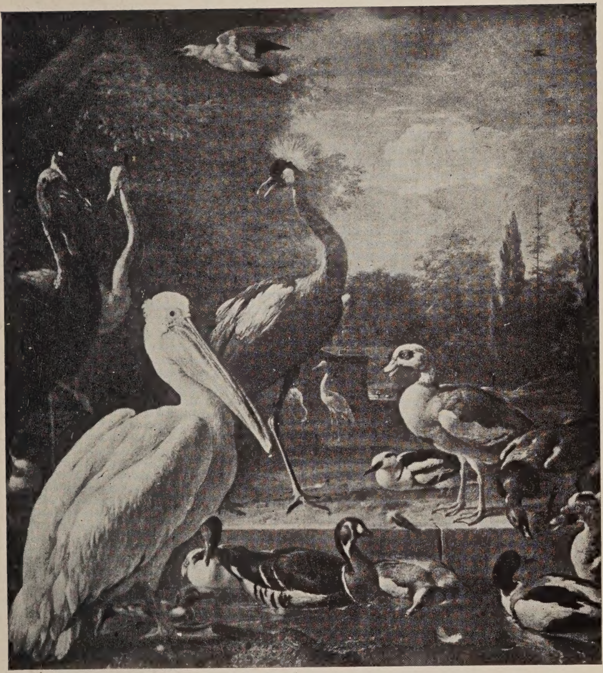
Examples of best work: *The Broken Pitcher, The Village Bride,* Louvre, Paris.

Guido Reni (1575-1642), School of Bologna (Eclectic). Pronounced gwē′dō rā′nē.

(1) Note the ease with which your eye moves back and forth along the brilliantly lighted limbs and bodies. (2) See how light, and free from all effort, the movements of these people are. (3) Study the colouring, especially in the pictures painted with his characteristic silvery tint, until you realise how large a part it plays in producing this appearance of ease of motion. (4) Study the picture until you realise how much of its vitality and charm is due to the *echoing* of each principal line by another one parallel to it. Compare it with the effect obtained in music by repeating the same phrase several times in a single melody. (5) Ignore the many pictures by Guido which are obviously crude and sentimental; and concentrate your attention on those which possess dignity and grace. (6) Compare him with Byron.

Guido was born at Calvenzano, near Bologna. His father, a music-teacher, wished to bring him up as a professional musician, but the boy himself was so determined to become a painter that he was apprenticed at nine to a Flemish artist named Calvart. He had for fellow-pupils Albani and Domenichino. Before he was twenty he grew dissatisfied, left Calvart, and entered the Academy of the Caracci. At the suggestion of Annibale, he adopted a style exactly opposite to that which had won so much fame for Caravaggio (substituting delicate for savage colours, and brilliant light for dark shadows), in the hope of rivalling the latter's popularity. At twenty-seven, having quarrelled with the Caracci, he left for Rome, with Albani, and remained there for twenty years, —except for one sulky retreat to Bologna as a sign of displeasure at not being paid promptly by his patron, the pope. The latter, Paul V., flew into a frenzy of rage and ordered him to return at once. Guido refused to be ordered about and stayed in Bologna, but returned voluntarily as soon as the pope grew calmer. He was met outside the gates by a long line of the carriages of the princes and cardinals of Rome, who vied with each other for the honour of bringing him into the city. In 1621 he was called to Naples to paint the chapel of San Gennaro; but the cabal of local artists headed by Ribera treated him as barbarously as they did all other outsiders, —killed one of his servants, beat another, set armed ruffians to following him in the streets, and threatened him with poison. He made a hasty departure, and after a short stay in Rome returned to Bologna for the remainder of his life. He opened an academy and soon had over two hundred pupils; he quintupled his prices for the work of his own hands, and began a life of the most lavish splendour. But his fever for gambling increased even faster than his prosperity, and he painted rapidly and recklessly in a vain attempt to catch up with his losses. His fortunes fell so low that at one time he was reduced to painting by the hour, for a picture dealer who stood over him, watch in hand, to be sure that he obtained full value. It was these last years that filled the galleries of Europe with so much of the trash that bears his name, yet during this degradation all Italy still looked up to him as her greatest living painter, and his funeral was the largest Bologna had ever seen.

"His best works have beauty, great amenity, artistic feeling, and high accomplishment of manner, all alloyed by



THE FLOATING FEATHER—*M. d'Hondecoeter*
RIJKS MUSEUM

a certain core of commonplaceness; in the worst pictures the commonplace swamps everything . . . the more noxious in that its apparent grace of sentiment and form misleads the unwary into approval, and the dilettante dabbler into cheap raptures."—*W. M. Rossetti.*

"Being once besought by Count Aldovrandi to confide in him who the lady was of whom he availed himself in drawing his beautiful Madonnas and Magdalenes, he made his colour-grinder, a fellow of scoundrelly visage, sit down, and commanding him to look upward, drew from him such a marvellous head of a saint that it seemed as if it had been done by magic."—*M. F. Sweetser.*

"He possessed a fine genius, and if his character had equalled his talent he would have been qualified to attain to the first rank in his art."—*H. Taine.*

"He boasted that he knew a hundred ways of making heads with their eyes lifted to heaven."—*M. F. Sweetser.*

"A painter whose real gift was the gift of gracefulness."—*Théophile Gautier.*

"In Guido's day true energy, real passion, and native force had disappeared. Society was trifling, gallant, satiated."—*H. Taine.*

"He was not, as some modern critics seem to regard him, always the hasty painter of insipidities. During one part of his career, at least, he knew what good art was; and as an executant he often exhibited really great qualities . . . he drew easily and correctly, and frequently composed with exemplary skill."—*Paul Mantz.*

Best represented in Rome, Paris, Florence, Bologna, Petrograd, Dresden, and London.

Masterpiece: *Aurora,* Rospigliosi Palace, Rome.

*Hals, Frans (1584?-1666), Dutch School. Pronounced häls.

(1) Study the perfect self-confidence of his people. Observe how thoroughly at home they seem in their surroundings. (2) Note that, although they realise keenly that they are sitting for their por-

traits, they never spoil them by trying too hard to look pretty or interesting. (3) Note that they are always fresh and alert, never awkward or tiresome. (4) See how much interest they always display in something outside the frame. (5) Observe how bold and independent they all are; what quick, keen replies they would give back to any remarks that might be addressed to them. (6) Stand at some distance and note the beauty of texture of lace and velvet; then move closer and study the bold, dashing strokes with which it is painted. (7) Study, in the single portraits, the placing on the canvas of the hands and ruff; note how beautifully they are always arranged. (8) When you are in Holland, study the people you pass on the streets till you realise that Hals had good reason for using so much red on his sitters' cheeks. (9) Do not look for the final superiority of Hals and the other great portrait painters merely in their greater accuracy in portraying the physical aspect of the human face, and in catching characteristic expressions, but also, and perhaps most of all, in their instinctive choice of the elements of character to be emphasised. Note especially that while the lesser men frequently fail to raise the veil of uncomfortable self-consciousness which their subjects wear during the sitting, the greater portraits invariably reveal a fine self-confidence.

Though Frans Hals happened to be born in Antwerp, his family was Dutch, his working life was spent entirely in Holland, and his pictures are essentially Dutch in character. His personal habits, too, seem to have been stamped with that roistering improvidence which characterised the typical Dutch artist of his day. Marrying in Haarlem in 1611, he appeared before a magistrate five years later on the charge of ill-treating his wife, and received a severe reprimand for his drunken and violent habits. She died soon afterward, and his second marriage seems to have marked the beginning of a period of greater peace and prosperity. But his success was too much for his sobriety. His debts piled up rapidly; in 1652 he was declared bankrupt, and he never again succeeded in extricating himself from poverty. The municipality of Haarlem paid his rent for a time, and later gave him an annuity of 200 florins a year. He died in an almshouse. For two centuries after his death his pictures were sold, whenever anyone would buy them, for a few dollars apiece. Modern critics have tried to rehabilitate his reputation. Mr. Percy R. Head, for instance, writes: "A man given over altogether to wine-bibbing and low society would hardly enjoy, as Hals did, considerable local reputation in a crowded profession, constant employment during a long working life, and a pension from the state to provide for the wants of his old age. As to those features in his character which are not praiseworthy, the historian need not be harsher than the artist's own contemporaries. His talents were allowed to condone his faults while he lived, and it is with his talents that posterity is chiefly concerned." His chief pupils were Brouwer, Terborch, Metsu, Wouverman, and Adriaen van Ostade.

"In his power of setting down the momentary changes which pass across the human face, especially the expression of laughter and merriment, no man has yet equalled him."—*Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers.*

"How lifelike they are; what a mighty paw has thrown them on the canvas!"—*Wilhelm Bode.*

"Hals, with his masterful gift of summarising the incidents and accidents of an occasion or a personality, resembles the best examples of the modern journalist and magazine writer; keenly alive to the temper of his own time, reflecting everything vividly, as in a mirror. yet with a discrimination for effects."—*Charles H. Caffin.*

"None of his works, not even the most summary, look unfinished, careless, or slovenly."—*W. H. Downes.*

"While Rembrandt is a constructor, Hals is a 'follower of surfaces.' "—*Charles H. Caffin.*

"He seizes with rare intuition a moment in the life of his sitter."—*Paul G. Konody.*

"The problem of disposing so many figures in such a way that each shall have its due share of individual emphasis, and yet that the whole group may have, on the one hand, a naturalness and spontaneity of suggestion, and, on the other, a reasonable amount of artistic unity, was one to try to its utmost capactiy an artist's inventiveness. Hals was the first to solve it; and, while other artists profited by his example, none could attain to the completeness of his success."—*Charles H. Caffin.*

Best represented in Haarlem; Berlin, Amsterdam, Cassel, Paris, Dresden, Petrograd.

Examples of best work: *Corporation Pieces,* Municipal Museum, Haarlem; *Laughing Cavalier,* Wallace Collection, London; *Hille Bobbe,* Kaiser-Friedrich Museum, Berlin; *Flute Player,* Rijks Museum, Amsterdam.

Hobbema, Meindert (1638-1709), Dutch School. Pronounced hŏb′bā-mä.

(1) As you stand across the gallery from the picture, note its harmonious arrangement of light and shade. There is no uncomfortable glare of light from any point, and no gloomy shadows which your eye strains to penetrate. (2) As you go closer, note how distinctly every detail stands out from its surroundings. (3) Notice especially the piquant, stinging, whip-lash quality of the smaller branches of the trees, and of the outlines of posts, mills, barns, houses, and tree-trunks. (4) Observe the steely strength of the trees which happen to be outlined against the flood of light which nearly always fills the middle distance. (5) Note how often the foliage is being blown by the wind. (6) Look intently at the water until you are able to see it purely as a reflecting surface. (7) See how the sunlight seems to have burned away every trace of blur and haze.

(8) Study the degree of illumination of every detail in the picture; then try to feel them all as intimately connected parts of a single sunlit space. (9) Study the trees until you feel that they have been set down in the picture, not where they might be expected to look most ornamental, nor even where they stood in the original landscape, but just whereever the painter felt like putting them. (10) Study especially the tree-trunks, the foliage, and the clouds, until you feel that they were painted by a man conscious of a knowledge of their structure and of a mastery over his brush. (11) Study the differences between Hobbema's pictures and Ruisdael's.

Very little is known of Hobbema's life. He was probably born at Amsterdam, and it is said that, like Burns, he was for a time a gauger. At thirty he married a servant of the burgomaster of Amsterdam; and they took a house in the quarter known as the Rozengracht, not far from where Rembrandt lived. Both he and his wife were buried in the pauper cemetery. Like Ruisdael, he seems to have had no pupils. He was the last of the great Dutch painters of the seventeenth century; and he had no worthy successors till the middle of the nineteenth.

"In the exercise of his craft Hobbema was patient beyond all conception. It is doubtful whether anyone ever so completely mastered as he did the still life of woods and hedges, or mills and pools."—*Sir Joseph Crowe.*

"The prose in which Hobbema speaks to us is often so vigourous and impressive that it convinces and overwhelms us, and causes many poetic pictures of his countrymen to appear affected and feeble."—*Wilhelm Bode.*

"Ruisdael's inspiration is the more poetic, simple and abstract; Hobbema's adheres more to truth and reality. The former seeks his effects in combination of shadow, and the latter by his combinations of light. There is no doubt that Ruisdael surpasses Hobbema in poetic conception, but, as painter and colourist, Hobbema—in the opinion of competent judges—very much surpasses Ruisdael."—*P. Scheltema.*

"Ruisdael shows us nature in her Sunday mood, untarnished, unsullied; man approaches her as a devout spectator. On the other hand, a workday mood predominates in Hobbema's landscapes; the artist presents nature as man adjusts her to his own use . . . we feel that a scene of action for human activity is before us."—*Wilhelm Bode.*

"In the later paintings the artist masses trees upon trees, he multiplies the number of the boughs, adds still more leaves to the wealth of foliage on the branches, increases the sections into which the country is cut up, allows superfluous blades of grass to spring up on the lawn."—*Paul Mantz.*

Best represented in London.

Masterpiece: *Avenue at Middelharnis,* National Gallery, London.

Hogarth, William (1697-1764), English School.

Subject Pictures: (1) If possible, get a good description of the picture which will explain the various allusions to contemporary events. If not, study it as best you can with the help of the title till you understand the main object of its satire. (2) Then study the expression of each figure, looking especially for vanity, frivolity, brutality, and smirking hypocrisy. (3) Study the relationship of every person to all the others. Note the bitter satire in representing clergymen, doctors, and other classes by the specimens he presents,—and even in introducing them at all in such situations. (4) Study the inanimate objects, one by one. See how every detail either reveals something about the character and habits of the people, or else emphasises the meaning of the picture, like an exclamation point.

Portraits: (1) Note the challenging quality of the eyes. (2) Feel the frankness with which the painter put on the canvas whatever he saw in the persons before him, without trying to make them look beautiful, gallant, or aristocratic. (3) Compare with later painters, such as Lawrence and Romney, till you feel his homely common-sense. (4) Look for the sly touch of humour in each portrait. (5) Feel their slight tendency to caricature.

Hogarth was born in London; his father was a schoolmaster and a hack-writer. After a little schooling he was apprenticed, at his own wish, to a silver-plate engraver. At twenty-three he set up in business for himself. He soon turned to engraving on copper; and his first commission in this medium was a series of illustrations for "Hudibras" and for "Don Quixote." At thirty-one he eloped with the daughter of Sir James Thornhill, with whom he had begun to study painting, and finding that he now needed a more lucrative means of support than his engraving he turned to the painting of portraits and "conversation pieces." Presently, being seized with an ambition to paint in the "grand style," he presented two vast Scriptural canvases to a hospital as an advertisement; but both the pictures and the attempt to gain publicity were failures. Finally, at thirty-four, he hit upon the field of moral scenes, or pictorial tracts, as one which, never having been worked, offered excellent prospects. He painted, and then engraved, the series known as "The Harlot's Progress," and his success was immediate. More than twelve hundred people subscribed for the engravings; the story was made into a pantomime, and then into an opera; and the pictures were even copied on fans and pieces of china. His obdurate father-in-law yielded to his fame and welcomed him into the family. The popularity of the series that followed varied, but was great enough to keep him profitably busy throughout the remainder of his life. Thanks to the freedom with which they were pirated, he became one of the leading figures in the fight to secure a bill granting copyright in engravings and drawings. After the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle he visited France, and commented so freely on the multitude of things that disgusted him there that he was deported, with the assurance that if the peace had not been so new he would surely have been hanged. At fifty-six he published his famous "Analysis of Beauty," and this rather blundering venture into the field of æsthetics drew the fire of all the critics and started the hottest fight of his pugnacious career. He closed his life wih a three years' quarrel with his friends Wilkes and Churchill. Austin Dobson calls him "a blue-eyed, honest, combative little man, thoroughly insular in his prejudices and antipathies, fond of flattery, sensitive like most satirists, a good friend, an intractable enemy, ambitious, as he somewhere says, in all things to be singular."

"I have endeavoured to treat my subject as a dramatic writer; my picture is my stage, and my men and women my players, who by means of certain actions and gestures are to exhibit *a dumb show.*"—*Hogarth.*

"Drawing and colour were in his eyes only so many secondary means; he was always preoccupied by the *idea* to be explained. Man, physically considered, was almost a nonentity to him. The moral man was everything."—*Théophile Gautier.*

"Hogarth and his friend Fielding work in the same atmosphere of fisticuffs, license, physical boisterousness, shamelessness, outrageous hearty life and outrageous infamy, sensuality, and degradation."—*Sir Sidney Colvin.*

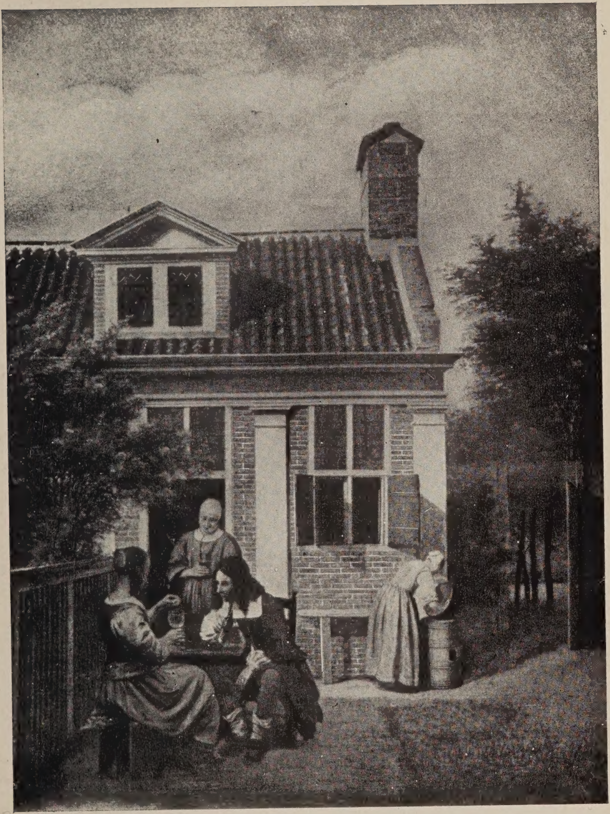
"Hogarth combined the powers of a consummate technical painter, of a true artist, and of a story-teller, more completely than any man had ever done before. We can scarcely tell whether to admire a passage for its pictorial or its dramatic qualities."—*Sir Walter Armstrong.*

"The satirist never extinguished that love of beauty which belonged to him as a poet."—*Charles Lamb.*

"Everything in his pictures has life and motion in it."—*William Hazlitt.*

"English art burst with him into sudden, untaught, and peculiar perfection."—*Sir Sidney Colvin.*

"His feeling for colour, air, values, his handling of the brush, his sense of delicacy and refinement in the placing of tones, all mark him as an artist whose medium of expression was necessarily pigment."—*John C. Van Dyke.*



THE COUNTRY HOUSE—*P. de Hooch*
RIJKS MUSEUM

Best represented in London.

Masterpiece: *Marriage à la mode,* National Gallery, London.

***Holbein, Hans, the Younger** (1497-1543), German School. Pronounced hōl´bīn.

These directions are designed especially for his portraits, which are both more numerous and more important than the other pictures, but many of them will be found applicable to his other compositions as well.

(1) See how clear and bright the eyes are,—not blurred to the dull texture of the surrounding flesh, as in so many portraits. (2) Study the delicate, careful modelling of the flesh around the eyes, and the firm drawing of the lips. (3) Try for a moment to imagine how this flesh would feel to your fingers. (4) See how delicately every hair, and every line of the face, is drawn. (5) Try to realise that the colours are, in their way, just as definite as the lines. (6) Study carefully the distribution of highlight and shadow on the face, down to the very smallest spots. (7) See what a large proportion of the character is expressed by the nose and chin alone. (8) Notice what dignified, trustworthy people they are. (9) Observe that Holbein has put on his canvases, not the momentary resemblances that make you exclaim, "How lifelike!" and not the mere moods which his sitters brought to his studio, nor even their temporary attitudes toward life at that particular age, but the most permanent, fundamental, and ineffaceable lineaments of their characters. (10) Compare these people of Holbein's with the real people who are constantly passing them; see which conveys to you the most vivid sense of *life.*

(11) Note the sparkling brilliancy of the contrasting blacks, blues, and whites; and the rare beauty of clothes and jewels, both in texture and design.

Of the two Holbeins who became famous as painters, Hans the Younger is the greater. He was born in 1497 in Augsburg, then the richest commercial town in South Germany, and there learned the art of painting from his father (1460-1524). At eighteen he set out with his brother Ambrose for Basel, and, in a city which boasted that every home contained at least one learned man, found it easy to obtain immediate employment as an illustrator of books. He remained there eleven years, including two spent chiefly in travel in Italy and Switzerland; and built up an excellent reputation and a large practice, not only as an illustrator but as a painter of portraits, altar-pieces, and mural decorations. But the Reformation was rapidly smothering artistic activity in every country of northern Europe; and in 1526 conditions grew so bad that Holbein decided to venture a trip to England, armed with a letter of introduction from his patron Erasmus to Sir Thomas More. He was so well received that, except for two more years in Basel from 1528 to 1530, he spent the remainder of his life at the court of Henry VIII., painting in his fifteen years there, almost everyone in England of any prominence. He died of the plague in 1543.

"The principal characteristics of Holbein are two: first, passionate desire for truth; and second, indifference to beauty for its own sake."—*Emile Montégut.*

"A habitual and characteristic patience seems to be the dominant note in his pictures."—*Jean Rousseau.*

"No painter was ever quicker at noting peculiarities of physiognomy, and it may be observed that in none of his faces, as indeed in none of the faces one sees in nature, are the two sides alike."—*Sir Joseph Crowe.*

"The painter who has a genius for beauty will find it most difficult not to be untruthful now and again. The oval of a face lacks so slight a change to make it perfect; if the line of the nose were but altered a hair's breadth it would be irreproachable,—why not aid nature, then, when she needs so little correction? . . . Of such falsifications Holbein was never guilty."—*Charles Blanc.*

"They are freed of the numberless details which, signifying nothing, merely serve to disguise the true physiognomy in a photograph, that, with all its minute and infallible exactness, is often so little true as a likeness."—*Jean Rousseau.*

"The dominant men of Dürer's day were really dreamers, whilst those who employed Holbein were essentially sceptics, knowing too much about mankind to have many ideals left."—*Ford Madox Hueffer.*

"Holbein depicts men as they are, Van Dyck as they behave."—*Alfred Woltmann.*

"He was not a man with a mission, but a man ready to do a day's work."—*Ford Madox Hueffer.*

"One is almost inclined to believe that Holbein was the intimate friend of every one of his sitters."—*Charles Blanc.*

Best represented in Basel and Windsor.

Examples of best work: *Madonna of the Burgomaster Meyer Family,* Gallery, Darmstadt (copy in Dresden); *Christina, Duchess of Milan,* National Gallery, London; *George Gyze,* Kaiser-Friedrich Museum, Berlin; *Bonifacius Amerbach,* Museum, Basel.

Hondecoeter, Melchior d' (1636-1695), Dutch School. Pronounced hŏn′dē-kōō″ter.

(1) Feel the shrill vitality of the live birds; and contrast it with the limpness of the dead ones. (2) Examine each bird carefully,—beak, eyes, neck, wings, tail, and feet,—until you feel thoroughly familiar with it. (3) Study especially the play of light and shade on the feathers. (4) Note how in-

tensely you feel the curvature of surfaces and of lines. (5) Notice the power and vitality of the colouring. (6) See how free the picture is from any touch of sentimentality. (7) Observe that although these fowls have been painted in almost as "grand" a style as the burghers in a corporation piece, the treatment somehow does not seem incongruous. (8) Don't forget to look a little at the landscape background. Feel the touch of dignity which it adds to the composition.

Hondecoeter was born at Utrecht. He learned the elements of painting from his father, and from his uncle, Jan Weenix. He worked chiefly in Amsterdam and at The Hague. Almost the only record of his life is an anecdote of Houbraken's, who relates that the painter trained a young rooster so carefully to pose for him that at the word of command it would turn its body to the right or left, raise or lower its head, or stand with wings spread; and that it would remain motionless until the painter indicated by rising that the sitting was over. He is considered the best of all the Dutch painters of fowls.

"In our own day there is perhaps a tendency to underestimate the interest of still-life. 'Only a picture of flowers or fruit or game,' represents the feeling of many people on the subject. It is an attitude of mind, resulting from the habit of relying on the mind to appreciate a picture."—*Charles H. Caffin.*

"Hondecoeter displays the maternity of the hen with as much tenderness and feeling as Raphael the maternity of Madonnas."—*Bürger.*

Best represented in The Hague and Amsterdam; and in Dresden.

Masterpiece: *The Floating Feather,* Rijks Museum, Amsterdam.

Hooch, Pieter de (1631-1681), Dutch School. Pronounced hōG.

(1) Stand ten or twelve feet from the picture; choose some object in the foreground and try to feel the space that lies between it and the wall behind. (2) If it is an interior, step closer; look through the open door and feel the atmosphere that lies between it and the trees or houses beyond. (3) Study the sunlight on the walls and the floors, until you can see the light on the dust particles in the air, as well, and feel the full spatiality of the room. If this proves difficult, try again with one eye closed. (4) Feel the contrast between the warmth of the sunlight and the coolness of the shadowy corners. (5) Feel the extreme stillness of the scene, as if the rising and setting of the sun were the most dramatic things that ever happened there. (6) Note the large number of long vertical and horizontal lines. (7) Feel the comfortable placidity in which every figure is wrapped, and the quiet sympathy that flows from one to the other, and seems to fill the room, and even overflow the boundaries of the frame. See how soon your own attitude to these people becomes friendly. (8) Note that every chair, table, broom, pump, and bit of bric-a-brac seems to stand exactly where it belongs, and not merely to have been put there to help make the picture interesting. (9) Observe how conscious you become of the value of these objects to their owners. (10) Try to imagine all the doors and windows closed; see how much interest fades out of the picture. (11) Note how modern De Hooch's colour schemes seem. (12) Study the various patches of colour until you feel the perfect harmony that exists between them in tone, in brilliancy, and in size. Compare these bits of colour with the notes of a well-played nocturne.

De Hooch (De Hooche, De Hoogh, De Hooghe, or De Hooge) was the son of a butcher in Amsterdam. The early years of his active life were spent in Delft, but he returned later to Amsterdam. Houbraken says that he studied with Nicholas Berchem. His later pictures are decidedly inferior to those of his youth.

"In a period when it was the fashion to paint scenes which were little short of indecent, he confined himself almost exclusively to representing the life of honest, clean-living families."—*Henry Havard.*

"These men [De Hooch and others] represented a characteristic of the Dutchmen,—the appreciation of the charm of home. The Dutchmen must have known that charm always, but perhaps they knew it best at the time when their great painters of it rose, when their slow struggle for national independence had ceased. The battle had been fought out painfully from town to town and village to village, so that for years there had been no sure possession or quiet rest. At last, when the rest came, then the to us familiar things of every day, which we hardly notice because we hold them safely, were found to be a keen delight. The charm of home became almost a religion to the people, and their great painters of homely life were its prophets."—*Frederick Wedmore.*

"His work is so true, so sincere, and at the same time so self-centred, his pictures have so much of the charm of an exquisite intimacy, such an austere tranquillity, and such wholesome calm, that in looking at them one seems to share the simple homeliness of the Dutch life they reveal."—*Henry Havard.*

"It is the charm of the sunlight which enchants us so in his pictures."—*Wilhelm Bode.*

"De Hooch was not a draughtsman of the figure. He was a student of light."—*Frederick Wedmore.*

Best represented in Amsterdam and London.

Examples of best work: *Country House,* Rijks Museum, Amsterdam; *Dutch Mother,* Kaiser-Friedrich Museum, Berlin; *Dutch Courtyard,* National Gallery, London.

Ingres, Jean Auguste Dominique (1780-1867), French School. Pronounced ăN′gr’.

Portraits: (1) Note that you are led directly into the soul of the sitter without having to wrestle with his surface for permission to pass. (2) Observe that the painter has caught both the strength and the sparkle of life. (3) Notice how much of his own character the sitter has imparted to the clothes he wears.

Other Pictures: (1) Follow the contours of the nude figures until you feel their beauty. (2) Then study the modelling of the flesh, as you would if you were looking at a statue. (3) Notice how solidly the whole picture is built. (4) Try to determine how much of this architectural effect is due to the fact that so many of the lines are parallel. (5) Note the statuesque dignity and immobility of the figures. (6) Compare Ingres with Raphael, with Guido Reni, and with J. L. David.

Ingres was born at Montauban in 1780. His father was a house-decorator by profession; but he devoted his spare time to sculpture, architecture, music, and portrait-painting, and initiated his son into all these arts. At twelve, Ingres secured a place as violinist in the orchestra of the Toulouse theatre, as the first step toward a musical career; but his taste veered gradually toward painting and four years later, after a little preliminary study, he entered David's studio in Paris. At twenty, he won the Prix de Rome; but owing to the financial condition into which France had been plunged by the Revolution he was forced to struggle through six years of poverty before he was sent to Italy to enter on the period of study at the expense of the state to which his prize entitled him. Once there, he remained for seventeen years. During that time he sent back to France picture after picture now recognised as a masterpiece, but the public, and even the critics, only sneered. And among the artists, only the Romanticists, whom he himself abhorred, could find anything to admire in them. In the meantime he had married, at thirty-three, and the only way by which he could keep himself and his wife from starvation was by making small lead-pencil portraits,—which he despised with all his soul. He refused, however, in spite of all, to make the slightest concession to popular taste; and at last he conquered it, with "The Vow of Louis XIII.," which won universal approval at the Salon of 1824. Rapidly growing fame tempted him back to Paris, and for ten years commissions and pupils poured in on him. He succeeded David as the recognised leader of the opposition to the group of painters known as the Romantic School, who believed in substituting beauty of colour for beauty of line, and strong emotion for severe, classic restraint. A decided failure in the Salon of 1834 sent him back to Rome for seven years, though this time as director of the Academy. When another success, in 1841, brought him back once more, his triumph was complete; the artists of Paris tendered him a great banquet; he was made a grand officer of the Legion of Honour, and a senator of France, and was showered with orders and honours from foreign countries. He abhorred, as a desecration of art, the dramatic use of colour and light to produce a striking effect. His criticism of Rubens will serve as a negative statement of his artistic creed: "There is something of the butcher in that painter; his flesh is like fresh meat, and his setting like a butcher stall."

"His seeming coldness arises from the fact that it was through line alone that he sought for expression. Voluntarily and for a definite æsthetic end, Ingres eliminated movement and colour so that line and attitude—in other words, all that which in human beauty least stirs the emotions and appeals most directly to the mind—might reign supreme."—*Henry Lapauze.*

"He stood half-way bteween the cold idealism of the classicists and the brutal realism of the romanticists."—*Charles Blanc.*

"'Serenity,' he used to say, 'is to the body what wisdom is to the soul.'"—*Henry Lapauze.*

"Ingres has depicted for us, with all its failings and all its virtues, the middle-class hierarchy of Louis Philippe's reign, which felt itself to be the first estate, the summit of the nation; felt sure of the morrow, was proud of itself, of its intelligence and energy; which pursued with correctness its moral course of life, revered order and hated all excess."—*Richard Muther.*

"He has painted portraits which imprint themselves on the memory like medals, struck in metallic sharpness."—*Richard Muther.*

Best represented in Paris.

Examples of best work: *Apotheosis of Homer,* Ceiling of the Louvre, *La Source, Bertin the Elder,* Louvre, Paris.

Jordaens, Jacob (1593-1678), Flemish School. Pronounced yôr′däns.

(1) To resolve Jordaen's intricate groups into distinct individual figures, look intently with one eye until you see the various figures as *lighted,* rather than as *coloured* objects,—some brilliantly illuminated, and others in deep shade. (2) Study the faces until you feel the fearlessness and independence which pervades them all—and, in the religious pictures, the heavy earnestness. (3) Try to ignore the unpleasant corpulency of his people and fix your attention on their jubilant vitality. Note their untamed and unquenchable good-nature. (4) See what sturdy beings they are: see how their tremendous vigour seems fairly to ache for activity. (5) Realise that they couldn't possibly be so free and light-hearted and uproarious if they had ever in their lives been as polite and dignified and moral as you would probably prefer to see them. (6) Let your eye run rather quickly over the picture, noting the poise of each head. (7) Study the beauty of the shadows on the flesh, lighted by reflected light like the dark part of a crescent moon. (8) Note the slight heaviness of colour, roughness of textures, and

a certain solidity, or stolidity, about his people which distinguish him from Rubens. (9) Note, however, that his pictures possess an air of sincerity and actuality which Rubens, tempted into artificiality by his greater skill and inventive powers, and by his more conventional life, seldom attained.

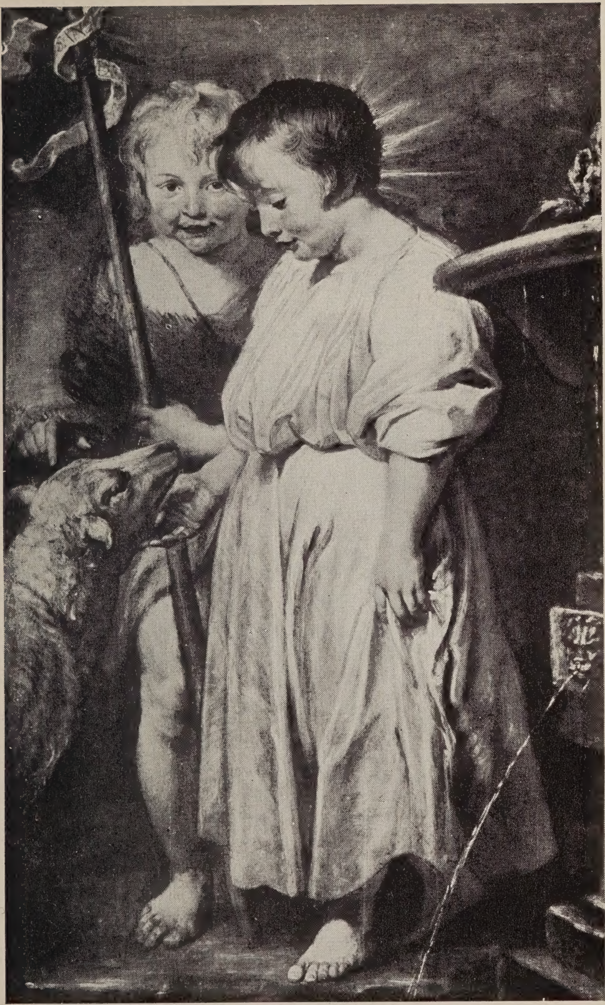
Jordaens was born at Antwerp in 1593. He became a pupil of Adam van Noort, and attained the unenviable distinction of remaining with this painter of apparently depraved character longer than any other of his students had ever been able to. But the fact that he, too, left as soon as he had won the hand of Van Noort's daughter may go to prove that it was not solely the love of depravity so often attributed to him that kept him there so long. His break with the Roman Catholic Church through an open announcement that he had become a Protestant—a dangerous step for anyone to take in Antwerp in that day—establishes the fact that he was at least a man of strong religious convictions and of sturdy moral fibre. Like so many other Flemish artists, he owed his start as an independent painter to Rubens's kindness in turning over superfluous commissions to him.

"He was the last great master in the golden period of the school to which he belonged. To the principles which had made that school great he remained faithful: a love of full, vigourous life, of cheery realism, brilliant colour, warm light, of everything, in a word, which makes this earth pleasant and worth living in. . . . As an observer of the joy and fun of the people he stands alone; no one has ever expressed them with such daring and taste at once."—*Max Rooses.*

"He was infatuated with vivid tones,—full reds that shine and leap forth from a sombre background, brilliant white that lights up a whole canvas."—*Max Rooses.*

"Jordaens, unlike the majority of his contemporaries, never went to Italy, where he might, perhaps, have purged his style of something of its almost brutal vigour and realism."—*Mary H. Witt.*

"In the Antwerp school of painting in the seventeenth



CHRIST AND ST. JOHN—*Jordaens*

MADRID

century three figures tower above all others,—Rubens, Van Dyck, and Jordaens."—*Max Rooses.*

Best represented in Antwerp, Brussels, Dresden, Madrid.

Examples of best work: *Adoration of the Shepherds,* Museum, Antwerp; *Bean Feast,* Art History Museum, Vienna; *The King Drinks,* Gallery, Cassel.

Lawrence, Sir Thomas (1769-1830), English School.

(1) See how much of the expression of character in the picture is to be found in the eyes and in the attitude of the sitter. (2) See how conscious the sitter is of being observed, and how absorbed in the task of looking beautiful, or interesting, enough to please. (3) Forget the person represented, for a moment, and look only at the warm glow of the colour. (4) Study the picture in the light of Lawrence's own character, as sketched in the following biographical note. (5) Compare his work with Raeburn's.

Thomas Lawrence was born at Bristol, where his father, after having been solicitor, actor, and verse-maker, was then keeping a tavern. He won his first fame by standing on his father's tables and declaiming poetry to the patrons of the house; at five he had added the sketching of portraits to his accomplishments. Before he was ten, his father failed once more in business, and the family had to depend for support on the boy's skill with his pencil. Two years later they settled in Bath; and his studio became the favourite resort of the fine society there, thanks as much to his personal charm as to his artistic skill; his manners were delightful and he was so handsome that William Hoare wished to paint him as Christ. At seventeen he moved to London and began to study painting in oils at the Royal Academy. His dexterity, his reputation, and his self-confidence grew with equal rapidity. He soon wrote his mother, "excepting Sir Joshua, for the painting of a head I would risk my reputation with any painter in London." At the request of George III., the Royal Academy, to which no painter under twenty-four was eligible, devised the special title of Supplemental Associate and conferred it on him at twenty-two. Two years later he was elected to full membership. The Dilettanti Society overlooked for his benefit their rule that every member must have crossed the Alps. At forty-one he was charging from eighty to four hundred guineas for his portraits, according to size. He was knighted at forty-six. Two years later he made a triumphal journey to Aix-la-Chapelle, Vienna, and Rome, painting many distinguished people and receiving flattering attentions on all sides. On his return he was made President of the Royal Academy. His only worldly failure was an inability to keep out of financial difficulties. Cosmo Monkhouse says of him, "He was very accomplished in the art which, when combined with professional skill, chiefly enables a portrait painter to make a fortune—the art of a courtier. . . . Among his many male friends he had few if any who could be called intimate; he reserved his confidences for the ladies. . . . Lawrence was a flirt throughout his life, always fancying that he was in love and was causing many flutterings in female hearts."

"Both as a man and as an artist Lawrence was impressionable, and in his work was entirely influenced by the spirit of his period, a period of affectation that frequently bordered on vulgarity."—*Lord Gower.*

"He could somehow rub a quality of sentiment into his sitters' faces that showed the inside of their heads was quite as 'pretty' as the outside."—*John C. Van Dyke.*

"Lawrence's chief defect was that he turned his art too much into a trade. Another was his ruling passion to be the leading portrait-painter of his day; and in order to maintain that place he sacrificed care, finish, and quality to quantity."—*Lord Gower.*

"There are men who achieve popular success without genius. Lawrence was one of them."—*John C. Van Dyke.*

"If judged by his best work, he must be ranked high;

if by his general average, then he must be placed below Reynolds, Gainsborough, and perhaps Romney."—*John C. Van Dyke.*

Best represented in Windsor and London.

Examples of best work: *Pius VII.*, Windsor; *Warren Hastings*, National Portrait Gallery, London; *Countess Gower and Her Child*, Stafford House, London.

***Leonardo da Vinci** (1452-1519), Florentine School. Pronounced lȧ̆″ō̇-när′dō̇ dȧ vĭn′chē̇.

(1) Look at the mouths and the eyelids, until you feel the strength, the wisdom, and the inscrutability of the spirit behind them. (2) Study the delicate modelling of the flesh. Note how imperceptibly the lights and shadows melt into each other. (3) Study the strange rhythms of the world of jagged rocks, veined with running water, in which Leonardo's people sit. (4) Watch the gestures of the hands until you feel that there is something behind them greater than a simple desire to point or grasp, some desire of the soul that seeks expression in a stretching out of arms and hands only because it has no better means at its command. (5) Study the picture until you feel that it suggests unattainability, or hints at some spiritual state that has occasionally been attained by these people, but oftener only apprehended. (6) Discover the slight tinge of sensuality in each face. (7) Note that his people are essentially sitters, rather than dramatic figures. (8) See how far they have withdrawn into themselves, yet realise that they are dreamy, rather than introspective. (9) Observe that if he seems cold and aloof it is only because he always omits commonplace, obvious details. (10) Realise that he has not

merely copied models or illustrated stories, but created great, original characters. (11) Note that *expression* seems merely to float, like a thin film, on the surface of his faces, and even *character* only just below that; that he seemed to strive to render something still deeper.

Leonardo was the natural son of a lawyer, Ser Piero Antonio of Vinci. The latter acknowledged the relationship from the beginning and brought him up in Florence on equal terms with his legitimate children. Music and mathematics appealed most strongly to the boy's genius at first; but he gradually turned to drawing and modelling, and at fifteen entered the studio of Andrea del Verrocchio. His particular friends among his fellow-pupils were Botticelli and Perugino. After he became independent he worked for several years for the Medici at Florence; but soon after Ludovico Sforza became Duke of Milan, Leonardo wrote to offer his services at that court, mentioning that he could construct bridges, pontoons, scaling ladders, subterranean passages, armoured wagons, cannons, mortars, catapults, mangonels, *trabocchi,* ships which could resist the fire of the heaviest cannon, powders, and also vapours; and that he could demolish any fortress whose foundations had not been set on stone. He added, "I can further execute sculpture in marble, bronze, or clay; also in painting I can do as much as anyone else whoever he may be," and offered to undertake the erection of the gigantic bronze equestrian statue which the Duke had planned to commemorate the achievements of his father. His talents, and the recommendation of Lorenzo the Magnificent, secured him the position in Milan; and at thirty-one he took up his residence there, to remain for sixteen years. He worked on plans for architecture, canals, irrigation systems, masques, pageants, and tournaments; he studied geometry, physics, and anatomy, making important contributions to all three sciences; he painted and sketched, and made innumerable studies and experiments in connection with the great statue. He even got as far as the erection of a full-size model in honour of the marriage of Ludovico with Beatrice d'Este. Edward McCurdy wrote of it, "No single work of art of the Renaissance called forth such tributes of praise as did the model of the Sforza statue during its brief term of existence,"—but the finished work was uncompleted at the fall of Ludovico in 1500, and the model itself was destroyed soon afterward, by the French. Leonardo left Milan, and his next sixteen years were spent in work and travel over all Italy, as architect, engineer, and painter. In 1504 he worked with Michelangelo on the decoration of the Council Hall of the Palazzo Vecchio in Florence. Their paintings immediately became the model for all art students, as those of Masaccio had been during the previous century; but they had been carelessly executed and lasted only a few years. In 1506, he finished the portrait of la Gioconda, or Mona Lisa, on which he had been working intermittently for nearly four years. In 1513, he was in Rome in the service of the new pope, Leo X. (Giulio de' Medici); but painting had now become a secondary interest with him. He spent as much time as he could get for himself in studying acoustics, optics, and geology; in inventing flying-machines and improved methods of coinage; and on engineering works in the harbour at Civita Vecchia. He disgusted the pope by beginning a picture with a series of experiments with a new varnish that could not be used until the picture was finished. Other similar annoyances finally brought about a separation, and the last years of his life were spent at the court of Francis I., who had just returned to France after his brilliant dash into Italy.

"He was fond of all animals, ever treating them with infinite kindness and consideration; as a proof of this, it is related that when he passed places where birds were sold he would frequently take them from their cages, and, having paid the price demanded for them by the sellers, would then let them fly into the air."—*Vasari.*

"History tells of no man gifted in the same degree as Leonardo was at once for art and science."—*Sir Sidney Colvin.*

"He brooded over the hidden virtues of plants and crystals, the lines traced by the stars as they moved in the sky, over the correspondences which exist between the different orders of living things, through which, to eyes opened, they interpret each other; and for years he seemed to those about him as one listening to a voice, silent for other men."—*Walter Pater.*

"Through long days he would follow up and down the streets of Florence or of Milan beautiful unknown faces, learning them by heart, interpreting their changes of expression, reading the thoughts through the features. These he afterward committed to paper."—*J. A. Symonds.*

"He was smitten with a love of the impossible—the perforation of mountains, changing the course of rivers, raising great buildings in the air."—*Walter Pater.*

"He has left traces of his passage in every path of art; his foot has scaled all summits, but he seems to have climbed only for the mere pleasure of the ascent, and thereafter to have come down at once, in haste to attempt some other height."—*Théophile Gautier.*

"It is by a certain mystery in his work, and something enigmatical beyond the usual manner of great men, that Leonardo fascinates, or perhaps half repels. Curiosity and the desire of beauty—these are the two elementary forces in his genius; curiosity often in conflict with the desire for beauty, but generating, in union with it, a type of subtle and curious grace."—*Walter Pater.*

"Compared with him his predecessors are all primitives. Their art is an attempt; his the perfection of achievement. They are suggestive because we seek to realise what they are trying to express; he is infinitely more so because he represents more than our minds can seize."—*George B. Rose.*

"And the smile, half voluptuous, half ironical, which floats evasively upon those flexible lips—who has ever yet deciphered the enigma of it? It mocks, and fascinates; it promises and refuses; it intoxicates and makes afraid."—*Théophile Gautier.*

"Michael Angelo's personages alongside of his are simply heroic athletes; Raphael's virgins are only placid children whose sleeping souls have not yet lived."—*H. Taine.*

Best represented in Paris; in drawings, in Windsor, the British Museum, the Louvre, the Uffizi, the Venice Academy, the Ambrosiana, Milan.

Masterpiece: *Mona Lisa,* Louvre, Paris.

Lippi, Filippino (1457-1504), Florentine School. Pronounced lĭp′pē̇.

(1) If you come to a Lippi, or to any other early Florentine, directly after the more perfect pictures of a later period, the figures will at first seem stiff, and the colours will stare at you out of the frame. To get into the spirit of the picture, go close to it immediately, and fix your attention on the expressions of the faces, the gestures, and the action, until your consciousness of the defects of the painting has given place to an interest in the scene painted. (2) See how delicately the heads are poised; note the expression of character and emotion in the tension of the throat muscles. (3) Note how the delicate eyebrows and the soft, half-closed lids echo, and thus emphasise, each other's beauty. (4) Study the daintiness of the contours, and of the modelling of the flesh. (5) See how easily Filippino's people fall into graceful attitudes. (6) Observe their polish and their *savoir faire;* compare them with the figures in his father's pictures. (7) See what a delicate, sensuous tenderness they often display. (8) Notice the gilded or semi-transparent scarves which ripple across so many of the pictures. (9) Observe that in some of the pictures you seem almost to be looking through a screen of some pellucid liquid at the scene before you. (10) Divide the figures into the groups into which they most naturally fall, and these again into sub-groups; see how pleasingly these all balance each other.

Filippino was the natural son of Fra Lippo Lippi and Lucrezia Buti. Losing his father before he was ten, he turned to Botticelli for his instruction in painting, and his style is a blend of those characteristics of his father which he inherited directly, those which came to him through the medium of his father's pupil, and those of his own individuality. Very few records of his life have come down to us.

"Filippino seems to be three men at three different times: first, the painter of St. Bernard, equalling Botticelli in grace and surpassing him in a certain fervour of feeling; secondly, the painter of the Brancacci frescoes, imitating Masaccio, passing beyond him in scientific acquirement, but falling far behind his grand style; and last of all, the painter of the cycle of St. Thomas, leaving behind him his *quattrocento* charm, still retaining some of his *quattrocento* awkwardness, but attaining dramatic composition and becoming a precursor of Raphael." —*E. H. and E. W. Blashfield.*

"In all the annals of the art a rival instance is not to be found of a father and son each of whom had such preëminent natural gifts and leadership. The father displayed more of sentiment and candid sweetness of motive; the son more of richness, variety and lively pictorial combination."—*W. M. Rossetti.*

"Filippo never executed any work whatever wherein he did not avail himself of Roman antiquities, which he studied with unwearied diligence."—*Giorgio Vasari.*

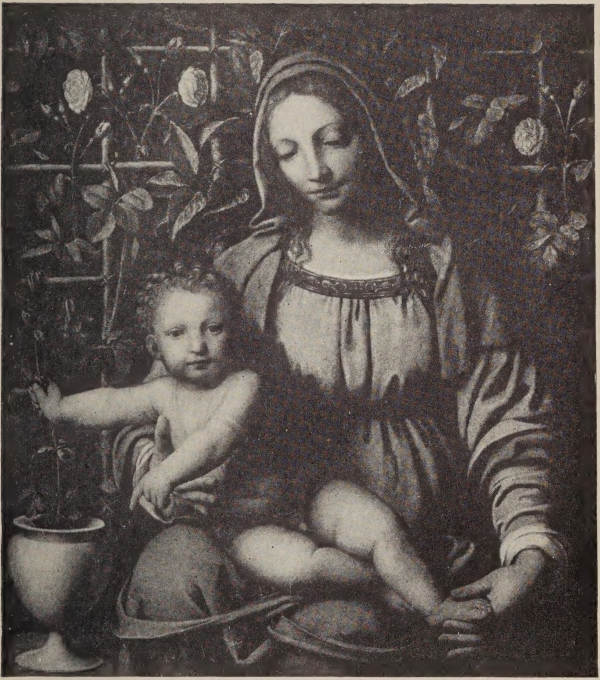
"In each fresh picture he aimed at a new effect, instead of contenting himself with the repetition of a former success."—*Paul G. Konody.*

Best represented in Florence; Rome.

Examples of best work: *Vision of St. Bernard,* Church of the Badia, Florence; *Frescoes,* Brancacci Chapel, Santa Maria del Carmine, Florence; *Altarpiece,* Uffizi, Florence.

Lippi, Filippo (1406-1469), Florentine School. Pronounced lĭp′pē.

(1) If you find it hard to make the faces look attractive or even human, study carefully all the hands. Don't feel obliged to decide whether they are well painted or not, but simply try to feel



MADONNA OF THE ROSE HEDGE—*Luini*
THE BRERA

the tenderness of heart which they express. (2) Then examine one face at a time, looking intently, first at the chin, then at the bridge of the nose, then back at the chin again, until the whole countenance suddenly "comes to life" for you, very much as the image flashes up on a film in the developing tray. (3) Don't be too critical of the details of the landscape; learn to accept them as a conventional representation of nature, just as you accept scenery on the stage. (4) Feel the decorative quality of the curious ribbon-like curves which form the outlines of the rocks which abound in Lippi's forests. (5) See what a large part affection and the other mild, pleasant emotions play in the lives of his people. Note how easily many of the faces would break into a smile, and how many of them seem almost to glow with simple, confiding good-nature. (6) Yet see how many of them are obviously unsatisfied, and in how many different ways. Study the range of his expressions of discontent, extending from wistfulness to pure wilfulness. (7) Note the protruding lips that characterise many of the faces. (8)Observe that, although these people are somewhat given to dreamy meditation, they enter very practically into the business of living. (9) Study their souls until you realise that they are little more than skin-deep.

Filippo Lippi, afterwards known as Fra Lippo Lippi, was the son of a butcher in Florence. He was left an orphan at two; and the aunt in whose care he was placed put him into the Carmelite convent of the Carmine at fourteen. As he added more to his books with his pencil than he took out of them with his brain, and further showed his devotion to art by spending all his spare time in the chapel studying Masaccio's frescoes, the prior determined to make a painter out of him, for the glory of the order. But the restrictions of convent life began to pall on his indolent, self-indulgent nature; he left it, though still continuing to wear the habit of a monk, and soon became a great favourite with Cosimo de' Medici. When the latter wished to have a picture at short notice from the dilatory artist, he promptly locked Fra Filippo in a room with a canvas and a supply of paint; but he forgave him readily for escaping by means of a rope made of his bedclothes and then getting himself arrested in the middle of a hilarious escapade in the streets. At thirty-six, Lippi received from the pope an appointment as perpetual abbot and rector of San Quirico, but lost it thirteen years later "for many and great wickednesses." The year after, he was made chaplain of a convent, and displayed his gratitude by running away with one of the nuns. Vasari says, "Fra Filippo was very partial to men of cheerful character, and lived for his own part in a very joyous fashion." His principal pupil was Botticelli.

"In the midst of the gravity and austerity of the Florentine School, Fra Filippo sounded a joyous note,—the first utterance of modern painting."—*Georges Lafenestre.*

"He approaches religious art from its human side; and is not pietistic, though true to a phase of Catholic devotion."—*W. M. Rossetti.*

"If attractiveness, and attractiveness of the best kind, sufficed to make a great artist, then Filippo would be one of the greatest, greater perhaps than any other Florentine before Leonardo."—*Bernhard Berenson.*

"In the main he belonged to the Idealistic, as opposed to the Naturalistic, school, and was almost untouched by the prevailing passion for scientific research."—*A. Streeter.*

"His real place is with the *genre* painters; only his *genre* was of the soul, as that of others—of Benozzo Gozzoli, for example,—was of the body."—*Bernhard Berenson.*

Best represented in Florence; Prato; Spoleto, Berlin.

Masterpiece: *Frescoes,* Cathedral, Prato.

Lorenzo di Credi, see Credi.

Lorraine, Claude, see Claude.

Lotto, Lorenzo (1480-1556), Venetian School. Pronounced lŏt′tō.

Portraits: (1) Note the slight compression of the mouth, and the sensitiveness of the tip of the nose and the nostrils. (2) Feel the dignity of the whole contour of the nose. (3) Study the expression, not merely of the eye itself, but of the whole socket; feel the incessant questioning which it reveals. (4) Study the nervous poise of the head, the introspection visible in the face. (5) Feel the tinge of disappointment and dissatisfaction with life. (6) Then realise that behind that disappointment lies resignation to it. (7) Realise that Lotto has gone deeper into the dark corners of people's souls than most portrait painters have dared to. (8) Realise that he has painted not merely thoughtfulness, or intellectuality, or people who look intellectual, but the actual outward aspect of the process of thought: his people are all thinking hard.

Small Story-Pictures: (1) Don't look hastily at a group of faces and then dismiss them as roughly painted and uninteresting; but study each person's face carefully with reference to the occupation in which he is engaged. (2) Feel the muscular vigour and alertness of these clean, athletic figures. (3) Observe that the nervous tension of the people is expressed not only in their faces, but in hands, arms, and even draperies; and in a certain sharpness in line and in treatment of light and shade which pervades the whole picture. (4) Stand at a distance and note the saturated intensity of the reds. Note the speed with which his characters move and think.

Large Pictures with Fewer Figures: (1) Observe that in these pictures Lotto tends to neglect plot and devote himself to character; his people begin to show more interest in themselves than in their occupations. (2) Note that even the children have begun to be introspective and hard to please. (3) Look in the upper eyelids, in the area in which brows and nose meet, and in the under lip for signs of nervous tension. (4) Observe that it is sometimes due to restlessness, sometimes to an inner need for action; and that it is sometimes a definite demand on someone else, and sometimes merely a critical attitude toward the world. (5) Note how it finds further expression in a sort of *massing* of the colours and forms of the picture, which faintly suggests the breaking of waves on a beach. (6) If you go to Bergamo, compare the people in his pictures with the types you meet on the street. (7) Contrast his manner also with the placid calm of Palma Vecchio, whom he often seems, at first glance, to resemble so closely.

Lotto was born at Venice and was the pupil of Alvise Vivarini. The greater part of his life was spent in Bergamo, but he returned for some years to Venice and also painted in Rome and other Italian cities. At seventy he lost his voice; and he soon afterward made over all his property to a monastery and spent his remaining years within its walls. He was an intimate friend of Titian and of Pietro Aretino.

"No more striking instance could be found of the metamorphosis of a primitive painter into a champion of the golden age of art."—*Eugène Müntz.*

"A lonely man, a wanderer from city to city with no fixed place of abode and no close family ties."—*"Masters in Art."*

"The real Renaissance, with all its blithe promise, seemed over and gone. Lotto, like many of his noblest countrymen, turned to religion for consolation, but not to the official Christianity of the past, nor to the stereotyped Romanism of the near future. His yearning was for immediate communion with God, although, true to his artistic temperament, he did not reject forms made venerable by long use and sweet association. He is thus one of the very few artists who embodied in their works a state of feeling in Italy which contained the promise of a finer and higher life, and a more earnest religion. . . . To know the sixteenth century well it is almost more important to study Lotto than Titian."—*Bernhard Berenson.*

"The chief note of Lotto's work is not religiousness but personality, a consciousness of self, a being aware at every moment of what is going on within one's heart and mind, a straining of the whole tangible universe through the web of one's temperament."—*Bernhard Berenson.*

"His portraits are astonishingly modern in their presentation of the spiritual side of their models, in their introspective quality, in their suggestiveness. These restless, nervous, self-tormented people of Lotto seem a whole age removed from the well-nourished, serene, and nobly tranquil men and women of Titian and the Venetian painters."—*E. H. and E. W. Blashfield.*

"O Lotto, good as goodness, and virtuous as virtue itself, envy is not in your breast."—*Pietro Aretino.*

Best represented in Bergamo; Milan and Loreto; Rome, London, Vienna, Berlin, Jesi.

Examples of best work: *Altarpiece,* Church of the Carmine, Venice; *An Architect,* Kaiser-Friedrich Museum, Berlin; *Protonothary Giuliano,* National Gallery, London.

Luini, Bernardino (1475-1533), Lombard School. Pronounced lōō-ē′nē.

(1) Study first the shadows in the picture. Let your eye dwell on each one in turn until you realise what an important part they play in the composition of the picture. Note how much of their effect-

iveness depends on the use of a dark background to set off the principal figures. (2) Note the Leonardo da Vinci smile on the faces. (3) Look at eyes and nose together, and occasionally at the corners of the mouth, until you become conscious of the pure, untroubled joy which fills so many of Luini's figures. (4) Study the carriage of the arms until you discover a more sensual bliss within this joy. Compare with Botticelli and Melozzo da Forlì. (5) Study the depression between the lower lip and the chin, the sweep of the eyebrows and the gentle droop of the lids, and the play of shadows across the flesh until you feel also the calm tenderness of the people and the degree of unselfish love of which they would be capable. (6) Note, especially in Milan, his two distinct styles: the first, a smooth imitation of Leonardo; the second, a less sophisticated, less worldly, more sensuously joyful style,—not so smooth nor so polished, but more vital, more vigourous, and less restrained. (7) Look at the pictures, not as attempts to portray certain actual scenes, or depict certain types of people, or dramatise various emotions, but as tableaus intended to illustrate, or symbolise, certain religious mysteries. Regard them as visions which appeared to the painter, as the angels appeared to Joan of Arc; and the somewhat self-conscious poses, that air of suspended animation, and that dreaminess in the faces which becomes so obvious at a distance, will take on a new meaning.

In the years since modern criticism made Luini's name important by restoring to him many pictures formerly attributed to Leonardo da Vinci, few of the facts of his life have been discovered. He was born at Luino on Lake Maggiore, and went to Milan about 1500. Tradition says that, having to flee from Milan after having killed a man in self-defence, he took refuge in the pilgrimage church of Saronno. In return for the protection he received there, he painted a series of frescoes, and it is reported that the good monks said, after his departure, "'Tis almost a pity that Bernardino did not murder more men, that we might have received from him more such gifts." It is not known whether the strong flavour of Leonardo in Luini's work was due to actual personal instruction, or merely to a faithful study of his work.

"To him is deservedly due all the praise which belongs by right to those artists who do themselves no less honour by the courtesy of their manners and the excellence of their lives than by the distinction to which they attain in their art."—*Giorgio Vasari.*

"To paint in Milan during the period that followed 1498 was to paint in Leonardo's manner. It was practically impossible for a Milanese painter to emancipate his ideas from the Leonardo influence, or to escape from the Leonardo style of face and expression."—*G. C. Williamson.*

"Formed in the most cunning and skilful of all the schools of painting, he nevertheless, by the candour of his impressions and the modesty of his expressions, remains linked with the Primitives. Like them, his religious subjects were expressions of the sincere piety with which his soul overflowed, not pretexts for the exhibition of artistic sleight of hand. Like them, he never ceased to welcome any sweet and simple suggestion which casual living nature might afford. Like them, he charms us by that sincere poetry which disappeared in the other Italian artists just in measure as they became enslaved by tradition."—*Georges Lafenestre.*

"The qualities of power and great individuality are not included within the range of his art; but in purity, grace, and spiritual expression his works, in their appeal to the heart, take rank with the highest known."—*F. T. Kugler.*

Best represented in Milan; Paris, Saronno, Lugano.

Examples of best work: *Crucifixion,* Santa Maria degli Angeli, Lugano; *St. Catherine borne by Angels; Madonna of the Rose Trellis,* Brera, Milan.

Mabuse, Jan (Jan Gossaert, 1470-1541), Flemish School. Pronounced mȧ″bụz′.

(1) Note the peculiar frills which Mabuse gives to the folds of his draperies,—a refinement not to be found in the work of any earlier Flemish painter. (2) Note how much he uses shadows, and what a characteristic, distinctive quality he imparts to them. (3) Feel a certain aggressiveness of manner in his figures, quite characteristic of people as plump as they. (4) Note especially the width of their bodies, and the impression of power which it produces. (5) Observe the high, delicate eyebrows; and then the large sockets and the full, starting eyes beneath them. (6) Notice the cleanness of face and body, and the degree to which the flesh seems to be imbued with spirit. (7) Feel the peculiar quality of unspoiled freshness in his people; they do not phlegmatically accept all life as it comes, but possess delicate, almost finicky, sense-organs which select and reject,—daintily but scornfully, as a cat refuses food which does not tempt its appetite. (8) Note how clean-cut the whole picture is, both in form and in colour. (9) Feel the impression the people give of mastery over life, of reserve power, of strong individuality able to stamp whatever it touches with the mark of its own personality.

Mabuse was the son of a book-binder in Maubeuge, in Hainault. Nothing is known of his life before he joined the Guild of St. Luke in Antwerp in 1503. There his style was influenced by study with, or of, Quentin Matsys. In 1508 he went to Italy with his patron, Philip of Burgundy. As Sir Joseph Crowe says, "He not only brought home a new style, but he also introduced the fashion of travelling to Italy; and from that time till the age of Rubens and Van Dyck it was considered proper that all Flemish painters should visit the peninsula." Mary H.

Witt adds, "It was a fatal contrariness that moved these men of the north, with their tendency toward a sober, almost prosaic realism, and their instinct for colour, to seek to express themselves in the terms of a Southern and Latin art, soaked in classical traditions. This they might admire but could never assimilate. For the most part they returned to their own country stammering, as it were, in a foreign tongue, their native language half-forgotten." On the death of Philip in 1524, Mabuse entered the service of his brother, the Marquis of Veeren. Tradition relates that when this noble dressed all his household in white damask to show proper appreciation of a visit from Charles V., Mabuse sold his costume for a supply of wine and painted on a paper suit such an excellent imitation of damask that the emperor praised it above all the others.

"For all his Italianising, Mabuse remained a Fleming in spirit, faithful in his types and in the style of his draperies to the teaching of his youth."—*Mary H. Witt.*

"Renaissance elements are commingled with the Gothic. In their severe idealism and rigid angularity many of the figures remind one of earlier days; but beside them are others, which, if judged from their soft smoothness of form, would seem to have been taken from Raphael's painting."—*Richard Muther.*

"His colouring is fresh and clear, and the finishing so precious and polished, that his pictures, in that particular, are not surpassed by those of Gerard Dou, or Mieris."—*George Stanley.*

Best represented in London and Berlin.

Examples of best work: *Girl Weighing Gold,* Kaiser-Friedrich Museum, Berlin; *Danae,* Old Pinakothek, Munich; *Portrait of a Man in Black,* National Gallery, London.

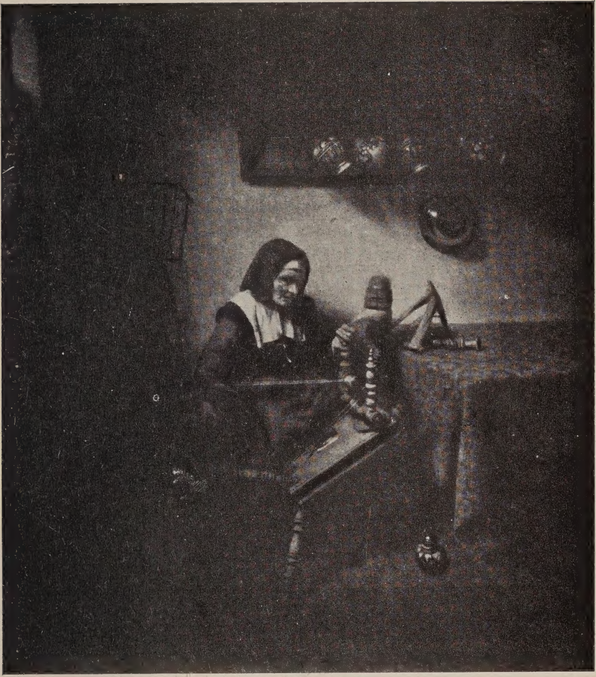
Maes, Nicolas (1632-1693), Dutch School. Pronounced mäs.

(1) See how powerful his colour-scheme is, in spite of its simplicity. (2) Shut out as much of the

red as possible with a finger-tip; note how the life goes out of the picture. (3) See what an effective background the glow of light on a flat wall makes for the chief figure. (4) Observe the complete absorption of his people, sometimes in their daily tasks, but oftener in the moods and events of their inner lives. (5) Feel their loneliness, even when two or three are sitting in a group. (6) Study, perhaps through half-shut eyes, the way in which the light enfolds, emphasises, and dignifies the principal figures and the most important pieces of furniture, until you grow conscious of a solemnity which transforms the scene into something higher than a mere picture of peaceful domesticity. (7) Arrange the names of the following painters in the order in which you feel you could pass most easily and naturally from each one to the following: Maes, Terborch, De Hooch, Vermeer, Metsu, Dou, Ostade, Steen, Brouwer.

Maes was born at Dordrecht. He went to Amsterdam at eighteen and spent four years in Rembrandt's studio. About ten years later he moved to Antwerp, gave up the genre painting in which he had done his best work, and entered the more profitable field of portrait-painting. He developed a new style, modelled on that of Van Dyck, but with such commonplace results that many critics have insisted that the Maes of Antwerp was a different man. During the last years of his life he returned to Amsterdam. He went little into society; and Houbraken relates the remarkable fact (remarkable in a Dutch painter of that century) that he had an excessive horror of taverns and of all those who frequented them.

"He was the pupil with whom the seed of Rembrandt's teaching fell on the kindliest and fittest ground. He had too much of individual and personal genius to be an imitator, but he had too profound a sympathy with Rembrandt to avoid resembling him. Like his master he



THE SPINNER—*Maes*
RIJKS MUSEUM

was a painter of shadowed places and of sad and quiet lives."—*Frederick Wedmore.*

"Sunny happiness shines out of the darkness of these pictures, quiet contentment and delight in work speak to us from them; a warm golden light and the brilliant red which dominates the few colours charm the spectator."—*Wilhelm Bode.*

"With these men,—these poetic Dutchmen,—light is more than ever before a presence of slow and changeful life: giving life, too, and a sense of companionship to else inanimate things. Maes and his fellows followed its subtleties on chamber wall and hanging, and its narrow yet eventful journey from window to hearth; they played out for us its little drama there within the limited space they knew so well and calculated so acutely. What Turner, Constable, De Wint did for the country, De Hooch, Vermeer, and Nicolas Maes did for the home." —*Frederick Wedmore.*

"How well he felt the simple truth and tender pathos of humble life!"—*John C. Van Dyke.*

Best represented in London and Amsterdam.

Examples of best work: *Saying Grace, Old Woman Spinning,* Rijks Museum, Amsterdam; *The Card Players,* National Gallery, London.

***Mantegna, Andrea** (1431-1506), Paduan School. Pronounced mȧn-tā′nyȧ.

(1) If the faces at first look unnatural and unpleasant, step as close as possible to the picture, and stare into them until the features seem somehow to rearrange themselves into more normal and more pleasing countenances. (2) Study the firm gaze of the eyes, the long, full cheeks beneath them; and the strong nose, especially at the point where it meets the forehead, until you feel the noble seriousness with which Mantegna's people live their lives. (3) Observe the fearlessness of each one; and the

vigour, the spontaneity, and the completeness with which he carries out whatever task he is engaged on. (4) See how conscious they all are—even to the bodiless cherubs—that they have work to do in the world. (5) Note their physical strength. (6) Observe that they are fully conscious of the evil in the world; but that they are prepared to meet it, and are not at all disheartened by it. (7) Feel the kindliness which tempers their dignified gravity. (8) Realise what rich affection and unwavering devotion they would be capable of. (9) Learn to recognise Mantegna's sombre, powerful colour schemes. (10) See how boldly his architecture soars into the air. (11) Notice how seldom you find any detail which you can brand as merely conventional space-filling; each one is full of meaning. (12) Feel the force within Mantegna which was struggling too hard to find expression to be bothered with making a picture merely pretty.

Mantegna was born at Vicenza in 1431. Before he was eleven he had already begun to study with Squarcione, the Paduan tailor who had turned painter; and he soon became the master's favourite among all his hundred and thirty-seven pupils. But Mantegna's style was also influenced by Jacopo Bellini, whose daughter he married at twenty-three; by Paolo Ucello, who was then making his famous discoveries in perspective; and by the sculptor Donatello, who worked for ten years in Padua. In 1459 he went to Mantua as court painter to Ludovico Gonzaga and, with the exception of a short journey to Rome, spent the rest of his life there. This journey was undertaken at the request of Innocent VIII., who wished to have a series of frescoes from the painter's hands in the Vatican. But he showed so little readiness to pay for them that Mantegna, after having worked for a year and a half for little more than his board, on being asked to paint the seven deadly sins produced a composition containing eight figures, and on the pope's asking for an explanation of the eighth, remarked that it was Ingratitude, the worst of them all. He also had financial difficulties with his Mantuan patrons; but they invariably treated him with the greatest respect, and showed great patience in straightening out the many real and imaginary entanglements into which his irritable disposition plunged him. Albert Dürer often repeated, after Mantegna's death, that it was the saddest thing that had ever befallen him.

"Andrea was always of opinion that good antique statues were more perfect and displayed more beauty in the different parts than is exhibited by nature. He thought, moreover, that the muscles, veins, nerves, and other minute particulars were more distinctly marked and more clearly defined in statues than in nature."—*Giorgio Vasari.*

"Immediately after the five or six greatest names in the history of Italian art comes that of Andrea Mantegna; he stands at the head of the group of secondary painters which counted Ghirlandajo, Botticelli, Filippino, Bellini, Signorelli, and Perugino among its members."—*E. H. and E. W. Blashfield.*

"This impatience of mediocrity and of insolence is the worst that can be said of him. No vices are recorded of him—no levities even."—*Maud Crutwell.*

"Independently of his high value as a painter, he embodies for us in art that sincere passion for the ancient world which was the dominating intellectual impulse of his age."—*J. A. Symonds.*

"Mantegna's is essentially a virile genius; he does not charm by suggestiveness, nor please by *morbidezza;* he lacks facile grace and feeling for facial beauty; he is often cold, sometimes even harsh and crude, and in his disdain for prettiness and his somewhat haughty distinction, he occasionally impresses us with a rather painful sense of superiority. Something of the antique statues that he loved and studied and collected entered into his own nature and his work. As Angelico was the Saint, and Leonardo the Magician, Mantegna was the Ancient Roman of art. His were the Roman virtues—sobriety, dignity, self-restraint, discipline, and a certain masterliness, as indescribable as it is impressive—and to those who appreciate austere beauty and pure harmonies of exquisite lines Mantegna's art will always appeal."—*E. H. and E. W. Blashfield.*

Best represented in Mantua, Padua, Paris, London, and Hampton Court.

Examples of best work: *Triumph of Cæsar,* Hampton Court, England; *Parnassus,* Louvre, Paris; *Frescoes,* Reggia, Mantua.

Masaccio (Tommaso Guidi, 1401-1428), Florentine School. Pronounced mȧ-sät′chō.

(1) Study the faces carefully until they lose their apparent uniformity and begin to reveal some individuality. (2) Observe the intense earnestness which they all exhibit. (3) Note that, as in most Florentine pictures, there is a great deal of dignfied looking on. Notice especially the dignity of the gestures. (4) Note the direction in which each pair of eyes is looking. See how definite and how intent their gaze is. (5) Feel the relentless solemnity with which each character plays his part. (6) See what a satisfactory stage-setting the painter has achieved with a minimum of scenery and properties. (7) Note how natural some of the poses begin to seem, now that you are more familiar with them, in spite of their undeniable stiffness. (8) Realise how much of the dignity of these figures is due to this very stiffness and unbending uprightness. (9) Look for a time through one eye, until the group of figures coalesces more firmly into a unit, and their various gestures, movements, and attitudes seem only necessary parts of one single action, like those of sailors raising an anchor. (10) Realise that this action is unmistakably moving forward. (11) Then move farther away until you can keep both eyes open and still get the same effect of unity and co-ordinated action. Approach the picture again, slowly, until the effect disappears. Step

backward, try again, shutting one eye at intervals, until you are able to feel this unity even when you stand close and use both eyes.

Tommaso Guidi was born at Val d'Arno in 1401. He earned the diminutive by which he is usually known, Masaccio, or "Ungainly Tom," by his awkwardness, absent-mindedness, and carelessness in dress,—defects usually attributed to his intense absorption in his art. In view of these facts, Vasari's statement that he was little esteemed during his lifetime does not seem surprising. After his death, appreciation of his work spread with great rapidity. According to Vasari, "All the most celebrated sculptors and painters since Masaccio's day have become excellent and illustrious by studying their art in this chapel [the Brancacci Chapel, Santa Maria del Carmine, Florence]," and he proceeds to enumerate Verocchio, Ghirlandajo, Botticelli, the two Lippi, Leonardo, Perugino, Fra Bartolommeo, Albertinelli, Michelangelo, Raphael, Andrea del Sarto, and many others.

"In the history of painting Masaccio's is the greatest name between Giotto and Raphael."—*E. H. and E. W. Blashfield.*

"It was he who, eager for the acquirement of fame, first attained the clear perception that painting is no other than the close imitation, by drawing and colouring simply, of all the forms presented by nature. He may be accounted among the first by whom art was in a great measure delivered from rudeness and harshness."—*Vasari.*

"In a career of but a few years he gave to Florentine painting the direction it pursued to the end."—*Bernhard Berenson.*

"In Masaccio's management of drapery we discern the influence of plastic art; without concealing the limbs, which are modeled with a freedom that always suggests the power of movement even in stationary attitudes, the voluminous folds and broad masses of powerfully coloured raiment invest his forms with a nobility unknown before in painting."—*J. A. Symonds.*

"Dust-bitten and ruined though his Brancacci Chapel frescoes now are, I never see them without the strongest stimulation of my tactile consciousness. I feel that I could touch every figure, that it would yield a definite resistance to my touch, that I should have to expend much effort to replace it, that I could walk around it."—*Bernhard Berenson.*

"He was the first to make the architectural framework of his pictures correspond in a reasonable way to the proportions of the figures."—*W. M. Rossetti.*

Best represented in Florence; Berlin.

Masterpiece: *Frescoes,* Brancacci Chapel, Santa Maria del Carmine, Florence.

Matsys, Quentin (1460-1530), Flemish School. Pronounced măt″sīs′.

(1) Gaze steadily at the eyes and bridge of the nose in each face until it looks completely and normally human to you. (2) Notice the nervous tenseness of the arms and hands. (3) Note what a descriptive, almost narrative interest, Matsys has given to his clouds and rocky landscapes. (4) See how delicate and luminous the colouring is, how much less intense than that of his predecessors. (5) Note that his faces are not merely drawn, but are *modelled,* in melting lights and shadows. (6) Observe that he treats draperies in a much more informal, natural manner than most of his Flemish predecessors.

Quentin Matsys (Massys or Metsys) was born in Louvain. His father was an ironworker, and the son learned the same trade. He turned to painting, according to tradition, for the sake of a girl whose father had determined that she should marry none but a painter. At twenty-five he settled in Antwerp, and spent the rest of his life there. He numbered among his friends Erasmus and Sir Thomas More. A great many legends have gathered about his name, and he is still a popular idol in Belgium. His sister was buried alive, and her husband decapitated, for the crime of reading the Bible.

"Matsys was the first in Flanders who understood that in painting the details are of secondary importance, and must be subordinate to the general effect; he was the first to practise the great law of unity. . . . He was the creator of the school of Antwerp, and announced its splendour; and he will remain the glorious link between Van Eyck and Memling on the one hand, and Rubens and Jordaens on the other."—*A. J. Wauters.*

"He increased figures to almost life-size, giving them greater importance than landscape or architecture."—*John C. Van Dyke.*

"While earlier artists worked in unbroken colours, placing full blues, reds, and greens in immediate juxtaposition, Quentin Matsys subordinates this gleaming splendour to a uniform colour tone."—*Richard Muther.*

Best represented in Antwerp.

Examples of best work: *Entombment,* Museum, Antwerp; *Holy Family,* Museum, Brussels; *Banker and his Wife,* Louvre, Paris.

***Melozzo da Forlì** (1438-1494), Umbrian School. Pronounced mȧ-lŏt′sō dȧ fôr-lē′.

(1) Begin at the top of the picture and let your eye sweep back and forth across it, following the main horizontal or almost horizontal lines in a sort of zig-zag till it has reached the bottom. Repeat this until you feel the bigness, sturdiness, and tireless energy of the figure or figures in the picture. (2) Then study the hair until you feel the intense physical vitality which it suggests. (3) Try to see to the bottom of the eyes. (4) Try to feel that combination of tenderness and strength and reverence which gives the picture an effect best described,

perhaps, by the word *silence.* (5) Feel the confidence of these people in their own strength of character; don't mistake it for vanity or self-righteousness. (6) Feel their aloofness from the world, and yet their freedom from mere asceticism. (7) Feel the boldness and the fervour of their souls. (8) Realise that there is a force within them which must find vent in *adoration.* (9) Compare Melozzo with Titian and with Benozzo Gozzoli.

Melozzo was born at Forlì, and studied painting under Piero della Francesca at Borgo San Sepolcro. He is known to have been well acquainted with Giovanni Santi, the father of Raphael. He was the first painter to apply successfully the principles of foreshortening. His principal pupil was Palmezzano.

"For Melozzo, the figure was never impassive, never an end in itself, but always a means for embodying emotions, and these emotions are so overpowering, his grandly robust forms are so possessed by them, that personality and even mere awareness are swept clean away, the figures becoming pure incarnations of the one great feeling by which they are animated."—*Bernhard Berenson.*

"A clean, firm drawing, bold and spontaneous movement."—*Crowe and Cavalcaselle.*

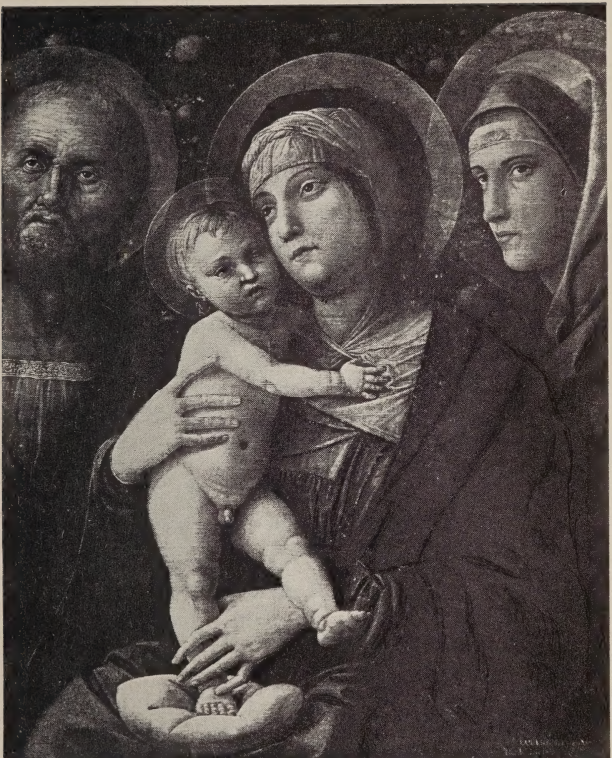
"The majesty of these solemn faces, the grand rhythm of their movement, the sublime emotion which struggles for expression through face and form and attitude—these inspire the earnest beholder with a solemn awe scarce felt in any other presence."—*H. H. Powers.*

Best represented in Rome, Loreto.

Masterpiece: *Angels,* Sacristy, St. Peter's, Rome.

***Memlinc, Hans** (1430-1494), Flemish School. Pronounced mĕm′lĭnk.

(1) In the large narrative compositions, in which the same characters reappear in different parts of



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MADONNA AND SAINTS—*Mantegna*

METROPOLITAN, NEW YORK

the picture, work out carefully the order in which the different scenes are supposed to occur in time. (2) Observe that each time you return to a scene you discover some significant detail which you had overlooked before. (3) Feel the inventive genius which some of the details reveal; in others, the touch of humour. (4) See how minutely Memlinc has individualised every face, animal, costume, and building. (5) Feel the story-telling spirit which pervades expressions, incidents, and attitudes alike. You can almost watch the painter's mind working on the problem of how to present his story to you most clearly and convincingly. (6) Study the eyes till you feel the faith that shines through them. Feel the tenderness of the hands; the strength of character and calm wisdom that may be read in the mouths. (7) Study the faces till you feel their humour, their affection, and their power of quiet meditation. (8) Notice the strange combination of naïve humility and perfect *savoir faire*. (9) Observe how interesting every inch of the picture is in itself, how little your interest depends on its relation to the rest of the canvas. (10) Note the fleeting, casual, irrelevant quality in most of the attitudes, gestures, poises of heads, expressions, and occupations,—for example, in a hand protecting a candle from the wind, a quiet smile of amusement on some face, a reader about to turn a page, a dog sitting with his legs crossed, etc. (11) Note that there is no fuss or flurry in Memlinc's pictures. (12) Compare him with Cranach and Carpaccio.

Memlinc (also written Memling or Hemling) probably began painting in Mainz or Cologne, and finished his training in Brussels, under Rogier van der Weyden. He went to Bruges about 1467, and soon rose to great fame and prosperity. At his death he was considered "the greatest master in Christendom," but a hundred years later he was almost completely forgotten; and modern investigators have found only scanty records of his life.

"Jan van Eyck saw with his eyes; Memlinc with his soul. One thought well and thought truly; the other apparently thought less, but felt more intensely. One copied and copied faithfully; the other copied, too, but while he copied faithfully, he idealised."—*Eugène Fromentin.*

"Memlinc, while he studied nature, dreamed, and as he translated her he gave rein to his imagination and created, selecting only what was most charming, most delicate in the human forms about him. Especially is this the case in his type of woman, a type unknown until then, and one that has since passed away. The beings he has painted are women, but they are women seen as he loved to picture them, portrayed in accordance with the fancies of one whose mind was attuned to grace, nobility, and beauty. Not that he made woman more beautiful than she is, but he saw in her a certain indefinable something that no one else had seen."—*Eugène Fromentin.*

"His character was not in sympathy with strength but with purity."—*W. M. Conway.*

"Van Eyck, even while painting religious subjects, only awakes earthly ideas, whilst Memlinc, even when painting earthly scenes, kindles in us thoughts of heavenly things."—*W. H. James Weale.*

"Memlinc always loved water, and especially flowing water."—*W. M. Conway.*

Best represented in Bruges and Paris.

Masterpiece: *Shrine of St. Ursula,* St. John's Hospital, Bruges.

Metsu, Gabriel (1630-1667), Dutch School. Pronounced mĕt´sụ.

(1) Notice how much more sophisticated Metsu's people are than those of Brouwer, Dou, Ostade,

Steen, and Teniers. (2) Note that your pleasure in the grouping of the figures and in the unity of the whole picture is immediate, instead of coming only after considerable study, as with the painters just named. (3) See how busy the hands are, and how capable they look. Note that everyone is either just beginning or just completing an action. (4) Observe how good-natured all the people are. (5) Notice what freshness and what individuality Metsu gives to every inanimate object that he paints. Note especially the variety of textures shown in each picture,—metal, wood, cloth, flesh, etc. (6) When a little dog appears in any picture, study him as you would a punctuation mark, to see how he brings out the meaning of the other characters in the story. (7) Realise that the picture is always a picture first of all, and that any story which it may contain is always kept secondary. (8) Note how much more intimate you feel with Metsu's people than with those of the other minor Dutchmen; they seem more independent personalities, not so strongly tinged with the painter's own qualities and revealing less of his own attitude toward them. (9) Study various outlines and other lines, noting how much of the essential character of the object each one expresses.

Metsu was born at Leyden. He studied painting first with his father, and later with Gerard Dou; but was also influenced by his friend Jan Steen, and, after he moved to Amsterdam in 1650, by Rembrandt and Frans Hals. As in the case of so many other Dutch painters, few records of his life have been preserved.

"He found his particular province in the intimate rendering of the life of the wealthy *bourgeoisie,* and in this no other painter has surpassed him."—*Wilhelm Bode.*

"The placidity of these fair young girls does not indicate indifference or ennui, but a serenity of soul and a delightful sense of repose."—*Charles Blanc.*

"He was in Holland much like Lorenzo Lotto in Venice—not a painter of the highest rank, but one of charm, and one whose works are entitled to much consideration and respect for their sensitive individuality."—*John C. Van Dyke.*

Best represented in London, Paris, Amsterdam, and Dresden.

Examples of best work: *Officer and Young Lady,* Louvre, Paris; *Bean Feast,* Old Pinakothek, Munich; *The Music Lesson,* National Gallery, London.

***Michelangelo** (Michelagniolo Buonarroti, 1475-1564), Florentine School. Pronounced mē̇″kĕl-än′je-lō̇; bwō′nȧ-rō̇″tē̇.

As there are few paintings by Michelangelo outside the Sistine Chapel, these directions are intended especially for use there. (1) Accept the darkness and the dulness and the dinginess as unfortunate but not insuperable defects. Ask, if you must, "How can that gloomy ceiling be the greatest piece of painting in the world?" but try to ask it more in curiosity than in a spirit of superiority. (2) Before you get your mirror from the custodian, study the frescoes with the help of the description in Baedeker (a postcard or a photograph will make it clearer) until you have got the scheme of the whole composition firmly fixed in your mind. (3) Then sit down on one of the benches at the side with your mirror, choose any one of the larger figures immediately above you, and gaze at it steadily until you begin to forget its dulness and its dinginess and its distance from you and lose yourself in its superhuman majesty. (4) Observe the massiveness of the limbs beneath the draperies. Note the tremendous sweep of the arms. (5) Study the haunting expression in the whites of the eyes. (6) Note the distinctness of the outlines, and the play of light and shadow across the bulging muscles. (7) Don't study any one figure too long; as soon as you feel that you are getting tired of it, move to another. Look slowly and carefully through each series, the sybils and prophets, the central panels from the book of Genesis, the nude figures of the seated youths, the child-caryatids, the ancestors of Christ, and the medallions. Compare the different figures in each series; find as many differences between them as you can, in age, occupation, attitude, gesture, expression, character, etc. Try to discover what these differences signify. (8) Note the steel-muscled youth of the young men, and the almost unendurable solemnity and wisdom of the patriarchs. (9) Note the range of emotion, from unutterable ecstasy to bitter despair. (10) See how complete and perfect they all seem; and yet what possibilities of growth still lie before them, and how unsatisfied (not dissatisfied) they are. Realise that the soul of each is directed toward something unattainable,—knowledge, power, a keener life of the senses, or some indefinable ideal. (11) Finally, try to define to yourself the spirit of the whole composition. (12) Go back to the chapel on another day, if possible; and if you forgot your opera glasses the first time, be sure to take them then.

Michelangelo was born in 1475 at Caprese, where his father was serving temporarily as magistrate. The family soon returned to Florence; and, much against his father's will, the boy became infected with a great enthusiasm for art, and refused to be put to a trade. At thirteen he succeeded in overcoming his father's opposition, and was apprenticed to Ghirlandajo. Three years later he left the studio of that master to enter the school of sculpture which Lorenzo de' Medici had set up in the gardens of his palace. There he became a great favourite with the Medici; and, as he was constantly meeting at their table the greatest scholars and artists of the age, he soon became absorbed in the study of Dante and Plato. At twenty, he fled to Bologna to escape the coming overthrow of his patrons. On his return, a year later, he stayed in Florence only a few months,—long enough, however, for him to be deeply influenced by the monk Savonarola, who had become the leading spirit of the city,—and then continued on to Rome. The principal works of the five years he spent there were the "Bacchus" and the "Pietà." In the four following ones, which, at the request of his father, he spent at Florence, he produced the "David," and the frescoes in the great council hall of the Palazzo Vecchio, which have since been destroyed. In 1505, Julius II. determined to erect a huge mausoleum for himself in St. Peter's, and summoned Michelangelo, now thirty years old, to design and execute it. When it was found that the church was too small to house their ambitious design, Michelangelo was promptly ordered to erect a larger one in its stead. Yet, although he worked on these projects for forty years, he was able to finish, for the tomb, only the "Moses" and the "Bound Slaves," and, for the church, only the great dome. The pope himself interrupted twice with demands for a colossal bronze statue of himself and for the frescoes of the Sistine ceiling. After his death in 1513, renewal of the contract was delayed, and in 1518 Michelangelo undertook the famous tomb for the Medici in Florence which, owing to the endless mishaps and interruptions which pursued him throughout life, occupied the greater part of sixteen years. In 1535, at the age of sixty, he returned to Rome, never to leave it again. For seven years he laboured on "The Last Judgment"; but as his health began to fail he turned more and more from the strenuous arts of sculpture and painting toward architecture. His last twenty years were devoted chiefly to the remodelling of St. Peter's, the Capitol, the Baths of Diocletian, and the Porta Pia. John Addington Symonds wrote of the end of his life: "Michelangelo's thoughts meanwhile were turned more and more, as time advanced, to piety; and many of his sonnets breathe an almost ascetic spirit of religion.

Wealth now belonged to him; but he had never cared for money, and he continued to live like a poor man, dressing soberly and eating sparely, often taking but one meal in the day, and that of bread and wine. He slept little, and rose by night to work upon his statues, wearing a cap with a candle stuck in front of it that he might see where to drive the chisel home. Time had now softened his temper and removed all causes of discouragement. He had survived every rival, and the world was convinced of his supremacy. Princes courted him; strangers, when they visited Rome, were eager to behold in him its greatest living wonder. His old age was the serene and splendid evening of a toilsome day."

"There are four men in the world of art and of literature so exalted above all others as to seem to belong to another race; namely, Dante, Shakespeare, Beethoven, and Michelangelo. That which elevated each of them to this rank was his soul,—the soul of a fallen deity,—struggling irresistibly after a world disproportionate to our own, always suffering and combating, always toiling and tempestuous, and as incapable of being sated as of sinking, devoting itself in solitude to erecting before men colossi as ungovernable, as vigourous, and as sadly sublime as its own insatiable and impotent desire."—*H. Taine.*

"The interpreter of the burden and the pain of the Renaissance."—*J. A. Symonds.*

(The Sistine Chapel) "If we consider it simply as a work of art nothing in the history of painting equals the boldness and the grandeur of this decoration in its entirety . If we think of it as the intellectual conception and physical achievement of one man, it is equally tremendous."—*E. H. and E. W. Blashfield.*

"In these bold forms, grandly outlined and executed with unsurpassable breadth and freedom, he sets before us a higher type of being in whose presence everything low falls from us, and our feelings experience the same elevation that they do before true tragedy. Lastly, that which ever and ever anew sympathetically attracts us, even to those of his figures which we at first found repellent, is the fact that they are inwardly allied to the best within us, to our own striving after all that is high and ideal."—*Wilhelm Lübke.*

"His history is one of indomitable will and almost superhuman energy, yet of will that hardly ever had its way, and of energy continually at war with circumstance." —*Sir Sidney Colvin.*

Best represented in paintings in Rome; in drawings, in the British Museum, the University Galleries in Oxford, the Uffizi and Casa Buonarroti at Florence, the Academy in Venice, the Albertina in Vienna, the Louvre, the Berlin Museum, and the Teyler Museum at Haarlem.

***Millet, Jean François** (1814-1875), Barbizon School (French). Pronounced mĭl″lȧ′.

(1) Note the monumental quality of Millet's figures: their solidity, their dignity, and the sense of equilibrium which they convey. (2) Glance from one figure to another till you realise how much of your pleasure in each one is heightened by the presence of some other whose posture bears some geometrical relation to that of the first. Note, especially, how many of the limbs are parallel; and how many of them continue some other important line. (3) Note that not even the slightest detail in the picture seems trivial. (4) Study the masses of shadow on the clothes, the shadows that obscure the eyes, the inertia of the limbs (i.e.,—the slowness with which they would respond to any stimulus, or effort of will), and the vastness of the plain that stretches off to the horizon, until you realise how much of the meloncholy of the picture is due to just these elements. (5) Observe that the melancholy of these peasants never becomes revolt, despair, or disgust; it is always the patient resignation of a dumb animal bearing a heavy burden. (6) See how much of their charm lies in the fact that their attitudes toward each other are never

unsympathetic, and that they never exhibit pride, coarseness, slovenliness, laziness, vice, or sentimentality. (7) Study their perfect simplicity of soul. Realise that this soul must have been attained without passing through the ordinary larval stages of egotism and personality.

Millet was born at Gruchy, not far from Cherbourg, in a peasant family. His father was the leader of the village choir. As a boy, his chief delights were Virgil and the Bible, which the village priest had taught him to read in Latin, and the beauties of the earth and sky, which the natural fineness of his nature enabled him to read without instruction. The engravings in an illustrated Bible tempted him to try to put down on paper his own visions of the things about him; and the results were so remarkable that at eighteen his father sent him to Cherbourg to study painting. After two years spent in sketching and copying and in reading poetry in the town library in the evening, the municipality granted him 600 francs for study in Paris, and promised him in addition a pension of 400 francs a year. He started with many misgivings; and when he reached the metropolis he found that he was too shy to ask his way and consequently wandered aimlessly about the city for days. He finally decided to enter Delaroche's studio; but Delaroche failed to understand him; his fellow-students named him "the wild man of the woods"; and he himself found little of value in the artistic theories of the Romantic School. His pension soon failed; and he left the studio and supported himself by painting portraits at five or ten francs apiece, by turning out pastels in imitation of Boucher, and even by making signboards for shops. Only the privilege of visiting the Louvre kept him in Paris; he once spent a whole day in front of Giorgione's *Fête Champêtre*. At twenty-seven he married, but his wife lived only three years. A year later he married his second wife, the faithful Catherine Lemaire. Soon afterward, shocked at hearing someone speak of him as "that fellow Millet, who always paints naked women," he decided that, at whatever cost in poverty, he must go back to his old ideals and paint no more Boucher nudes. The struggle for existence during the next few years was a bitter experience, for aside from the difficulty of keeping body and soul together, Millet was thoroughly disgusted with the falseness of both life and art in Paris. At thirty-five, he succeeded in selling "The Winnower" for five hundred francs, and immediately moved to the little three-room cottage at Barbizon, on the edge of the forest of Fontainebleau, in which he spent the rest of his life. Not until he was fifty did popularity begin to come to him; but at fifty-three he was given the Legion of Honour, and two years later he was chosen a juror for the Salon. But he had never recovered from the shock of the death of his friend Rousseau in 1867, and eight years later he was buried beside him.

"A peasant I was born and a peasant I will die; I will say what I feel and paint things as I see them."—*Millet.*

"'Man goeth forth to his labour until the evening' is the text of all his works."—*Julia Cartwright.*

"No painter has been more sincerely himself nor has put himself more completely and fully into his work."—*Charles Bigot.*

"The human side is what touches me most in art."—*Millet.*

"A painting by Millet has always one clear intelligible aim. It moves the spectator with the artist's own emotion; it has, in a word, a soul,—the painter has infused it with his own. And this is the supreme and final test of greatness in any work of art."—*Charles Bigot.*

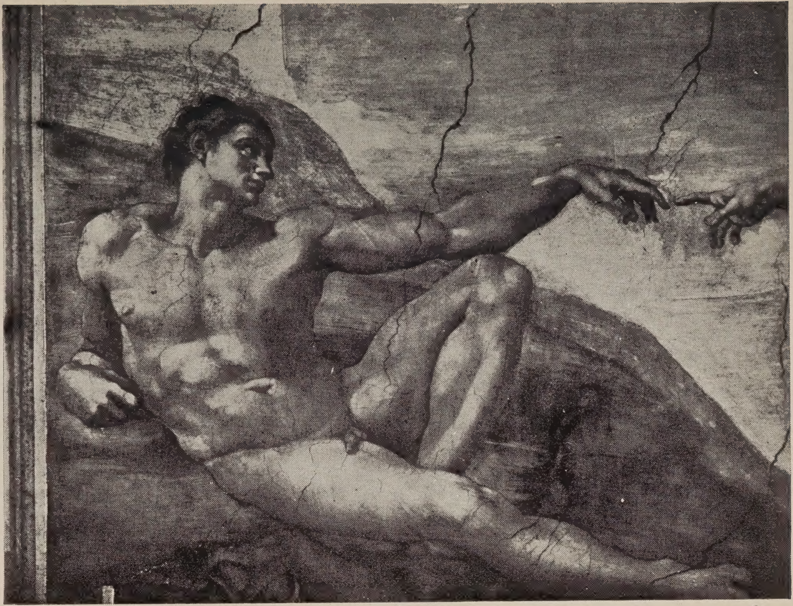
"The dresses worn by his figures are not clothes, but drapery through which the forms and movements of the body are strongly felt."—*Lady Dilke.*

"It is necessary to make what is trivial express what is sublime."—*Millet.*

"His was a grave, tender, melancholy, mystical, and sad soul."—*Charles Bigot.*

Best represented in Paris, Boston, and Chicago. Most of his pictures are still in private collections.

Examples of best work: *Gleaners, The Angelus,* Louvre, Paris; *The Sower,* Metropolitan Museum, New York.



CREATION OF MAN (Detail)—*Michelangelo*

SISTINE CHAPEL.

Monet, Claude (1840-), Impressionistic School. (French). Pronounced mō″nā′.

(1) Stand so close to the picture that you can see nothing but a jumble of paint. Then move slowly away, noticing how one object after another "comes into focus," until you have reached the point at which they all seem most distinct. (2) Stand there, and try to see the textures of the objects represented, especially the sheen of water and the rough solidity of stone. (3) In the water-lily pictures, fix your eye on a group of the pads near the centre of the picture and note that you can see at will either the surface of the water itself or the reflections in it of the surrounding shore. (4) Feel the serenity, the sincerity, and the generosity in each picture. (5) Realise that Monet has simply tried to give the freshness and sparkle of outdoors, at whatever cost in definiteness and other qualities. (6) Feel the shimmer and vibration of the surfaces that are bathed in sunlight. (7) Compare him with Turner and with Constable.

Monet was born in Paris in 1840. When he was five, his father moved to Havre, and his youth was spent there. At fifteen he took up the study of painting, in an amateur way, with a friend. At twenty he had determined to become an artist. His father wished to make him a merchant, and offered to buy a substitute for his term of compulsory military service if he would agree to go into business, but Monet refused and served his two years in Africa with his corps. On his return, he went to Paris and entered the studio of a classicist named Gleyre, but soon left him to join the movement later known as Impressionism, under the leadership of Renoir, Cézanne, and Degas. The peculiar quality of Monet's work is due to three innovations in technique which, in general, characterise the work of the whole school. First, the impressionist, in determining how to represent the scene before him on his canvas, views it, not in the ordinary way as a group of familiar objects bounded by definite outlines and clothed in certain colours, but as a patchwork of spots and planes of coloured light, each one small enough, and uniform enough in colour and in intensity of light, to be represented with a single stroke of the brush. Second, he places on his palette only a few primary colours; when others are needed in the picture he places dots of red, blue, yellow, etc., so close together that they blend in the eye of spectator, producing the desired colour as effectively as if the pigments themselves had been mixed together on the painter's palette. He thus obtains a luminosity and brilliance of colouring beyond the reach of the older method. Third, in representing shadows he emphasises the light which can actually be found in the darkest of them, rather than the strong contrast between them and the sunlit surfaces; he sacrifices all Rembrandtesque effects of light and shade for the sake of making objects in shadow as clearly visible on the canvas as they actually are in nature; and he gives his shadows the colours which can always be seen in them by a sensitive eye, instead of representing them conventionally with blacks, greys, and browns. The quality which distinguishes Monet from the other Impressionistic leaders, is his extreme preoccupation with problems of light. He was one of the first to discover how much the colours of a landscape vary from hour to hour with changing light. When at work on each of his well-known series, the Haystacks, the Poplars, the Cathedrals, and the Water-lilies, he would take a dozen canvases into the field with him at once, paint on the first for perhaps half an hour, then take up the second until the changing light drove him to a third, and so on for day after day until all were finished.

"A village, a tower, a bridge, a group at the water's edge, are for him only accessories. They count as luminous spots, and that is all."—*Georges Grappe.*

"For Monet man has no existence, but only the earth and the light."—*Richard Muther.*

"On many of his pictures, saturated as they are with light, Monet could inscribe the name of Turner without inciting unbelief."—*Richard Muther.*

Best represented in Paris, Boston, New York. Most of Monet's pictures are still in private collections.

Moretto, Il (Alessandro Bonvicino, 1498-1554), School of Brescia. Pronounced mō-rĕt′tō.

(1) Note how massive all the stage-properties are, especially tables, columns, and books. Study the stately flow of the draperies. (2) Observe the statuesque pose of the figures, their physical strength, and the firmness with which their feet rest on the ground. (3) Study the long, straight noses, the heavy brows, and the deep-set eyes; note that, though at first they seem plain people, with none of the spiritual exaltation with which so many of the Italian masters endowed their characters, you slowly become conscious of a deep-rooted nobility of purpose and of character. (4) Realise that they could never be petty or selfish or jealous. Feel the calm peace which fills their souls. (5) Notice how many heads are bowed, or bent forward. (6) Note the range of expression on the faces, from thoughtful beauty to a compelling steadiness and intensity of gaze. Study the clear, untroubled eyes. (7) Note how natural and unconscious the positions of arms and legs seem. Then study the part which they play in knitting the whole group of figures into a unit. Feel the structural solidity of the composition. (8) Analyse the beauty of character of these people, until you realise that while they would never descend to offensive, disgusting, or egotistical actions, and would respond easily to any demands made on them for charity or for self-sacrifice, yet their own ideals alone would never spur them to great deeds. (9) Half shut your eyes, and study the play of light on the draperies; note especially how beautifully the shadows melt into light, and in what a workmanlike manner they are painted. See how well Moretto's colour-scheme suits the character of his people. (10) Realise how free

they are from worldly vanities, anxieties, desires, and ambitions. Realise that they probably would not deliberately stoop to the lesser worldly virtues, such as politeness, kindness, sympathy, truth, etc., unless it seemed to them perfectly natural to be polite, or kind, or sympathetic, or truthful; in short, that, though they are virtuous by nature, they would never do any act merely because it was considered a virtuous thing to do. (11) Follow the direction of each pair of eyes to the object they are looking at, until you have been led over the whole picture. (12) Observe that, though these people give themselves simply and completely in devotion, there is no weakness in them, but a great reserve of strength. Feel the depth of their spiritual life; the solemnity of the whole scene. Compare them with Perugino's people.

Moretto was born at Rovato. His life was spent so quietly at Brescia that few records of it have been preserved. It has been said that he studied with Titian and was strongly influenced by Raphael; but after all the conjectures about his debts to others have been made, his originality remains his most striking characteristic. The secluded life of his little hill town forced him to develop in his own manner or not at all. It is said that before beginning any great picture of a sacred subject he fasted and prayed until he felt able to undertake it. He was the teacher of the portrait painter Moroni.

"When Moretto is at his best his figures stand and grasp, their limbs have weight, their torsos substance; and even when these merits are less conspicuous we can forgive him many a shortcoming for the sake of the shimmer, the poetic gravity, of his colour, shot through as it is with light and shade. He had, besides, unusual gifts of expression, and a real sense of the spiritually significant."—*Bernhard Berenson.*

"A cinquecentist in the powerful simplicity of his painting he nevertheless preserved the solemn sincerity of the older time; and at the same time he strikes strangely modern accords of colour. In contrast to the Venetians' love of full and vibrating colour-tones, Moretto attuned everything to a silver grey."—*Richard Muther.*

Best represented in Brescia; Milan, Bergamo, London, Vienna.

Masterpiece: *St. Justina,* Art History Museum, Vienna.

***Moroni, Giovanni Battista** (1520-1578), School of Brescia. Pronounced mō̂-rō̜′nē̂.

Portraits: (1) Notice how little depth Moroni gives to his pictures, yet how perfectly realistic they seem. (2) Observe that his arrangement of the figure within the frame never arouses the slightest sense of discomfort Compare with Cariani, Mantegna, and Tintoretto. (3) Study the hands until you see clearly that they are controlled by muscles in the arms. (4) Note how much they add to the power of the picture to compel your attention. (5) Observe how much of the strength of character and personal power of the sitter is expressed in the hands alone. (6) See how much self-sufficiency all Moroni's sitters exhibit, yet without ever seeming too critical of others, or too demanding. (7) Realise that this stability of theirs is due, in the main, to a keen intellectual grasp of the world-order; that they do not cling to anything supernatural—nor for that matter to anything natural—for support; and that neither are they dependent for their self-confidence on their consciousness of belonging to some particular order of society. (8) Realise how keenly Moroni, in spite of his love of grays and blacks, delights in a crisp white ruff. (9) Realise that his greatness as a portrait painter is due chiefly to the directness with which he penetrates to the very soul of his sitter; and to the cool, impartial, finely balanced, unsentimental accuracy with which he depicts it. He does not curry favour by letting the superficially pleasing qualities of his sitters predominate over the others. (10) Study the perfect unity of the whole figure; feel a certain neatness of effect which is due partly to the achievement of so big a thing with so little fuss, and partly to the obvious intellectual grasp of the painter. Compare with Titian in regard to these qualities.

Moroni was born at Albino, near Bergamo, and studied with Moretto in the latter town. Titian had a high opinion of his work, and there is a tradition that he used to send back to Moroni all the citizens of Bergamo who came to him for their portraits.

"One of the most powerful character painters of the modern world."—*J. A. Symonds.*

"The only mere portrait painter that Italy has ever produced."—*Bernhard Berenson.*

"In truthful and animated portraiture Moroni ranks near Titian himself. His portraits do not indeed attain to a majestic monumental character; but they are full of straightforward life and individuality, with genuine unforced choice of attitude."—*W. M. Rossetti.*

Best represented in Bergamo; London, Florence, Milan.

Examples of best work: *The Tailor,* National Gallery, London; *Spini Portraits, Portrait of an old man,* Carrara Gallery, Bergamo.

Murillo, Bartolomé Esteban (1617-1682), Spanish School. Pronounced mōō-rēl′yō.

Early Pictures (his "cold" style): (1) Apply first the directions given for Ribera and for Caravaggio; then compare with their pictures, and try to pick out the characteristics which distinguish Murillo from them.

Later Pictures (the "warm" and the "misty" styles): (1) Note the rosy, feathery colouring, and the soft mistiness into which the picture melts in the background. (2) Observe how well this harmonises with the copious flow of affection,—which flows sometimes among the principal figures; sometimes from one cherub to another, or from what someone has called "the whole omelette of infants" to one or more of the chief figures; sometimes from some figure to an Unseen Being above; but perhaps oftenest of all *out* of the frame toward you. (3) Note how rarely you find anything nobler in the face than a pleasant disposition. Observe that Murillo's attempts at anything higher usually result only in an expression of sensual ecstasy. (4) Note that his stone walls are almost as melting as his clouds. (5) Aren't his beggar boys a little too sugary for their rags and their dust-stained feet? Isn't he trying too obviously for just this sentimental contrast? (6) Observe the mobility of his faces; these people will never be obsessed by ideals, fixed ideas, or definite purposes. (7) Feel the melodious quality of the clear, pure colour. (8) Feel the straightforward clarity of his painting, a quality comparable to that which distinguishes the paragraphs of a city daily from those of a country weekly.

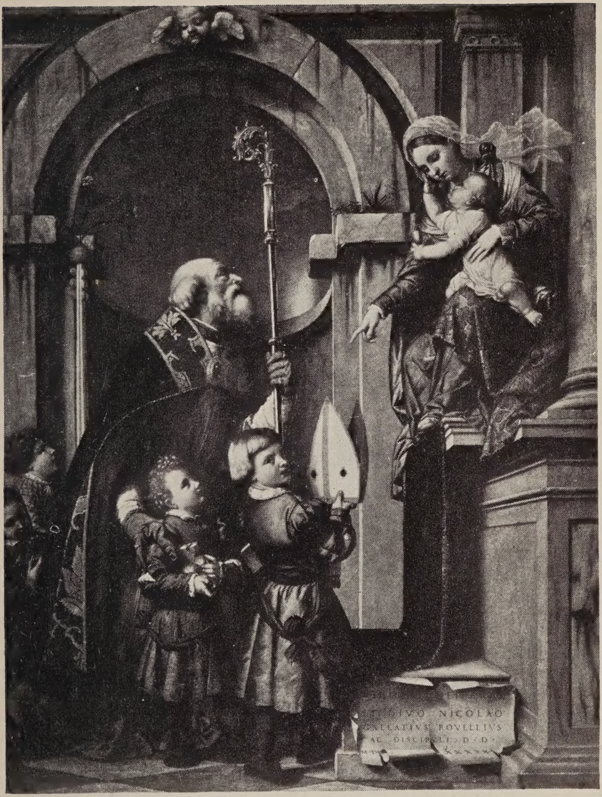
Murillo was born in Seville. He was left an orphan before he was eleven and was apprenticed to a painter uncle. At twenty-three he was thrown on his own resources; and he supported himself for a time by painting mere daubs, to be sold at the weekly fairs like vegetables and poultry,—and to the same patrons. Tiring of this, he started for Rome for further study, by way of Madrid; but a call in the latter city on his fellow-townsman Velasquez, who was then at the height of his fame, gained him *entrée* to the royal galleries in the capital, and he found so much material for study in the masterpieces there that he went no further. After three years, during which he lived in Velasquez's own house, he returned to Seville and began to paint for a small Franciscan convent which offered so little pay that no well-established artist would accept its commissions. His success was immediate and astonishing; the fame of his pictures spread rapidly from artists and critics to the aristocracy; and every church and every family of wealth and standing in Seville was seized with a sudden desire to possess an example of his work. He soon married a lady of rank; and his career in Seville was so prosperous and happy that he refused an invitation from Charles II. to come to Madrid as court painter. His death was caused by a fall, in a church in Cadiz, from a scaffolding on which he was painting. The greater part of his pictures, and the best of them, are religious. He himself was humble and pious; and,—what is perhaps the best testimony to the piety of his life,—both his sons became priests, and his daughter took the vows and entered a convent.

"A man of instinct rather than will, of sentiment rather than system."—*C. E. Beulé.*

"His works show great technical attainment without much style, and a strong feeling for ordinary nature and for truthful or sentimental expression without lofty beauty or ideal elevation."—*W. M. Rossetti.*

"On the one hand, then, to copy nature without reading into her, as the greatest artists have been able to do, a deeper meaning than lies upon the surface, and, on the other, to gracefully express the half pious, half emotional movements of the soul,—herein lies Murillo's rôle. He is by turns of the earth and of the sky; half a painter of the real, half a painter of pleasant and sensual dreams."—*C. E. Beulé.*

"Murillo was the spoiled child of his own time, and he has continued to be the spoiled child of subsequent generations up to the present; but it is already foreshadowed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ST. NICHOLAS OF BARI—*Moretto*

BRESCIA

that the generation to come will judge him less blindly." —*Lucien Solvay.*

"How perfectly sweet Murillo always is."—*Overheard by Edward Hutton in the Prado.*

Best represented in Seville and Madrid; Paris, Petrograd, London, Munich.

Examples of best work: *Immaculate Conception,* Louvre, Paris; *Melon Eaters,* Old Pinakothek, Munich; *St. Elizabeth of Hungary,* Prado, Madrid; *St. Anthony of Padua,* Cathedral, Seville.

Ostade, Adriaen (1610-1685), Dutch School. Pronounced ŏs′tä-de.

(1) If you find Ostade's people unpleasant to look at, try to ignore their open mouths and huge noses; look them squarely in the eye, one by one, until you feel the humanity behind their superficial boorishness. (2) Notice how intent each one is on whatever he happens to be doing. (3) Observe how much shadow Ostade uses, especially in the upper part of the picture, and how interesting he makes his shadowy spaces. (4) Feel especially the air of romance which hangs over the groups of people who sit half concealed in these spaces. Contrast it with the mysterious dignity which clothes the principal group in the picture; observe that these men, who obviously do not excel their fellows in either beauty or moral worth, somehow manage, just because they stand in a glow of light, to suggest more of the seriousness of life. (5) See what simple, good-hearted people most of them are, and what an endless amount of leisure they seem to have at their command. (6) Note how much oftener they are bending over than sitting or standing upright. (7) In some picture in which the principal group is

clothed in bright colours, isolate it in your mind as a unit; think of it as outlined against the rest of the picture. (8) Study the colourings of the costumes, individually and in groups, until you realise how much they contribute to the beauty of the picture. (9) Realise what comfortable lives these people are living, and how much of their comfort is due to their common sense. (10) Criticise the grouping of the figures as you would if you yourself were arranging them for a Kodak picture. (11) Then study the human side of their posing; note the varieties of self-consciousness which they display.

Ostade spent his entire life in Haarlem. He was a pupil of Frans Hals. At fifty-two he became president of the painter's guild. His most important pupil was his brother, Isaac Ostade. Smith gives the number of Ostade's pictures as 385; de Groot, as over 900.

"Adriaen van Ostade wanted nothing but a soul to make him one of the immortal masters. He was an absolutely perfect craftsman. . . . He was born to express himself in pictorial design, and what he expressed most perfectly was his keen and consummate observation of the worst instincts of men."—*Frederick Wedmore.*

"Between Teniers and Ostade the contrast lies in the different condition of the agricultural classes of Brabant and Holland, and the atmosphere and dwellings that were peculiar to each region. Brabant has more sun, more comfort, and a higher type of humanity; Teniers, in consequence, is silvery and sparkling; the people he paints are fair specimens of a well-built race. Holland, in the vicinity of Haarlem, seems to have suffered much from war; the air is moist and hazy, and the people, as depicted by Ostade, are short, ill-favoured, and marked with the stamp of adversity on their features and dress." —*Crowe and Konody.*

"The greatness of Ostade lies in the fact that he often caught the poetic side of the life of the peasant class, in spite of its ugliness, and stunted form, and misshapen features."—*Crowe and Konody.*

Best represented in Petrograd, Dresden, Munich, and Paris.

Examples of best work: *Peasants in an Inn,* Zwinger, Dresden; *The Schoolmaster,* Louvre, Paris; *The Alchemist,* National Gallery, London.

Palma Vecchio (Jacopo Palma the Elder, 1480-1528), Venetian School. Pronounced päl′mȧ vĕk′kyō.

(1) Do not look in Palma's pictures for intense spirituality, delicacies of contour, or anatomical finenesses. (2) If the faces seem expressionless, look for a few moments, at close range, at the dark, liquid pupils of the eyes (which seem usually to have flowed into the corners) and study the poise of the upper lips. Then step back, and note how much more intelligent and alert the people now seem. (3) Study the droop of the eyelids, the straight little mouth, the placid, almost pearly, expanse of cheek until you feel their contentment with life—a contentment that sometimes rises to a state of mystical bliss. (4) Note how much more space each figure seems to fill than in the Florentine pictures; and how Palma loves to crowd them close together. (5) See what a harmonious chord his rich, heavy colours make. (6) Note that the landscape, chiefly by virtue of its colours, is an important and integral part of the composition, and not merely a background to set the figures off against. (7) Observe how much better Palma's sheaf-of-wheat treatment of long hair harmonises with the rest of the picture than anything more realistic possibly could. (8) Note how much less the colours vary in intensity and saturation than in the pictures of Veronese.

(9) Feel the dignity of these broad masses of draperies. (10) Feel the vast, placid sympathy which knits all the figures together into a unified group.

Palma Vecchio (so called to distinguish him from his grandnephew, whose name was also Jacopo Palma) was born at Serinalta, near Bergamo. He probably studied with Giovanni Bellini, but the style that he learned from that master was greatly modified by his later study of the work of Titian and Giorgione, and of his intimate friend, Lorenzo Lotto. He became one of the most fashionable portrait painters in Venice, especially as a painter of women. His principal pupil was Bonifazio.

"These Venetian beauties are seldom intellectual, nor do they often appear possessed of any great power of emotion. But they are always intensely feminine, and in their flowing silken robes with ropes of pearl about their white necks, softly gleaming stones on hair, breast and fingers, they express fully and perfectly the opulence and the indolence of the aristocracy of the time which gave them birth."—*Mary Knight Potter.*

"His pictures to the last kept something of the rude, grave character proper to his mountain province."—*E. H. and E. W. Blashfield.*

"Palma took high rank among those painters of the distinctively Venetian type who remain a little below the leading masters. For richness of colour he is hardly to be surpassed."—*W. M. Rossetti.*

Best represented in Venice, Vienna, and Dresden.

Masterpiece: *St. Barbara,* Santa Maria Formosa, Venice.

***Perugino** (Pietro Vannucci, 1446-1524), Umbrian School. Pronounced pā″rōō-jē′nō̇.

(1) Note the smallness of the mouth and eyes, the narrowness of the nose at the tip, and the perfect

oval of the face. (2) Feel the delicacy with which the fingers rest on whatever they come in contact with. (3) Notice the long, undulating sweep of Perugino's landscapes; study the other long, gently curving lines till you feel the particular quality of their curvature. (4) Note how little ornament he uses, and how naturally and simply he allows the draperies to hang. (5) Realise the physical quiescence and passivity of his people, and the silence which surrounds them. (6) Feel the delicate, etherial quality of the flesh, its freedom from all sensuality. (7) Feel the clear, infinite depths of atmosphere in which these people are immersed. (8) Notice how childish their faces seem at first, how innocent, not only of passions and desires, but even of transient and superficial emotions. (9) Then study the wistfulness of the mouth; and look intently into the eyes, until you feel that they are seeing, not material things, but visions. (10) Realise that these beings have been lifted above the ordinary human emotions which the saints of most painters display, into a realm in which their existence is devoted to pure contemplation of the divine. (11) See the soul glowing in their faces, not in its ordinary forms, such as affection, nobility of character, or idealism, but with a light which suggests neither heat nor energy, but rather the mild radiance of a Crookes tube or a glow-worm. (12) Realise that these souls have become conscious of their solitude in the world.

Perugino was born at Città della Pieve, not far from Perugia. At nine he went to the larger city as apprentice to some painter now forgotten. Later he learned perspective from Piero della Francesca; and studied, with his friend Leonardo da Vinci, under Verrocchio in Florence. His reputation increased steadily, and, thanks to an unusual shrewdness at the financial side of his profession, his fortune grew with it. In 1483, when he was thirty-seven, he was called to Rome to assist in the decoration of the Sistine Chapel. His most ambitious work there was later destroyed to make room for Michelangelo's "Last Judgment," but three frescoes still remain on the side walls. Three years later he appears in the court records in Florence, convicted of waylaying and beating someone in the streets, and sentenced to a fine of ten florins. For the next thirteen years he made his headquarters in that city, working at the commissions which overwhelmed him from all parts of Italy. His work was in such great demand that the Cathedral at Orvieto was forced to wait nine years for a picture, and the Signoria at Perugia twelve. But the possession of wealth only whetted his appetite for more; and he began to repeat his old motives for pictures again and again, and to turn out his work with little thought for anything but speed. Its quality degenerated so rapidly that when he brought suit against Michelangelo in 1504 for calling him publicly "a blockhead in art," he was not awarded even a farthing in damages. His popularity diminished with almost equal celerity, and he soon retired to Perugia, to spend the remainder of his life in obscurity. Among his pupils were Raphael and Pinturicchio. Though he has often been accused of possessing little religion, his best work seems an indisputable proof to the contrary. Taine suggests that he may have been one of those who were made sceptical by the failure of Savonarola's prophecies.

"No pain comes near the folk of his celestial city; no longing poisons their repose; they are not weary, and the wicked trouble them no more. Their cheerfulness is no less perfect than their serenity; like the shades of Hellas, they have drunk Lethean waters from the river of content, and all remembrance of things sad or harsh has vanished from their minds."—*J. A. Symonds.*

"It is the embodiment, with only as little body as is absolutely required, of a soul; and that soul simplified, rarified into only one condition of being,—beatitude of contemplation. It is alone, motionless; space and time and change have ceased for it; contemplating, absorbing for all eternity that which the eye cannot see, nor the hand touch, nor the will influence,—the mysterious, the ineffable."—*Vernon Lee.*

"In that terrible barbarous Umbria of the days of Cæsar Borgia, the soul developed to strange, unearthly perfection. The city of Perugia, which was governed by the most ferocious and treacherous little mercenary captains; whose dark, precipitous streets were full of broil and bloodshed, and whose palaces full of evil, forbidden lust and family conspiracy, was one of the most pious in all Italy. A moral plague was thick in the air, and those who would escape infection must needs fly, take refuge in strange spiritual solitude, in isolated heights where the moral air was rarefied and icy. This solitary and inactive devotion, raised far above this world, is the feeling out of which are molded those scarce embodied souls of Perugino's."—*Vernon Lee.*

"This uplifted hill city, with its low horizon and its ever-present background of light-filled sky, was Perugino's best master, and he in turn, of all her artists, was the first one to see the nobility of Umbria and the glory of her landscape."—*E. H. and E. W. Blashfield.*

Best represented in Perugia and Florence; Paris, London.

Examples of best work: *Crucifixion,* Santa Maddalena dei Pazzi, Florence; *Delivery of Keys to St. Peter,* Sistine Chapel, Rome; *Vision of St. Bernard,* Old Pinakothek, Munich.

Piero della Francesca, see Francesca.

Piero di Cosimo (Pietro di Lorenzo, 1462-1521), Florentine School. Pronounced pyā′rō̇ dē̇ kŏ′sē̇-mō̇.

(1) If Piero's figures look unnatural to you, select one of them, focus your eye several feet behind it, and look *through* it for a time instead of at it, so that you receive a vague, but not unpleasant, impression of it. (2) Then study it more carefully, in normal focus; begin with the trunk and limbs, and save the head until the last. Feel the physical enjoy-

ment of life, the naïveté, and a certain air of repressed humour. (3) Study the remaining figures in the same way. Note especially the quivering vitality, of flesh as well as of personality. (4) Note the naïve expressiveness of the gestures. (5) Observe the playfulness of the animals, and the tenderness with which many of them are depicted. (6) Study the picture for evidence of the intense sympathy of the painter for his characters. (7) Note that people, trees, animals, etc., have been so distributed over the canvas that no spot on it is left without an object of interest.

Piero di Cosimo was born in Florence in 1462. The name by which he is best known was due to his apprenticeship to Cosimo Rosselli. Although highly original, both as a painter and as a man, he imitated, at various times, the styles of most of his contemporaries. As he grew older he became exceedingly absent-minded and a great lover of solitude. He would often stand for hours gazing at the clouds or at old walls, seeing in their indefinite forms endless cities, landscapes, and great combats. He refused to allow his rooms to be swept, or the vines in his yard to be pruned. He had no regular hours for meals, eating only when he happened to feel hungry, and often nothing then but hard-boiled eggs, which he cooked fifty at a time in the water with which he made his glues and varnishes. Vasari says, "This mode of existence suited him so perfectly that all others appeared to him to be mere slavery in comparison with his own." He had a horror of all noises, the cries of children, the sound of bells, the singing of monks, coughing, and even the buzzing of flies. He had a great fear of thunderstorms. Yet in spite of his eccentricities, to quote Vasari once more, "Piero di Cosimo was extremely amusing and varied in conversation, and would sometimes say things so facetious and original that his hearers would be ready to die with laughing." Andrea del Sarto is his best known pupil.

"His manner was indeed altogether different from that of most other artists, in its extravagance or peculiarities;

nay, he may even be said to have changed it and adopted a new one for every new work that he executed."—*Giorgio Vasari.*

"Quaint, quizzical, fantastical Piero loved to employ his whimsical fancies in depicting classical fables."—*Edith Harwood.*

"There is hardly a picture of his in which animals do not occur—pigs, rabbits, pigeons, ducks, cranes, or swans." —*Richard Muther.*

"His landscapes are impressive by reason of their broad and distant views and their mighty simple line."—*Richard Muther.*

"This primitive, yet confidential manner . . . ."—*Richard Muther.*

Best represented in Florence.

Examples of best work: *Death of Procris,* National Gallery, London; *Mars and Venus,* Kaiser Friedrich Museum, Berlin; *Story of Perseus,* Uffizi, Florence.

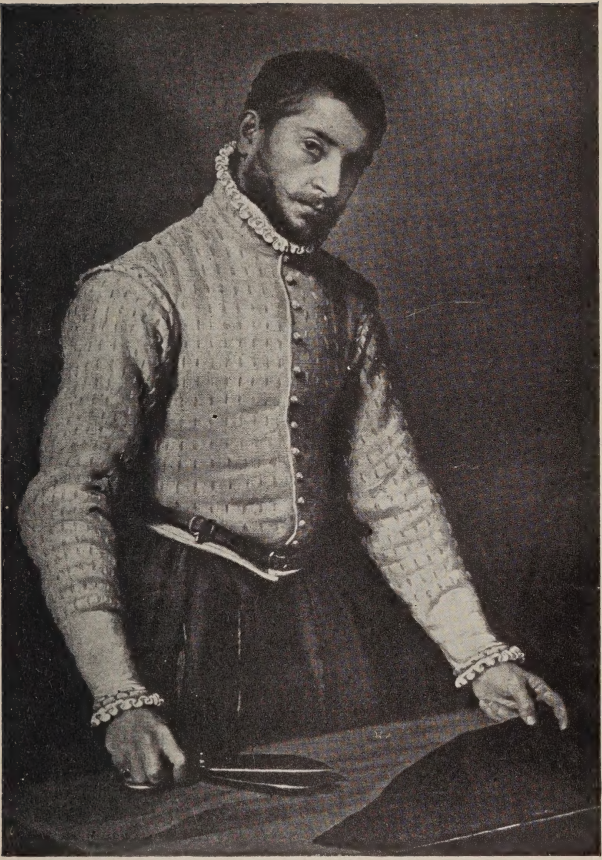
Pinturicchio (Bernardino di Betto di Biagio, 1454-1513), Umbrian School. Pronounced pėn″tōō-rē̇′kē̇-ō.

Mural Paintings: (1) See how much dignity, richness, and warmth the whole scheme of decoration gives to the room, even when regarded merely as an arrangement in colour and gold. (2) Observe that few of the figures are engaged in any powerful or dramatic action, or betray any intense passions or desires. They are passive forms; and the eye or the mind can dwell on them as idly as it pleases. (3) Study them till you feel their freedom from the solemnity, the austerity, and the sense of heavy responsibility which burdened the lives of so many of the people who have come down to us in the pictures of the fifteenth century. (4) Feel the charm of

Pinturicchio's animals: the playfulness of the rabbits, the faithfulness of the dogs, and the nobility of the horses. (5) Note the variety of incident, of setting, of costume, and of colour with which he combats monotony. (6) Observe the simplicity of the expressions, the gestures, the attitudes, and the characters of his people. (7) Note that, without sacrificing either liveliness, strength, naturalness, or interest, he has achieved the flatness which distinguishes good wall-decoration from small easel pictures. Compare with Puvis de Chavannes. (8) Notice that no single figure, incident, colour, or detail is heavily accented; but that the eye slips easily and restfully from one to another. (9) See how little trace of strain or effort appears in any of the work; one feels instinctively that the man was a master of the art of decorating walls. (10) Note how successfully he keeps himself, his preferences, his emotions, and his theories, in the background. His work exhibits, in short, just that combination of intelligence, moderation, and vitality which makes a man a pleasant companion, and this is at least half the secret of its success as decoration.

We first hear of Pinturicchio ("the little painter") as Perugino's chief assistant in the decoration of the Sistine Chapel, in 1481-83. He continued to work in Rome for some fifteen years more, but during the latter part of his life his commissions took him all over central Italy. It is interesting to read, after studying his work, that his contract for decorations at Orvieto was broken by the cathedral chapter, soon after he had undertaken the task, because he was using gold and ultramarine in such extravagant quantities. It has been conjectured that before he began to work with Perugino he was a pupil of Fiorenzo di Lorenzo in his native city of Perugia.

"Pinturicchio's worth as a painter has been for the most part undervalued, partly owing to the very strong



THE TAILOR—*Moroni*
NATIONAL GALLERY

prejudice and dislike which tinges Vasari's biography of him."—*J. H. Middleton.*

"He is no dramatist, but he is a delightful story-teller, and, like the mediæval singer of interminable romance, he rambles far afield, and often loses the thread of his narrative in a labyrinth of episodes."—*E. H. and E. W. Blashfield.*

"His forms lack the nobility of Perugino's, his religious emotion is less deep, but he is not self-conscious, and he has a freshness and raciness which saves him from fatiguing by monotonous sweetness. Perhaps the truest explanation of his charm is to be found in the union of two incongruous elements: the artificial and mannered grace, the search after the exquisite and the splendid, joined to the naïve and childish simplicity, the freshness and Arcadian fancy of the Umbrian School. He is to painting what the ballad singer is to poetry: slight, garrulous, naïve, infectious, and with a haunting melody of his own."—*Evelyn M. Phillipps.*

"The harmony of proportions, sweep of outlines, rhythm of movement—all these were alike unknown to him. What saves him is the variety of his pictorial resources, the ingenuity of his *mise en scène.* . . . He seems unable to bring about any connection between his figures, and this for two reasons—first, because he never carefully studied the laws of composition; secondly, because he never had a thorough understanding of the rules of aerial perspective."—*Eugène Müntz.*

Best represented in Rome; Siena; Spello.

Masterpiece: *Frescoes,* Cathedral Library, Siena.

Piombo, Sebastiano del, see Sebastiano.

Pollajuolo, Antonio (Antonio di Jacopo Benci, 1429-1498), and **Piero** (Piero di Jacopo Benci, 1443-1496), Florentine School. Pronounced pŏl″lä-yōō-ō′lȯ.

(1) Study the athletic cleanness of the figures, their nervous energy, and the strength of their

hands. (2) Note the decisiveness of the outlines of face and limbs; and the strong, fearless poise of the head. (3) Examine all the prominent muscles till you feel how intensely and completely they suggest the most essential qualities of muscle. (4) Notice the freshness and spotlessness of the draperies. (5) See how much boldness of effect the painter has gained by placing the chief figures so near the front of the picture. (6) Observe how furious the action is in many of the pictures. (7) Note how rich and heavy the colouring often is,—especially for a Florentine. (8) Study various important lines in the picture, until you realise how much each of them expresses and begin to feel the skill and power of the man who drew them.

The Pollajuoli were sons of a goldsmith who was employed by Lorenzo Ghiberti; this nickname means "little poulterers" and was derived from their grandfather's trade. They began their artistic careers as goldsmiths, but soon turned to sculpture, engraving, and painting. There has been a great deal of discussion over the respective shares of each brother in the work which went out from their studio, but it is generally conceded that Antonio was the leading spirit in the firm. Benvenuto Cellini wrote of him, "He was so great a draughtsman that not only all the goldsmiths worked from his designs, but that many of the best sculptors and painters were glad to make use of them, and by this means attained the highest honour. This man did little else, but he drew marvellously." And Vasari, "He understood the nude in a more modern way than any of the masters before him. He was the first to study the play of the muscles and their form and order in the body."

"He was a man of scientific and realistic temper, little concerned with beauty or sentiment, interested in mastering the human figure and in expressing its substance and its movement."—*Kenyon Cox.*

"Giotto was the first to give solidity and weight to the body, Donatello to realise its superficial forms and endow it with mind; it remained for Antonio Pollajuolo to present with complete science its structure of muscle and bone, its movements of limb and joint, and the complicated play of the muscular system."—*Maud Crutwell.*

"What is it that makes us return to this sheet [an engraving known as "The Battle of the Nudes"] with ever renewed, ever increased pleasure? Surely it is not the hideous faces of most of the figures and their scarcely less hideous bodies. Nor is it the pattern as decorative design. Least of all is it—for most of us—an interest in the technique or history of engraving. No, the pleasure we take in these savagely battling forms arises from their power to directly communicate life, to immensely heighten our sense of vitality. The significance of all these muscular strains and pressures is so rendered that we cannot help realising them; we imagine ourselves imitating all the movements, and exerting the force required for them—and all without the least effort on our part. And thus while under the spell of this illusion—this hyperæsthesia not bought with drugs, and not paid for with cheques drawn on our vitality—we feel as if the elixir of life, not our own sluggish blood, were coursing through our veins."—*Bernhard Berenson.*

"His line is sensitive and at the same time decisive. Swift and rhythmic, it curls like smoke or flashes like flame. The line of Botticelli has the same sensitive quality but not the same energy."—*Maud Crutwell.*

Best represented in Florence.

Examples of best work: *Hercules and the Hydra,* Uffizi, Florence; *David,* Kaiser-Friedrich Museum, Berlin.

Potter, Paulus (1625-1654), Dutch School.

(1) Feel the simplicity and directness with which Potter puts trees, clouds, and animals on his canvas. (2) Study each animal carefully till you feel the individuality in the expression of its eyes, the poise of its head, the way the body is set on the legs, the texture of the hair, etc. (3) Realise how natural

they are, and especially how completely *animal;* there is no trace of the sentimentality with which most animal painters clothe their four-footed models. (4) Be sure that, for a few moments at least, you actually *see* the picture as three-dimensional space; don't be content with merely recognising mentally that there are three dimensions.

Paul Potter was born in Enkhuizen in 1625. He learned the elements of painting from his father, and made many studies of animals in the fields about his native town. His short working life as a professional painter was divided between Delft, Amsterdam, and The Hague. The precocity which produced masterpieces at eighteen, and the feverish energy with which he worked, seem like premonitions of his early death at twenty-nine. From the point of view of patronage and appreciation during life, he was one of the most successful of the Dutch painters.

"If he was entirely wanting in imagination he made up for this defect by honesty and depth of feeling, unwearied industry and thoroughness, and by conscientiously and faithfully rendering everything he saw with his keen eyes."—*Wilhelm Bode.*

"When he must grasp a number of details as a whole, and give them a higher or a lower position, his talent seldom suffices, but when a multiplicity of details are of equal importance his rendering is unsurpassed."—*Wilhelm Bode.*

"His manner was uniform, monotonous, sometimes indeed heavy; but closer examination discovers fundamental seriousness, perfect naturalness, quick and thorough comprehension, and conscious patience."—*Paul Chéron.*

"Potter put his best work in the simple cattle-pieces; here only is he really a master, is he really unsurpassed." —*Wilhelm Bode.*

"He has written the true idyl of Holland. He has expressed the deep, attentive, delicate, almost maternal affection of the Dutch peasant for his beasts."—*Quoted by Emile Montégut.*

Best represented in Amsterdam, The Hague, Petrograd and London.

Most famous picture: *The Young Bull,* Mauritshuis, The Hague.

Poussin, Nicolas (1594-1665), French School. Pronounced pōō″săN′.

(1) Notice the lightness and vivacity of Poussin's people, and the ease with which they move. (2) Note how often they are grouped in some simple geometrical form,—a T, sometimes inverted or slanted; a circle; a circle cut by a line, etc. (3) Observe that the people, in spite of their alertness and exuberance, seem to be holding themselves somewhat in restraint. (4) Notice the sturdiness and vitality of his vegetation,—the leaves, as well as the trunks and stems. (5) Feel his delight in painting brilliant light; or, when that for some reason is impossible, moderately bright light. (6) Study the relation of the chief lines of the landscape to each other, until you realise that it was obviously composed by the artist, and not merely a reproduction of some actual scene. (7) Note how often trees and other objects have been so placed as to parallel the limbs and trunks of the human figures, or otherwise re-enforce them and make them more impressive. (8) Feel the dignity of the whole scene. (9) Compare Poussin's faculty of inventing attitudes and incidents with that of Rubens: note that he shows the same clean-cut, workmanlike efficiency; that his inventions seem just as sufficient to the purposes they were designed to serve, and that in addition he is less self-conscious, fresher, and more sincere.

Poussin was born at Les Andelys in Normandy. At eighteen he ran away to Paris to study painting. He found that the old system of apprenticeship was rapidly dying out, and as the academic schools which were soon to replace it had not then been established, good instruction in art was difficult to get. Paris, however, inspired him with an enthusiasm for Italy; and, after two unsuccessful attempts, he finally reached Rome, in his thirtieth year. After six years of poverty, during which he studied classic remains, perspective, and anatomy, and worked in Domenichino's studio, he married a girl who had nursed him through a serious illness. This event marked a turn in his fortunes. Commissions began to come more frequently, and he was soon able to buy a house on the Pincian Hill, in which he spent the remainder of his life. When he returned to Paris for two years, in 1640, at the request of Louis XIII., he was urged to stay, but he preferred the peaceful, artistic atmosphere of Rome. Roland de Chambray wrote of him, "He had a noble bearing, striking and severe features, a piercing glance, an independent character, and a soul nourished by lofty thoughts."

"His qualities are very thoroughly French qualities,—poise, rationality, science, the artistic dominating the poetic faculty, and style quite outshining significance and suggestion."—*W. C. Brownell.*

"With a labourious and mighty grasp, he put nature into the mould of the ideal and antique; and was among painters (more than anyone else) what Milton was among poets. There is in both something of the same pedantry, the same stiffness, the same elevation, the same grandeur, the same mixture of art and nature, the same richness of borrowed materials, the same unity of character."—*William Hazlitt.*

"There is a significance, a consciousness in whatever he does, beyond any other painter. His giants sitting on the tops of craggy mountains, as huge themselves, and playing idly on their Pan's-pipes, seem to have been seated there these three thousand years, and to know the beginning and the end of their own story. An infant Bacchus or Jupiter is big with his future destiny. Even inanimate and dumb things speak a language of their own."—*William Hazlitt.*

"I often met him with his handkerchief full of stones, moss, or flowers, which he carried home, that he might copy them exactly from nature."—*Vignuel de Marville.*

Best represented in Paris, London, and Madrid.

Examples of best work: *Et in Arcadia Ego,* Louvre, Paris; *Bacchanalian Dance,* National Gallery, London.

Previtali, Andrea (1480?-1528?), Venetian School. Pronounced prā-vē̇-tä′lē̇.

(1) Study the eyes and mouth, noting especially the distance between them, until you realise how seriously his people view life, and how high-minded, honest, transparent, devoted, and trustworthy they are. (2) Notice in the children the softness and tenderness of the flesh. (3) Compare his madonnas with Cima's. (4) Study the turned-back edges, the floating ends, and the various unnecessary folds and convolutions of the draperies, the dainty borders of cushions and robes; and note the emotional effect of the occasional intrusion of translucent fabrics and scarves of white, light blue, or lavender among the heavier reds and blues and greens, until you have distilled from the picture some notion of the peculiarly individual quality of the painter. (5) Half shut your eyes, and study the composition of the picture,—that is to say, the distribution and grouping of forms, colours, and light,—with especial regard to the fact that the whole picture is to be surrounded by a large gold frame. Note how much more compact, well-knit, and alive the picture seems after you have examined it from this point of view.

Previtali was born in Brembate Superiore, near Bergamo, about 1480. Little is known of his life beyond the fact that he went to Venice toward the end of the century to study with Giovanni Bellini. It is said that Titian, on his way to Cadore, always stopped in Ceneda to look once more at an Annunciation by Previtali.

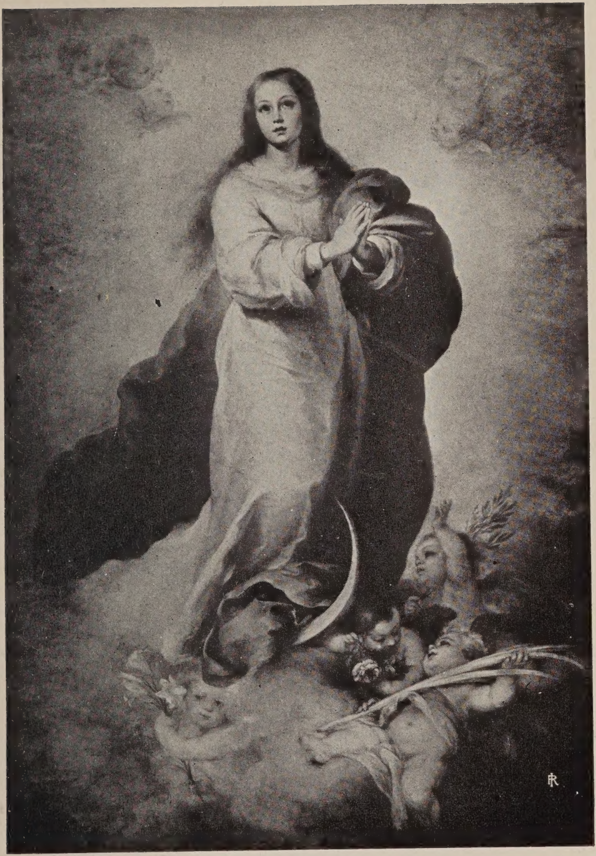
"Previtali is sometimes surprising in the intimate, almost German character of his landscapes."—*Richard Muther.*

Best represented in Bergamo.

Masterpiece: *Altarpiece in eight parts,* Carrara Gallery, Bergamo.

***Puvis de Chavannes, Pierre Cécile** (1824-1898), French School. Pronounced pụ″vės′ de shȧ″vȧn′.

(1) Although critics insist that the flatness of Puvis de Chavannes' painting is one of its chief virtues (because flatness of treatment is essential to any true decoration of flat walls), it is this very flatness which makes his work so hard for the average person to enjoy. Our habits of seeing demand a greater depth of space than we are able to find in it. Yet if we can once wrest from it this necessary illusion of depth, even for a few moments, we somehow are content, in the future, to accept its flatness, and even to enjoy it for its decorative value. (2) Begin with the vegetation. Study the picture at first as if it were merely a sort of map, and work out from it the exact spatial relations between (a) all the leaves on some one branch, (b) all the branches on that particular tree, (c) all of the trees and bushes, and (d) all the hillocks and little undulations on the surface of the ground. Keep at it until the scene suddenly expands before you into a bit of perfect three-dimensional space. (3) Turn to the people. Begin here with the space relations of single figures to each other, and then take legs and arms, and so back to the smallest details. Try to



THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION—*Murillo*
THE PRADO

feel the air between the folds of their garments. (4) Notice the beauty of the brightest parts of white robes. (5) Feel the humble, tireless patience of the people; and the simplicity with which they accept the duty of labour, whether it be physical or mental. (6) Feel the something which might be named loneliness in which they are wrapped; their seriousness, their sense of responsibility; and their half-consciousness of their motionless, symbolic, unending existence on a cold, flat wall. (7) When you have succeeded in so much, you are ready to study the pictures as pure decoration. Note first how clean and straight the trees are, and how especially effective they are when massed in groups. (8) Then observe how statuesque and perpendicular most of the figures are; and how reluctant every curve seems to depart from straightness. (9) Notice the beauty of the contours of some of the bodies, regarded simply as pure line. (10) See how beautifully the various groups have been built out of the single figures; see how the lines blend with and accent each other, especially when all the figures in the group stand erect but in slightly different attitudes. (11) Note the restfulness of the great spaces of blank colour. Feel the cool, low-toned harmony which binds all the colours together. (12) Study the distribution of objects within the space assigned to each panel, till you feel the fine serenity which Puvis has attained in each one.

Puvis de Chavannes was born at Lyons. He planned to enter his father's profession of mining engineer, but a trip to Italy taken while recovering from a serious illness filled him with such enthusiasm for art that on his return, at twenty, he went immediately to Paris to study painting under Henri Scheffer. Dissatisfied with the instruction he received, he left for a second trip to Italy to study Titian, Tintoretto, and Veronese. He returned to work for a time with Delacroix and Couture, but finally organised a group of friends into an academy which met for study without a teacher. At twenty-six, one of his pictures was accepted by the Salon; but during the next nine years everything he sent was flatly refused. Only Théophile Gautier and one or two other keen critics recognised his ability; the public merely laughed. But after the purchase of "Peace" by the French government in 1861, and its installation in the museum at Amiens, commissions began to come to him occasionally; and his reputation increased steadily,—though very slowly and only after hot critical combat at every step,—up to the end of his life. At his death he was generally conceded to be the greatest mural painter in the world. A legacy of moderate size which made him independent early in life permitted him to follow his own theories of painting without yielding an iota to public opinion, but throughout his life he was abnormally sensitive to criticism. He never admitted anyone to his studio while working; and he would accept unfavourable comment on his pictures only from the Princess Cantacuzène (whom he had loved since his thirties and finally married a year before his death). He used to say, "When I exhibit a picture I seem to be setting myself up naked before all the world." He was not the pale ascetic whom his pictures suggest, but had a gigantic appetite, a keen love of life, a tremendous vitality, and an unblushing self-respect. To an interviewer who asked him to name his favourite painter, he replied with the greatest frankness, "Myself."

"He early recognised that it was necessary to banish from a *wall* all realism, all attempt to convince the eye that the painted thing was real; and he soon came to class with this, as another form of deception to be avoided, all violent effects of light and shade which deceive the eye as to the flatness and solidity of that wall."—*Robert de la Sizeranne.*

"We must not ask of decorative painting illusion, nor deception, nor any kind of real truth. Decorative painting should hang on the walls like a veil of colour, and not penetrate them."—*Théophile Gautier.*

"I have always tried to be more and more sober, more and more simple. I have tried always to say as much as possible in the fewest possible words."—*Puvis de Chavannes.*

Best represented in Paris, Boston, Lyons, Amiens.

Raeburn, Sir Henry (1756-1823), English School.

(1) Note the warmth and health of the flesh colour. (2) Observe the mobility of the mouth, especially of the upper lip; and the kindly wisdom of the eyes. (3) Feel the honesty, simplicity, tolerance, and good-nature of the soul that looks out from them, and the straightforward wholesomeness of the whole figure. (4) Watch for the distant, meditative look in an occasional face. (5) Whenever the hands are crossed, try to feel the contact of flesh on flesh. (6) Note the depth and richness of the darker colours. (7) Feel the solidity in flesh and bone of every figure he paints. (8) Compare him with Velasquez, first in style of painting, then in attitude toward his sitters.

Raeburn was born at Stockbridge, a suburb of Edinburgh. Both his father, a manufacturer in the city, and his mother died before he was six, and he lived in a boarding school until he was fifteen. He was then apprenticed to a goldsmith; but soon found miniature painting more congenial, and from that worked into the painting of full-sized portraits. At twenty-two, he married one of his sitters, the rich Countess Leslie; but the financial independence which he thus attained seemed to make him only the more anxious to achieve distinction in his profession. After seven years more in Edinburgh he went to London, and from there, on the advice of Reynolds, to Italy, for two years of study in Rome. At thirty-one he returned to Edinburgh, and during the rest of his life left it only for brief visits. He was elected President of the Society of Artists in Edinburgh in 1812, and full member of the Royal Academy three years later. He was knighted by George IV. in 1822. He was an enthusiastic angler, archer, and golfer; he studied mechanics, ship-building, architecture, botany, and gardening; and the problem of perpetual motion was one of his hobbies. He painted over 700 portraits.

"A man of real emotions and practical genius rather than one given to fictitious fancies and poetic reverie."—*R. A. M. Stevenson.*

"His manly stride backwards, as he went to contemplate his work at a proper distance, and, when resolved on the necessary point to be touched, his step forward, were magnificent."—*Sir Walter Scott.*

"He had the faculty of catching likenesses to a degree seldom equalled, and probably never surpassed."—*R. S. Clouston.*

"Raeburn could plunge at once through all the constraint and embarrassment of the sitter, and present the face clear, open, and intelligent as at the most disengaged moments."—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

"If one looks generally at English portraiture from Van Dyck onwards, the most of it, the best of it, appears mannered in comparison with the work of Raeburn."—*R. A. M. Stevenson.*

"Raeburn stands nearly alone among the great portrait-painters in having never painted anything else."—*John Brown.*

Best represented in Edinburgh; London, and Glasgow.

Examples of best work: *Lord Newton, Mrs. Scott Moncrieff,* National Gallery, Edinburgh.

Raibolini, Francesco, see Francia.

***Raphael Sanzio** (1483-1520), Umbrian, Florentine, and Roman Schools.

Though the directions for Raphael are divided into three groups many of them will be found to be interchangeable.

Portraits: (1) Feel the mobility of eyes, mouth, and hands; contrast it with the repose of the rest of the body. (2) Gaze intently at the face, especially at the eyes and mouth, until its apparent placidity gives place to a stronger expression,—pride, discontent, slyness, humour, affection, love of life, or happiness. (3) Notice as you pass from portrait to portrait that the character of the sitter is the most distinctive feature of each one, that it is never clouded over by the painter's mannerisms. (4) Feel the naturalness of the people, their freedom from artificial poses, their apparent unconsciousness that they are sitting for their portraits.

Madonnas: (1) Study Raphael's reds, blues, and greens till you feel the harmony that exists between them, and the beauty that is due to their being distributed in just that particular way on the canvas. (2) Note the ample roundness of the limbs hidden beneath heavy draperies. (3) Feel the soft, yielding quality of the body of the mother. Realise that even if she is not able to feel sorrow intensely she has infinite power to comfort it. (4) Note the perfect oval of her face. Contrast the bright sparkle of the child's eyes with the gentle droop of the mother's lids. Feel the feather-light pressure of hands and feet. (5) Does it make the picture more acceptable to you to study the mother as an embodiment of the world's ideal of motherhood, and the child as an embodiment of a mother's ideal of childhood, instead of thinking of them as representations of actual human or divine beings? (6) Note how restfully the picture fills the frame; it does not seem to crowd against it, and there are, on the other hand, no blank, uninteresting patches of canvas near the edges. (7) If it is an outdoor picture, note how perfectly, *volume for volume,* the figures seem to balance the whole expanse of earth and sky.

The Larger Groups: (1) Don't look at the picture as something flat, made up of lines and patches of colour, but as a piece of three-dimensional space. See how harmoniously figures and objects are disposed about that space; look at it as if it were a tableau rather than a painting. (2) See how restful the picture is, as a whole and in every detail,—such as expression, gesture, flow of draperies, and poise of bodies. Notice how easily your eye slips from one figure to another. (3) Compare with nearby pictures till you realise the masterly way in which Raphael has tilted heads, turned bodies, and disposed of legs, arms, hands, and feet to avoid any stiffness or monotony and to knit the picture into a harmonious whole. (4) But observe that, however much the bodies may be posed to increase the orderly beauty of the composition, the souls inside them always remain sincere and natural. (5) See how sympathetic and affectionate they are; and how widely and deeply interested in what is going on about them; how reverent and how spiritually well-poised.

Raphael Sanzio, the son of the painter Giovanni Santi, was born at Urbino, on the border between Umbria and Tuscany. Though his father died when he was only eleven, he had already absorbed a great deal of the older man's knowledge of painting. At sixteen he was apprenticed to Perugino, and four years of work with that painter completed his training,—although he never ceased to assimilate whatever he found good in the work of his contemporaries. At nineteen he was painting independently, in a style hardly to be distinguished from Perugino's; two years later, when he visited Florence, he was received as an equal by her company of great artists.

He spent the greater part of the next four years there, painting, learning eagerly from everyone, and being received as eagerly for the mere pleasure of his presence. In 1508, he was invited to Rome by the architect Bramante, a fellow-citizen from Urbino, and, through his efforts, began to enjoy the patronage of the greatest connoisseurs in Rome, especially the banker Agostino Chigi and Pope Julius II. After the death of the latter in 1513, Raphael was retained at Rome by his successor, Leo X. (Giovanni de' Medici). He lived like a prince, in a house near St. Peter's, and had for royal retinue his fifty students, who, according to Vasari, followed him wherever he went about the city. He either knew personally or through correspondence all the great masters of his time; and he was treated with great deference by all the potentates of both church and state. All Rome was divided over the question as to whether he or Michelangelo was the greater painter. He died at the height of his fame, and was buried at the Pantheon. His personal charm has perhaps never been paralleled. Vasari wrote of him, "All harsh feelings and evil dispositions became subdued and disappeared at the sight of him,—every vile and base thought departing from the mind before his influence. And this happened because all were surpassed by him in friendly courtesy as well as in art; all confessed the influence of his sweet and gracious nature, which was so replete with excellence, and so perfect in all the charities, that not only was he honoured by men, but even by the very animals, who would constantly follow his steps and always loved him. . . . Truly may we affirm that those who are the possessors of endowments so rich and varied as were assembled in the person of Raphael are scarcely to be called simple men only; they are rather, if it be permitted so to speak, entitled to the appellation of mortal gods."

"Then came Raphael, the grand harvester, and bound up the sheaves of the Renaissance. . . . In Rome, the world's focus, Raphael declared himself for what he was, the supreme assimilator of all and every material that was fitted for the purposes of art. In the work of the men who had preceded him he saw almost instinctively what was best worth saving, perpetuating, sublimating." —*E. H. and E. W. Blashfield.*

"Raphael was not an artist in the sense that Michelangelo, Leonardo, Velasquez, or even Rembrandt was.

He was a great Illustrator and a great Space-Composer. . . . Whether then we are on the outlook for eminent mastery over form and movement, or for great qualities of colour and mere painting, Raphael will certainly disappoint us. But he has other claims on our attention—he was endowed with a visual imagination which has never even been rivalled for range, sweep, and sanity."—*Bernhard Berenson.*

"Raphael is not spiritual as we commonly use the term. The capacity for the deeper sympathies and profounder emotions is not in his creations. They long for nothing because they need nothing, because all change would be disfigurement. In lieu of spirituality, which in its intenser forms is incompatible with the temper of Raphael, his work is characterised unfailingly by a quality often confounded with spirituality. That quality is refinement. They suggest the possibilities, not of spiritual discipline, but of sensuous development in the direction of delicacy and good taste."—*H. H. Powers.*

"The comparison of Raphael with Michelangelo is inevitable, but not very profitable; each sat upon the mountain-top, one in clouds, the other in sunshine; for Buonarrotti's *terribilitá* we have Raphael's serenity; in either quality there is power. Michelangelo's was the most overwhelming personality in the history of modern art; a whole generation struggled in its shadow and could not escape its fascination. Raphael used the personalities of all the greatest artists of his time and made some of their best his own."—*E. H. and E. W. Blashfield.*

"If the authorship of his paintings were unknown, who would guess that the Sposalizio of the Brera, the Madonna del Baldacchino of the Pitti, and the Transfiguration could possibly be the work of one painter? In the seventeen or eighteen years which composed his short working life he passed through stages of development for which a century would not have seemed too long, while other painters lived through the same changeful time with but little alteration in their manner of work. Perugino, who outlived his wonderful pupil, completed in 1521 Raphael's San Severo fresco in a style differing little from his paintings executed in the previous century."—*J. H. Middleton.*

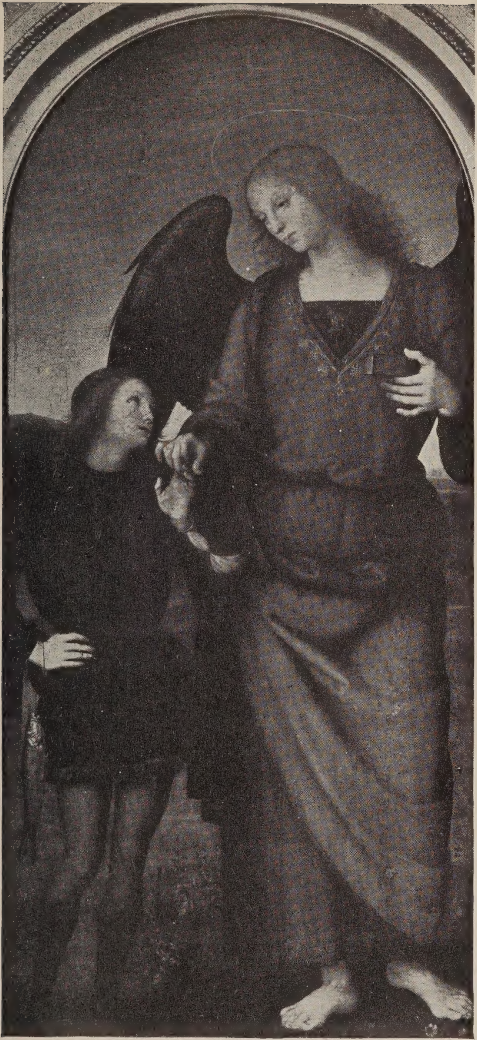
Best represented in Rome; Florence, Paris, and Dresden.

Examples of best work: *Sistine Madonna,* Zwinger, Dresden; *School of Athens,* Vatican, Rome; *Julius II,* Pitti, Florence.

***Rembrandt Harmenz van Rijn** (1606-1669), Dutch School.

Portraits: (1) Don't try at first to study any details in the picture; simply let yourself feel, with as little positive effort as possible, the warm, golden glow of the light. (2) If you happen to be looking at one of the rare pictures in which Rembrandt seems to have tried deliberately to be gay and jaunty, notice what warmth and fulness of life he has given to his sitters, partly through the expression of face and figure, and partly by means of light and colour. (3) Observe that his people are never pretentious, yet that they possess a dignity with which no one would ever take liberties. (4) Note how easily his somberest faces might break into a smile, if the provocation were great enough. (5) Study his people till you feel their sublime patience with life, a patience which never sinks into despondency or fades into indifference. (6) Observe that his men, especially, seem to have lived life to the full and yet to be just on the verge of some new experience, greater than any that has gone before. (7) Feel that they are in the presence of some great mystery, sometimes awed by it, sometimes bravely unmoved, and occasionally half comprehending it already. (8) Note that though their faces are those of men of action they are usually in a thoughtful mood, and often in that deep thoughtfulness which only those who are least accustomed to thought ever attain. (9) Observe that their consciousness of their own knowledge is always balanced by an equally strong consciousness of their own ignorance; and that, though their wisdom seldom reaches the degree which we attribute to the philosopher, philosophical is the word which best describes their expression.

Other Pictures (including etchings): (1) Rembrandt, perhaps, is more apt than any other of the very greatest painters to please on first acquaintance, and yet is the last of all to be fully appreciated. This is due largely to his peculiar reliance on light as his chief medium of expression. It is necessary to realise, first, that his ambition was not, like De Hooch, to reproduce as accurately as possible the light that he found in nature; but that he employed light, according to a scheme of illumination of his own, as a means of emphasis. His interpretation of a scene in nature may be compared to a sonata rendered by a master-pianist with an infinite variety and subtlety of accent at his command, and a sensitiveness to musical values which enables him to apply his skill to the production of the noblest effects. (2) Observe that it is always the most important figure or incident in the picture which first catches your eye. Realise that the whole distribution of light in the picture is designed to lead your attention to this one spot, and to hold it there. (3) But note, nevertheless, that you can look with perfect comfort at any less strongly accented portion of the picture as long as you care to. Observe that the central light never becomes too glaring. Note how often the light which fills the rest of the picture seems to proceed from this centre rather than from any outside source of illumination. (4) Feel the mysterious value which these floods of light seem to



RAPHAEL AND TOBIAS—*Perugino*
NATIONAL GALLERY

impart to whatever they enfold; and, on the other hand, what a vast sublimity fills the shadowy recesses of these rooms and caverns. (5) Try to discover every fleck of light in the picture. (6) If Rembrandt's figures occasionally seem coarse and his attitudes inexpressive, remember that he did not speak chiefly through them, but through the light which enfolds them. Move away slowly until the emotional effect of the light replaces that of the faces and figures. Turn to one of his portraits to convince yourself that he could paint people well enough when he cared to. (7) See how free the picture is from the ordinary artifices of composition, and yet how unmistakably it stands out as a *picture,*—not a mere photographic copy of life, but life dissolved in a great soul to be precipitated as something nobler and deeper. (8) Realise how hard it would be to select any one element,—colour, form, texture, emotion, character, story, or even light,—and assert that the picture seemed to have been painted with regard to that alone; realise that every detail has been toned down and harmonised with all the others, all for the sake of achieving a greater unity. (9) Study the expressions of the faces, and the particular inventive quality revealed in the incidents used, in picture after picture, until you discover in them a quality of personality which is peculiar to Rembrandt and common to all of his works.

Rembrandt was the son of a miller, who was known as Harmenz van Rijn, or Hermann of the Rhine. He was born in Leyden in 1606. His parents sent him to the Latin School to fit him for one of the learned professions, but soon yielded to his strong determination to become an artist and apprenticed him to a painter. At seventeen or eighteen, after three and a half years of study, he returned to Leyden and began to work by himself along his own lines, sketching and painting everyone whom he could persuade to sit for him, and especially the members of his own family. Seven years later he moved to Amsterdam. He had already received so many commissions from that city that it was more convenient to live there than to commute from Leyden. And, furthermore, its commercial supremacy, and the prosperity of its citizens, offered a much more fruitful field for a portrait painter than a city like Leyden, in which the chief industries were religion and philosophy. Evelyn wrote of Amsterdam in 1641, "It is certainly the most busie concourse of mortalls now upon the whole earth and the most addicted to commerce." With the painting of "The Anatomy Lesson" in 1632, Rembrandt, already famous, became at one bound the leading painter of the city. Commissions came with such rapidity that people often had to wait months for a sitting. Two years later he married Saskia van Uylenborch, and for eight years, until her death in 1642, his contentment, his popularity, and his prosperity continued to increase. He bought a large house, gathered a valuable collection of paintings, armour, and engravings, and lavished costly presents on his wife. With her death, his troubles began. "The Night Watch," painted in the same year, brought down a storm of criticism on his head. The long-continued wars were beginning to exhaust the country, and money was becoming scarce. Rembrandt was forced to borrow again and again; his financial affairs became so involved that the court interfered on behalf of his son Titus; and, finally, in 1656, he was declared bankrupt. His goods were sold at auction, even to his table linen; but he merely took cheap lodgings nearby and continued to produce masterpieces with as much regularity as before. In 1668 Titus died, and a year later, Rembrandt himself. His chief pupils were Dou, Bol, Flinck, Koninck, Fabritius, Hoogstraten, and Maes. He left over 700 pictures. Though he has to share his pre-eminence as a painter with several others, his title to first place as an etcher stands undisputed.

"We admire a Terborch, a Pieter de Hooch, a Jacob van Ruisdael, or a Paul Potter for their artistic power of delineating with inimitable truth and delicacy a small section of Dutch country and people; but Rembrandt's greatness consists in his detaching himself from all this, in giving his representations a universal, human character, in surrounding them with a halo which makes them appear as coming from a higher world."—*Wilhelm Bode.*

"As an executant in oils Rembrandt belongs to those painters who delight in the medium for its own sake, and are never tired of testing its capabilities for conveying the most varied impressions of colour and texture."—*G. Baldwin Brown.*

"Rembrandt's art is the antithesis of Greek art. The Greek is founded upon a hypothesis, upon the assumption of a possible perfection; Rembrandt's upon an acceptance of imperfection, upon the facts of life in relation to things as they exist. . . . As humanity gropes toward some divine reconciliation of the coexistence of evil with good, so art must find some means of spiritualising the facts of life and of idealising the homely and ugly. This pre-eminently was Rembrandt's gift."—*Charles H. Caffin.*

"He has put the beauty of the spirit in the place of the antique beauty of form."—*Wilhelm Bode.*

"Our appreciation of the character of beauty has become enlarged by a realisation of the beauty of character. . . . We have discovered that the beauty of character is due, not to the form itself, but to the expression inherent in the form, and that character, as revealed by expression, is discernible also in things homely, even in the ugly."—*Charles H. Caffin.*

"Rembrandt fails often to see beauty where his theme would suggest it to him, but he seldom misses the significance, human or divine, of what is before him."—*G. Baldwin Brown.*

"Rembrandt is the first, in a certain sense the only, painter who has interpreted the Bible in the spirit of the Bible. His scenes from the New Testament are not pathetic renderings of the life of Christ or the apostles, like Giotto's; they are not classically conceived scenes, like Masaccio's or Raphael's; but they are the clear announcement of the religion of love, of the gospel of grace and salvation, which can be the portion of the mean, and even of the unhappy; and most of his figures are thus poor and miserable."—*Wilhelm Bode.*

Best represented in Amsterdam, Berlin, Cassel, Dresden, The Hague, London, New York, Paris, and Petrograd.

Examples of best work: *The Night Watch, The Syndics,* Rijks Museum, Amsterdam; *School of Anatomy,* Mauritshuis, The Hague; *Descent from the Cross,* Old Pinakothek, Munich; *Jacob Blessing Ephraim and Manasseh,* Museum, Cassel; *Saskia,* Zwinger, Dresden; *Self-portrait,* Louvre, Paris; *Man in the Gold Helmet,* Kaiser-Friedrich Museum, Berlin.

Reni, Guido, see Guido.

***Reynolds, Sir Joshua** (1723-1792), English School.

(1) See how graceful and alert Reynolds' women are, how capable he makes his men, and how playful and lovable all the children seem. (2) Notice the mildness of their expressions, and the simple good-nature which it seems to indicate. (3) Feel the glow of pleasure in many of the faces. (4) Look at the picture for a moment not as a portrait but as a bit of coloured canvas, and feel the soft harmony of the colours. (5) Observe how much of the strength and effectiveness of Reynolds' compositions is due to his use of dark backgrounds, and to his skilful placing of dark sashes, cloaks, etc. (6) Realise how much of the characteristic quality of the portraits is due to the shadows on the faces, both those that are spread broadly over cheek or forehead and those slighter ones that seem woven into the very texture of the flesh. Compare with Raeburn. (7) Notice the especial richness of the darker colours. (8) As you pass from picture to picture, note the originality, the spontaneity, the effectiveness, and the variety of the poses. (9) Observe that there is no taint of mere cleverness in his work.

Reynolds was born in Plympton Earl, in Devonshire, in 1723. His father, the rector of the village grammar school, intended to make the boy an apothecary, but finally consented to let him go to London, at seventeen, to study painting for two years with Thomas Hudson. Reynolds proved such an apt pupil that there was no further question about his becoming a painter, and at the end of his apprenticeship he set up a studio of his own in Plymouth. For the next few years he divided his time between that city and London. In 1749 he started for Italy and spent three years there in study. It was while working in the Vatican one winter that he caught a severe cold which resulted in permanent deafness. Of all the Italian painters he admired Michelangelo most, and he learned to care for Raphael only after a strenuous battle with his instinctive preferences. On his return to England he settled definitely in London. His work immediately caught the eye of the fashionable world; and he rose rapidly to a pre-eminence which, though contested at intervals by Opie, Gainsborough, and Romney as each one reached the height of his popularity, was never seriously shaken. He received six sitters each day, spent about four hours altogether on each portrait, and managed to turn out over three thousand in the course of his lifetime. Unfortunately, his predilection for experimenting with new oils and varnishes has shortened the life of many of them. When the Royal Academy was founded in 1768, Reynolds was elected its first president; and a few months later he was knighted by George III. In 1773 he was chosen mayor of Plympton. He was a close friend of Dr. Johnson's, and was intimate with Burke, Goldsmith, Garrick, Sterne, and most of the other celebrities of his day.

"In the fifteen years during which I had the pleasure of living with Sir Joshua on terms of great intimacy and friendship, he appeared to me the happiest man I have ever known."—*Edmond Malone.*

"He was never so happy as when in his painting room, and he often confessed that when he had complied with the invitations of the nobility to spend a few days of relaxation at their country seats, although every luxury was afforded which could possibly be desired, he always returned home like one who had been kept so long without satisfying food."—*James Northcote.*

"I have heard him say that while he was engaged in painting a picture, he never knew when to quit it or leave off, and it seemed to him as if he could be content to work upon it the whole remainder of his life, encouraged by the hope of improving it; but that when it was once gone from him and out of his house, he as earnestly hoped he should never see it again."—*James Northcote.*

"He was never thinking of how his work would appear to the man in the next street, but of how it would look by the side of Titian or Rembrandt."—*William B. Boulton.*

"I will become a painter if you give me the chance of becoming a good one; otherwise I will sell drugs."—*Sir Joshua Reynolds.*

"We are able to recognise reminiscences of this or that great man of the past in a score of his canvases."—*William B. Boulton.*

"He painted a little boy or girl as he would a kitten." —*Sir Walter Armstrong.*

"Damn him, how various he is."—*Gainsborough.*

Best represented in London.

Examples of best work: *Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse,* Gallery, Dulwich; *Angels' Heads, Dr. Johnson,* National Gallery, London; *Nelly O'Brien,* Wallace Collection, London; *Strawberry Girl,* Wallace Collection, London.

Ribera, Giuseppe (called Lo Spagnoletto, 1588-1656), Spanish School. Pronounced rē-Bā′rȧ.

(1) See how effectively Ribera has used the same violent contrasts between light and shadow which were so unpleasant in the hands of many of his contemporaries. (2) Feel the virility of the clear eyes, the crisp hair, the clean, hard flesh and general muscularity of his men. (3) Beginning with one hand, let your eye run up the arm, across the shoulders, down the other arm, and back again, until you

feel the solidity of the framework of the body. (4) Study the simple massiveness of Ribera's arrangement of figures and objects on his canvas. (5) Feel the vitality in the rough texture of the paint, and in these shadows which are almost as definite as those in architecture. (6) See what strong colour effects he gets from dull reds and browns, accented with blacks. (7) Feel the strong common sense of his people. (8) Note that the faces in the religious pictures, if not deeply inspired, are at least free from anything coarse, commonplace, or debasing. (9) Study the heads, especially the eyes, to realise that these people are conscious of some higher, divine power or tragic force; then study the attitudes toward that power expressed in the hands. (10) Feel the perfect self-confidence with which every inch of the picture was painted.

Ribera was born at Xativa, near Valencia, in Spain. He was launched on a classical education, with the expectation that he would fit himself for one of the learned professions; but he soon left school, studied for a time with the painter Ribalta, and finally made his way to Rome. One of the cardinals saw him in the street sketching the frescoes on the front of a palace, and was so impressed by the quality of the work that he took the boy into his own house. But Ribera, as usual, grew discontented, and left him to enter Caravaggio's studio. Quarrelling with that fiery master, he went to Parma to study Correggio's frescoes; then joined the army for a time; served in Algeria as a galley-slave; and finally reappeared in Naples, as poor as ever. But with his marriage to the daughter of one of the rich picture dealers of that city his fortunes changed; and commissions from rich patrons kept his purse well filled for the rest of his life. But success only made him jealous; and he organised a cabal of Neapolitan painters who managed, by the liberal use of threats, intrigue, and personal violence, to drive away every artist who invaded their territory, including Annibale Caracci, Guido Reni, and

Domenichino,—and thus to keep the local market for works of art strictly to themselves. His conversation is said to have been brilliant, witty, and sarcastic. His most distinguished pupils were Luca Giordano and Salvator Rosa.

"The ablest exponent of the fiercer and more brutal side of the Spanish character."—*Gerard W. Smith.*

"The gloomy inquisitorial spirit of the Spanish hierarchy is expressed in his pictures of martyrdom."—*Richard Muther.*

"In contrast to the cinquecento, which had avoided the representation of old age, Ribera felt himself most at home when he could paint aged faces furrowed by the hardships of life—grey hair, swollen veins and sinews."—*Richard Muther.*

Best represented in Madrid and Paris; Naples.

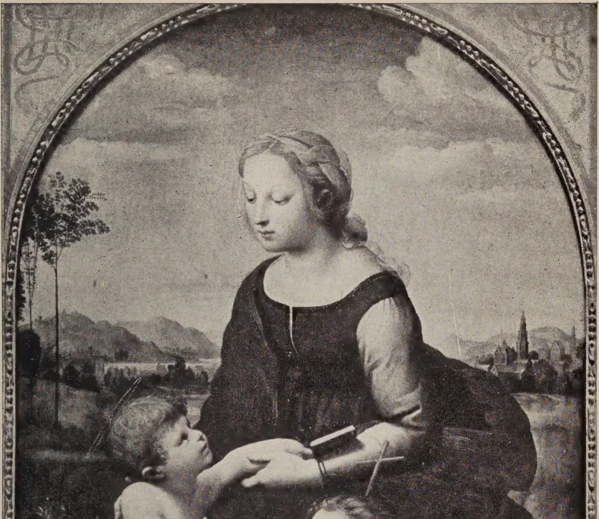
Examples of best work: *Descent from the Cross,* San Martino, Naples; *Martyrdom of St. Bartholomew,* Kaiser-Friedrich Museum, Berlin; *Jacob's Ladder,* Prado, Madrid; *St. Mary of Egypt,* Zwinger, Dresden.

Robusti, Jacopo, see Tintoretto.

Romney, George (1734-1802), English School.

(1) Study the cool freshness of the pose, and the spontaneous grace of attitudes and expressions. (2) See what liquid eyes Romney gives his people. (3) Study the broad, simple flow of the draperies, and the delicate restraint with which every line is drawn. (4) Note the sensitive poise of the head. (5) See how perfectly at ease the sitter seems. (6) Compare Romney with Raeburn, first as to form, then as to colour.

Romney was born at Dalton-in-Furness, Lancashire, in 1734. When he proved dull at his books in school, he was taken out and put to work in his father's cabinet-shop. He spent all his spare time in sketching; and his



LA BELLE JARDINIÈRE—*Raphael*
LOUVRE

work attracted so much favourable attention that at nineteen his father apprenticed him to an itinerant painter named Steele. The latter soon moved to York; Romney hastily married a servant-girl who had just nursed him through a serious illness and went with him. But when Steele started later for Ireland, Romney, then twenty-seven, broke with him and started for London, without even a letter of introduction, to try his fortune. He left his wife and children in Yorkshire, and during his first five years in London never mentioned their existence, even to his most intimate friends. He always kept them well supplied with money, but never brought any of them to live with him, and, until he went back, broken mentally and physically, to die, paid them only the briefest visits. He was always timid and reticent and morbidly sensitive to criticism, but extremely ambitious. He often worked thirteen hours a day. He began many vast historical compositions far beyond his power to execute; and as late in life as thirty-nine he studied in Italy for two years in the hope of overcoming his defects in technique. Except for a quarrel with Reynolds, which resulted in his refusing to exhibit at the Royal Academy or to present himself for membership, his career up to that time had been very successful, but he returned from Italy to even greater successes. His income increased to three or four thousand pounds a year, and he began to be considered a worthy rival to Sir Joshua himself. It was at this time that he first met Emma Hart, who later became Lady Hamilton. Her beauty and her witchery fascinated him. He painted her constantly as one after another of the fair and famous women of history, or simply as herself. He reduced the number of his other sitters so as to have more time to devote to her; and he grew irritable and miserable when deprived of her society. His infatuation lasted for years and was undoubtedly responsible, in large measure, for a nervous breakdown which resulted in his death in 1802.

"No one who ever set a palette had a more delicate sense of feminine beauty than George Romney; none perceived more keenly or rendered more surely than he, that blend of sensuous attraction and chaste meditation in the matron—of instinctive coquetry and unconscious reserve in the maiden—which we prize as the scarcely definable charm of the daughters of England."—*Sir Herbert Maxwell.*

"In the work of these eighteenth century artists we watch with pleasure the results of a graceful and patient talent. A gentle taste, a sensitive eye, and a hand lightly dexterous take the place of a splendid imagination and of a finished excellence in technical labour."—*Frederick Wedmore.*

"It was not the meaning of a face, but its look, that caught his fancy. He was an observer, not a thinker." —*John C. Van Dyke.*

Best represented in London, Cambridge, Liverpool.

Examples of best work: *Bacchante,* National Gallery, London; *Perdita,* Wallace Collection, London.

***Rossetti, Dante Gabriel** (1828-1882), English School.

(1) Note that Rossetti's compositions fill their frames almost to overflowing, yet that his figures seldom seem uncomfortably crowded but only sumptuous, luxurious, and abundant. (2) Are you at all conscious of the physical warmth of the bodies as well as of the warmth of the colouring? (3) Note that, in spite of the rich physical and emotional endowment of their being, their life seems to be rather a long dream than an intense contact with reality. (4) Note the clearness of the eyes, and the delicacy of their lines. (5) Feel the sturdiness of the neck, and the nobility of the whole figure. (6) If you find the lips too large and the faces too langourous, watch the people you pass on the streets of any southern English city until you are convinced that the Rossetti type actually exists. (7) Observe that Rossetti is too intent on expressing his own rich vision to appeal to any of the easy sentiments which always win popularity for a picture. (8) See how hard it is, in fact, to find any single adjective which

satisfies you as a description of the distinctive quality which you feel in his work. (9) Compare the quality of the individual colours which Rossetti used in his pictures, and the emotional effect of the chords in which he combined them, with Titian. Examine both the likeness and the differences.

Gabriel Charles Dante Rossetti (as he was christened) was born in London in 1828. His father was an Italian poet who had been exiled from Naples on account of his political writings; and his mother was the sister of Byron's physician. His brother, William Michael, became a distinguished art critic, and one of his sisters, Christina, ranks almost as high as a poet as her painter brother. Rossetti began his literary career at the age of five with a blank verse drama. He continued to write, without publishing, throughout his childhood; but at fourteen he left school to study drawing and painting. He attended various academies for five or six years, and finally became a pupil of Ford Madox Brown; but he was impatient for results, and despised all the elementary drudgery he was made to go through. He stopped trying to study under other people (a step whose effects he felt throughout his life in his hard struggles with technical difficulties), and set up a studio of his own with Holman Hunt. In 1848, these two, with Millais, organised the famous Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood; the other members were W. M. Rossetti, Woolner, Collinson, and F. G. Stephens. They proclaimed that their object was to return to the simplicity and sincerity of the men who had painted in Italy before Raphael. The Brotherhood held together only a few years as a definite organisation, but its spirit of revolt against conventionality became a great force in English art. At thirty-two, Rossetti married Miss Elizabeth Siddal, after an acquaintance of ten years. She died two years later, and he never wholly recovered from his grief. He buried with her the manuscripts of all his poems, and consented only with the greatest reluctance, seven years afterward, to have them exhumed and published. He shared rooms for a time with Meredith and Swinburne; and Burne-Jones, Ruskin, and William Morris were his devoted friends; but his increasing moodiness and irritability forced them, one by one, to give him up. During the last years of his life, his most faithful friend was the novelist Hall Caine.

"Never before has one man blended so perfectly the sister gifts of poetry and painting that it was impossible to pronounce in which he was superior."—*H. C. Marillier.*

"One of the most wonderful of Rossetti's endowments, however, was neither of a literary nor an artistic kind; it was that of a rare and most winning personality which attracted toward itself, as if by an unconscious magnetism, the love of all his friends, the love, indeed, of all who knew him."—*Theodore Watts-Dunton.*

"I have more than once had occasion to confute a current misconception that Dante Rossetti could be described as a sentimentalist, a dreamer, a mystic, an æsthete, and the like. He was full of vigour and buoyancy, a quick-blooded, downright-speaking man, with plenty of will and an abundant lack of humbug. He was impetuous and vehement, essentially of a dominant turn, in intellect and temperament a leader. He did not 'yearn.'"—*W. M. Rossetti.*

"In that great movement of man's soul which may be appropriately named 'the Renascence of the Spirit of Wonder in Poetry and Art' he had become the acknowledged protagonist before ever the Pre-Raphaelite brotherhood was founded, and so he remained down to his last breath."—*Theodore Watts-Dunton.*

"He belonged by nature rather than by effort to the Middle Age. A mind teeming with coloured and mystical imagery, and a sustained high temperature or intense habit of the soul—these were the gifts with which Rossetti grew up."—*Sir Sidney Colvin.*

"His religion was not objective—not based upon a faith in the supernatural, upon a transcendental ideal, a finite need of some fixed standard for life's government; it was a wholly *subjective* thing, a pure emotion, an ecstasy."—*Éduard Rod.*

"What he most cared for in the face was the expression of soul, and accordingly it is on the organs of the soul, the eyes and mouth, that his chief efforts are concentrated."—*Sir Sidney Colvin.*

"Possibly the most original genius in the domains of art and letters that this century has seen."—*Percy Bate.*

"A focus of inspiration such as no other man has been in England in our time."—*Sir Sidney Colvin.*

"Rossetti was the planet round which we revolved."—*Val Prinsep.*

"I mean it to be like jewels."—*D. G. Rossetti.*

Best represented in London, Birmingham, Liverpool, and Manchester. (Most of Rossetti's best pictures are still in private collections.)

Examples of best work: *Dante's Dream,* Walker Gallery, Liverpool; *Ecce Ancilla Domini!* Tate Gallary, London; *Portrait of Mrs. Morris,* Gallery, Birmingham.

Rousseau, Pierre Etienne Theodore (1812-1867), Barbizon School (French). Pronounced rōō-sō′.

(1) Step across the gallery from the picture, and note that a tree or a group of trees stands out as its principal object. (2) Step closer, and see how much harder it is than in other pictures to move your eye at once to this principal object. The eye seems obliged to cross the ground that lies between these trees and the frame. (3) Note that, after you have reached them, your eye cannot rest there in dreamy, peaceful enjoyment of a mood, as with Corot and Millet, but is forced to keep moving,—from leaf to leaf, and branch to branch, across the picture to another tree, up into the clouds, back to the foreground, down the road, always moving, as long as you continue to look. (4) Notice how solid this ground is, and how interesting it is in every inch of its surface. (5) Feel the clarion vitality of the

trees. (6) See how the colours glow, like burnished metals and precious stones. (7) Notice how much minute detail the picture includes, and how thoroughly it is unified. See how sketchy it makes many other landscapes seem.

Rousseau was born in Paris; his father was a tailor. Several of his relatives were painters, and he began his study of art by copying their pictures with scrapings from their palettes. At fourteen he took up painting more seriously, but soon grew disgusted with the conventional classicism of his instructors, and began to work by himself. He exhibited his first picture in the Salon at nineteen, and a second was accepted three years later; but for the following fourteen years, until after the revolution of 1848, the classicists who controlled the jury persistently and systematically refused his work. During these years he travelled a great deal in France and Switzerland, roaming the forests night and day, mad to understand them, to become intimate with every individual tree, and to surprise their inmost souls as no painter had done before him. He was passionately devoted to his painting. He used to say to Sensier, "Never is a day long enough; never is a night long enough." He often expressed the wish that he might devote his whole life to one prodigious picture which men might look at and then sigh, "There was a painter!" At thirty-six he moved to Barbizon, and spent most of his remaining years there. Four years later he was given the Legion of Honour, and for a few years he was happy and reasonably prosperous. Then his wife became insane and his own health broke; and the last years of his life proved the unhappiest of all. His most intimate friends were Millet and Dupré. His principal pupil was Diaz, who used to follow him at a distance when he set out into the forest of Fontainebleau, painting wherever he painted but not daring to speak until Rousseau approached him one day and offered to teach him whatever he could. Rousseau would never carry a gun, or injure an animal intentionally, or even kill ants and other insects. Millet's brother wrote, "One could not be near Rousseau and not love him."

"During his great periods he exhibited a mastery in the delineation of the impressiveness of form that has never been surpassed."—*Charles H. Caffin.*

"He is marvellously endowed with the gift of expressing the personality of a tree."—*Camille Mauclair.*

"It was the phases of her inexhaustible story, a story as old as mankind, and that will outlast the last of humanity, that he treated; and it is for this reason, because he suggested the continuity of her elemental forces, even while depicting a certain phase, that one may rightly describe him as the epic poet of the Barbizon school."—*Charles H. Caffin.*

"Rousseau's pictures are always grave in character, with an air of exquisite melancholy."—*D. C. Thomson.*

Best represented in Paris. (Most of his pictures are still in private collections.)

Examples of best work: *Edge of the Forest,* Louvre, Paris; *A Glade in the Forest,* Wallace Collection, London; *Hoar-Frost,* Walters Collection, Baltimore.

***Rubens, Peter Paul** (1577-1640), Flemish School.

Portraits: (1) Note the rather grim vitality of the men, the social ability of the women, and the playful irresponsibility of the children. (2) Feel the touch of aggressiveness which characterises them all.

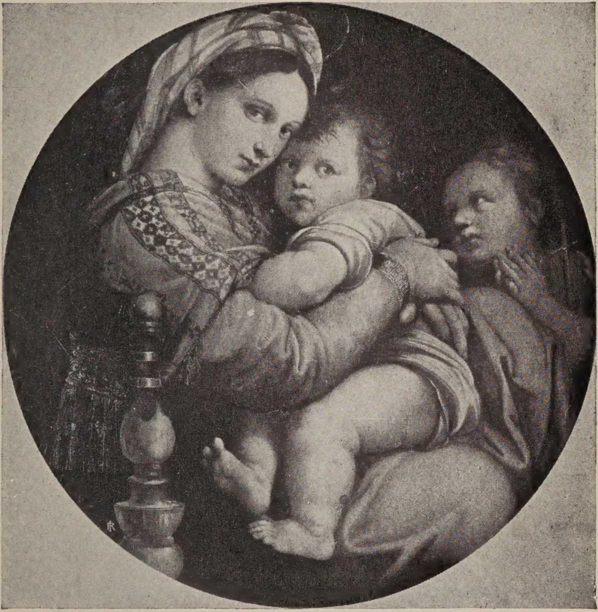
Other Pictures: (1) Don't look for spirituality, idealism, or even intellectuality in Rubens' people; and don't expect any very thoughtful or poetic interpretations of his subjects. Regard them as Rubens himself did, as opportunities for painting flesh, colour, light, life, and action. Force yourself, at first, to ignore or overlook the corpulence of faces and bodies. (2) Select one of the men at random.

Determine first what his part in the story is, what he is supposed to be doing, and what his relations to the other characters are. Then look intently into his face; do not try to read his character, but feel how intensely interested he is in whatever he happens to be doing, and try to discover just what emotion he is feeling at the moment. (3) Study his gestures and his attitude till you feel their perfect dramatic fitness to the part he is playing and realise how well he fills the part, however high it may be set above his normal plane of life. Repeat all these analyses with every important male figure in the picture. (4) Turn now to the women; study their faces one by one till you realise how light-hearted, playful, and carefree they are. See how lightly they move in spite of their superfluous flesh; note that never by any chance do they waddle. (5) See the roguishness in the children's eyes; follow the delicate tendril-curves of their hair. Observe how delightful that very plumpness which is so repulsive in their elders appears in them. (6) Study the beautiful translucent glow of the flesh; compare it with the peculiar glow which we observe in the faces of people of clear complexion on the first hot day of summer. (7) Study especially the shadows on the flesh and the reflections in it of bright lights and of the colours of surrounding objects. (8) Learn to look at the colours in the picture, not as spread on a flat canvas, but as the bounding surfaces of objects in three-dimensional space. (9) Observe the cheerfulness and kindliness and sincerity of these people. Feel their joy in living. Note how seldom Rubens displays a figure merely for its passive beauty: he always wants to show it in action. (10) Observe the strength and suppleness of the men and the directness and candour of their gaze; see how free they are from all the petty vanities. Note their perfect control over their muscles, and the readiness of their response to whatever demands may be made on them; observe that no matter how furious and impetuous they may seem they never actually lose control of themselves. (11) Observe the touch of self-consciousness in each face; note that you seldom forget that Rubens' pictures are inventions, compositions. Yet observe that, though seldom completely convincing, as inventions and illustrations they are always adequate. (12) Don't expect to feel the unity of the whole picture at once. Be content at first to build two or three figures at a time into a harmonious group. Note that whenever your attention wanders out toward the frame the eyes of the figures at the edge of the picture lead it back to the centre.

Rubens was born at Siegen, in Westphalia, in 1577, on June 29th, the day dedicated to SS. Peter and Paul. His father had been a prominent citizen of Antwerp, but had left it nine years before to escape being beheaded as a Calvinist. After his death, in 1587, the family returned to Antwerp. Rubens, after studying for several years under various painters, was officially enrolled at twenty-one as a master-craftsman, and was allowed to paint independently and to receive pupils. Two years later he went to Italy, and remained, for the most part in the service of the Duke of Mantua, until called back to Flanders in 1608 by the death of his mother. A year afterward, he married his first wife, Isabella Brant, a girl of eighteen. In 1640, six years after her death, he married Helena Fourment, then only sixteen. He wrote of her to a friend, "I have taken a young woman of honourable but middle-class parentage, although everyone advised me to choose a court lady. But I feared above everything to find pride in my companion, that special blemish of the nobility. This is why I have chosen one who will not blush to see me handle a paint brush." Almost immediately on his return from Italy he had been accepted as the leader of the Flemish School of painting. Commissions came to him faster than even his facile brush could execute them, and he utilised his numerous pupils as assistants, probably more efficiently than any other painter in the history of art. Within twenty years he had no rival in all Europe. The sovereigns whose portraits he had been painting so successfully appreciated his social graces and his tact as highly as they did his ability with the brush, and they now began to press him into service as an ambassador. He travelled back and forth between France, Spain, England, and the Netherlands, serving one country after another with the greatest impartiality, and painting, whenever he could find time, more magnificently than ever. He died at the very height of his glory, before either his skill or his fame had begun to wane. Roger de Piles wrote of him, "He was of large stature and commanding presence, and his features were well-formed and regular. His cheeks were ruddy, his hair auburn coloured, his eyes bright but not piercing, his countenance laughing, agreeable, and open. His manners were engaging, his humour easy, his conversation apt, his wit sparkling and keen, his fashion of speaking dignified, and the sound of his voice most agreeable. . . . He rose every morning at four o'clock, and made it his rule to commence each day by hearing mass, whenever he was not prevented from so doing by the gout, a malady which greatly incommoded him. After mass he set himself to work, having always nearby a paid reader who read to him aloud from some worthy book, usually either Plutarch, Livy, or Seneca. He ate and drank but sparingly, that he might not by satiety cloud or dull his faculties."

"The spectacular is his domain. Passions, attitudes of the body, expressions of countenance—he stamps all with the directness of his character, the warmth of his blood, and the magnificence of his vision. There is a glory, a trumpet-call, in his grossest works. His was the special gift of eloquence. His language, to define it accurately, is what in literature is called oratorical. . . . Here are much blood and physical vigour, but a winged spirit; a man who fears not the horrible, but has a tender and truly serene soul; here are hideousness and brutality, a total absence of taste in form, combined with an ardour which transforms ugliness into force, bloody brutality into terror."—*Eugène Fromentin.*

"The whole of human nature is in his grasp, save its loftiest heights. Hence it is that his creativeness is the



MADONNA DELLA SEDIA—*Raphael*
PITTI

vastest that we have seen. No one has shown so vividly the decay and bloom of life—now the dull and flabby corpse, now the freshness of living flesh, the blooming athlete, the mellow suppleness of a yielding torso in the form of a well-fed adolescent, the soft rosy cheeks and placid candour of a girl whose blood was never quickened, or eyes bedimmed, by thought, troops of dimpled cherubs and merry cupids, the delicacy, the exquisite melting rosiness of infantile skin. . . . No other painter has endowed figures with an impetuosity so abandoned and so furious."—*H. Taine.*

"Though he was a perfect 'courtier' he was no knight. His character lacked the element of high romance."—*Hope Rea.*

"Rubens is great, many-sided, and harmonious; with his gifts and training he almost appears like a grand figure of antiquity."—*Wilhelm Bode.*

"The large size of a picture gives us painters more courage to represent our ideas with the utmost freedom and semblance of reality. I confess myself to be, by a natural instinct, better fitted to execute works of the largest size."—*Letter of Rubens to W. Trumbull.*

Best represented in Vienna, Antwerp, Paris, Munich, Petrograd, and Madrid.

Examples of best work: *Descent from the Cross,* Cathedral, Antwerp; *Last Judgment,* Old Pinakothek, Munich; *Four Philosophers,* Pitti, Florence; *Garden of Love,* Prado, Madrid; *The Painter's Sons,* Liechtenstein Gallery, Vienna.

***Ruisdael, Jacob Van** (1625?-1682), Dutch School. Pronounced rois′dȧl.

(1) Note, as you stand across the gallery from the picture, how harmoniously its light and shade are distributed. Feel the grandeur of the clouds. (2) Move closer; note how far away the line of the horizon lies, and feel the coolness of the atmosphere. (3) If there is a waterfall in the picture, notice the

depth of the water just at the brink and the beauty of the curve in which it falls; feel the momentum of the tumbling water. (4) Note that Ruisdael has given not merely the surfaces of trees, rocks, earth, and water, but their full solidity and weight. Follow the surface of the ground with your eye until you realise how perfectly its garment of grass fits it, how naturally the trees and bushes spring from it, and how firmly it supports the buildings which have been erected on it. See how easily you can imagine a bed of solid rock beneath it and think of it as actually a fragment of an 8000-mile globe. (5) Half shut your eyes, and study the picture till you realise that no detail receives the same intensity of light as its neighbour. The light varies constantly, not merely from tree to tree and hillock to hillock, but from leaf to leaf and moss-patch to moss-patch. Try to look at all the high-lights at once, till you feel the unity which binds them together. Realise that they occupy definite positions in an illuminated, three-dimensional space. (6) Observe that nothing in the picture seems trivial. Note that the pictures are never too crowded and never too empty. (7) Observe that whenever dark objects are outlined against a bright sky they convey a suggestion of distance or of mystery. (8) Feel the restfulness of the tree-trunks, and the benign dignity of the contours of the earth. (9) Note that Ruisdael always prefers harmony to contrast. Feel the lack of nervous tension in his pictures; note their freedom from, or exaltation above, cares and worries and unpleasant moods. (10) Feel the rather pleasant tinge of melancholy in the masts, spires, and bare branches that are outlined against the sky. (11) Study the delicate gradations of colour on the ground and in the trunks and foliage of the trees, until you can accept their subtle variety as a substitute for the wider range and greater brilliancy of colour in modern landscapes. (12) When you are in Holland note how often the sky is filled with just such masses of sunlit clouds.

Ruisdael was born at Haarlem, in a family of painters. He was admitted to the guild of painters in that city in 1648, but was enrolled eleven years later as a citizen of Amsterdam. In 1681 he entered the almshouse in Haarlem, and died there in 1682. Little else is known of his life; but it is inferred from the wild, rugged scenery in his pictures that he must have travelled in Northern Germany or the Scandinavian Peninsula. He left over four hundred paintings.

"Ruisdael is, I think, next to Rembrandt the grandest figure in the Dutch School."—*Eugène Fromentin.*

"Place one of Ruisdael's canvases beside the best landscapes of the Dutch school and in the neighbouring pictures you will at once perceive holes, weaknesses, errors, a lack of drawing where it was needed, marks of cleverness where none were needed, ill-concealed signs of ignorance, erasures which savour of carelessness."—*Eugène Fromentin.*

"He has been reproached with his want of variety; but very great artists are never really various. Rembrandt is not various, Constable is not various, Corot is not various. The kind of monotony of which people complain in Ruisdael is neither more nor less than the domination of his personality."—*Sir Walter Armstrong.*

"Every detail is so skilfully subordinated to the dominant idea and feeling that only on nearer inspection are we conscious of its variety."—*Wilhelm Bode.*

"He has, in addition to his talent and in a greater degree than any other, a poise which gives unity to his work as a whole and renders each individual picture perfect. You are conscious of a certain amplitude in his paintings, a sureness, a deep peace."—*Eugène Fromentin.*

"In most of his pictures a longing, even a melancholy touch, predominates. The presentment of the lofty grandeur of nature, its permanence and eternal rejuvenescence awake in the observer the feeling of his own insignificance and transitoriness."—*Wilhelm Bode.*

"We find him simple, serious, and strong, very calm and grave, and so habitually the same that finally the force of his talent no longer strikes one, it is so sustained."—*Eugène Fromentin.*

Best represented in London, Berlin, Dresden, Amsterdam, and Petrograd.

Examples of best work: *Jewish Cemetery,* Zwinger, Dresden; *Waterfall,* Rijks Museum, Amsterdam; *Brederode Castle,* National Gallery, London.

Sarto, Andrea del, see Andrea.

Sebastiano del Piombo (Sebastiano Luciano, 1485-1547), Venetian School. Pronounced sā″bȧs-tḗ-ä′nō dĕl pḗ-ōm′bō.

(1) Note the effect of massiveness which the picture produces. (2) See how impressive the landscape is, and how dignified the figures. (3) Feel the decisiveness of pose and of gesture. (4) Try to feel the unusual powers of persuasion which Sebastiano's people possess. (5) Note how well the simple colouring harmonises with the rich, heavy flow of the draperies. (6) Note the firmness of the flesh. (7) Study the resemblances to Giorgione and Michelangelo. (8) Feel the repose in the long, straight mouth, and in the eyes which are so often looking out toward the frame at one side. (9) Note the capable, skilful hands.

Sebastiano was born in Venice. He first came into notice among the music-loving Venetians as a player on the lute; but soon turned to painting, studying first with Giovanni Bellini, and later with Giorgione. At twenty-six, he was invited to Rome by the wealthy banker and merchant, Agostini Chigi. He there began a great friendship with Michelangelo and a great rivalry with Raphael. Michelangelo, accused by the partisans of Raphael of being deficient in colouring, thought that by collaborating with a Venetian he might produce pictures which would excel those of his rival in that point as well as in all others. Accordingly, he furnished several designs for Sebastiano to execute in colour; and the popular verdict was, indeed, that Raphael would at least have to look to his laurels. But this friendship ended in a quarrel over the medium in which the "Last Judgment" in the Sistine Chapel should be executed. Sebastiano had persuaded the pope that it ought to be done in oils; but Michelangelo steadfastly refused to paint in anything except fresco, "oil painting being an art fit only for women, or idle and leisurely people like Fra Bastiano." Sebastiano's laziness was notorious. He was ambitious,—inventing a method of painting on stone in order that his pictures might last longer than those of his contemporaries,—but he hated the labour of wielding his brushes. Vasari wrote, "If on any occasion he felt himself obliged to execute a painting, he went to his work with such manifest reluctance that he might have been supposed to be rather going to his death." When he was forty-six he secured from the pope, at the cost of assuming the habit of a friar, the lucrative office of the "piombo," or keeper of the leaden seal. His salary freed him from the necessity of painting, and he promptly gave it up. When reproached for his idleness, he would reply, "There are geniuses now in the world who do more in two months than I used to do in two years; I think, indeed, that if I live much longer I shall find that everything has been painted which it is possible to paint, and since these good people are doing so much, it is upon the whole well that there is one who is content to do nothing, to the end that they may have all the more to do." And Vasari adds, "With these and other pleasantries, Fra Sebastiano was ever ready to reply, always facetious and amusing as he was; a better or more agreeable companion than himself, of a truth, there never lived." Before his death he ordered that he should be buried without any expense for priests or friars or lights, and that the money thus saved should be given to the poor.

"One of the most interesting recorded examples of an artist endeavouring to unite the qualities of two wholly different and equally great schools, those of Florence and Venice."—*E. H. and E. W. Blashfield.*

"One of those rare artists who, having the capacity for artistic greatness, have not character enough to develop that greatness."—*E. H. and E. W. Blashfield.*

"As a painter of portraits he stood in the very first rank, and in historical pictures he achieved now and again powerful effects only comparable to those of Michelangelo."—*Heinrich Wölfflin.*

Best represented in London, Florence, Berlin.

Masterpiece: *Raising of Lazarus,* National Gallery, London.

Best portraits: *Fornarina,* Uffizi, Florence; *Andrea Doria,* Doria Gallery, Rome.

***Signorelli, Luca** (1441-1523), Umbrian and Florentine Schools. Pronounced sē″nyô-rĕl′lē.

(1) Study intently, in the clothed figures, the forehead, the eyes, and the back of the neck; and, in the nudes, the muscles of the chest and abdomen; till one figure after another loses its stiffness and begins to look alive. (2) Shut one eye, and watch the figures gather themselves into a unified group. (3) If you are studying a portrait, follow the various lines, wrinkles, and contours until they suddenly unite and present to you a strong personality. (4) Feel the common emotion which knits together groups of saints that without it would have very little unity. (5) See what effective backgrounds Signorelli's dark skies make, especially for the heads. (6) Notice the fullness of the faces; and feel the peculiar glow of life in them which is due to a complete absence of self-consciousness. (7) See how many of these people have sunk into meditation on things infinite and ineffable. (8) Feel their dignity, their strength of character, their sound com-

mon sense, and the sanity of their attitude toward themselves and toward the rest of the world. (9) Study the flow of the lines till you get a suggestion of trickling water; study the forms and surfaces till you feel their resemblance to a bas-relief in metal. (10) Feel the lyrical quality of the picture,—a little cool and restrained, like a sonnet. (11) Note how many of Signorelli's people are completely under the sway of some mood or emotion, —wonder, worship, joy, affection, pride, etc. (12) Study each picture as an illustration, not merely of a story or incident, but of some great *idea.*

Signorelli was born at Cortona. He was one of the pupils of Piero della Francesca, but probably completed his training in Florence under the Pollajuoli. He always considered Cortona his home, but travelled constantly, between Siena, Arezzo, Orvieto, and Rome, remaining only two or three years at a time in each place. His fresco in the Sistine Chapel and a few in other rooms of the Vatican were destroyed to make room for the work of later painters. Vasari says of him, "I, who was then a little child, remember well the good old man, so gracious in manner, and exquisite in his personal appearance."

"As Leonardo added to art chiaroscuro (in its developed form), and Fra Bartolommeo added the principles of monumental composition, so Signorelli contributed the naked body as a decorative motive."—*E. H. and E. W. Blashfield.*

"Signorelli was the first, and, with the exception of Michelangelo, the last painter thus to use the body, without sentiment, without voluptuousness, without any second intention whatsoever, as the supreme decorative principle."—*J. A. Symonds.*

"Once one has grasped the main motive of Signorelli's work, his preoccupation with movement, and consequently with the muscles, his frequent faults and inequalities in other respects become, as faults of inattention, less incomprehensible. For example, his hands and feet are often incorrectly drawn, and badly modelled, but it is only when they are not essential to the action. . . . He makes us realize better than anyone before him the tenseness of sinew, the resistance of hard muscle, and the supple elasticity of flesh."—*Maud Cruttwell.*

"Donatello and Signorelli had much in common in their confident self-reliance and almost arrogant buoyancy of nature, which was the true Renaissance expression, and the outward sign of its immense strength."—*Maud Cruttwell.*

"The demand for votive pictures was so constant in the little mountain cities of the fiercely emotional province of Umbria, and indeed of those of Tuscany as well, that it created a kind of involuntary peripatetic school of widely different masters; and we find Signorelli, Perugino, and Pinturicchio hurrying about from one hill town to another, until Vasari's Life of Signorelli becomes a confused catalogue of names and places, churches and cities."—*E. H. and E. W. Blashfield.*

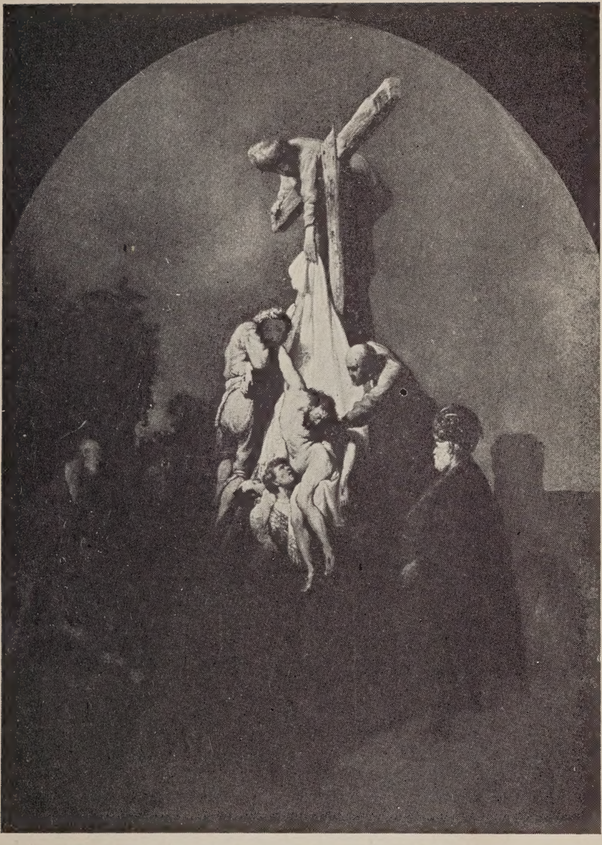
"How we are made to feel the bewilderment of the risen dead, the glad, sweet joy of the blessed, the forces overwhelming the damned! It would not have been possible to communicate such feelings but for the nude, which possesses to the highest degree the power to make us feel, all over our own bodies, its own state."—*Bernhard Berenson.*

Best represented in Orvieto, Cortona, Florence, Berlin, Monte Oliveto Maggiore.

Masterpiece: *Frescoes,* Cathedral, Orvieto.

Sodoma, Il (Giovanni Antonio Bazzi, 1477-1549), Lombard School. Pronounced sō̍dō-mä.

(1) Sodoma's best pictures are far above his average; don't give up trying to enjoy him until you have seen several of them. (2) Note first the peculiarly sinuous, almost tremulous, quality of many of the figures, often suggesting weeds swaying in the water of a brook. (3) Study the people until you feel their unobtrusiveness. They possess no



DESCENT FROM THE CROSS—*Rembrandt*

MUNICH

qualities which would make anyone uncomfortable in their presence. (4) Note how slowly and languidly your eye moves over the picture; how uniformly sweet and rich its tone is, yet how seldom cloying. (5) Study the faces and the bodies until you feel the unusual sensitiveness of these people, a sensitiveness of the mind, the senses, and the sympathies. (6) Note especially the frequency with which the hands reveal an impulsive nature. (7) Observe that Sodoma is completely free from a timidity which Raphael never wholly overcame. (8) Feel the physical ease of the great majority of these bodies; and feel, too, the yielding quality in their personalities, their lack of stubborn wills. (9) Were any other painted people ever so uniformly and perpetually happy? (10) Feel the spontaneity of Sodoma's invention of attitudes and incidents. (11) Compare him with Leonardo and Luini. (12) Note how many of the faces, especially among the younger figures, are glowing with a rapt vision.

Sodoma was born in Vercelli in Piedmont; he was the son of a shoemaker. He began his career with a seven-year apprenticeship to a glass-painter; but at twenty-four we find him in Siena, working as a full-fledged painter. His eccentricities and his exuberant whimsicalities soon won the hearts of the pleasure-loving Sienese; and their liberal patronage enabled him to indulge in still madder pranks. Vasari, who felt that such frivolity was an outrage against Art, wrote of Sodoma's domestic arrangements, "He had a fancy for keeping all sorts of strange animals in his house, badgers, squirrels, apes, cat-a-mountains, Barbary race-horses, Elba ponies, jack-daws, bantams, turtle-doves, and other animals of similar kind. He had a raven, which he had so effectually taught to speak that this creature counterfeited the voice of Giovan Antonio exactly in some things, more especially in replying to anyone who knocked at the door, nay, this last he did so perfectly that he seemed to be the painter's very self, as all the Sienese well knew. The other animals also were so tame that they were constantly assembled about his person, while he was in the house, and came round all who approached him, playing the strangest tricks, and performing the most extraordinary concerts ever seen or heard, insomuch that the dwelling of this man seemed like the very ark of Noah." At thirty he was taken to Rome by Agostino Chigi. He painted, among other things, a series of frescoes in the Vatican for Julius II.; but they were destroyed soon after by the same prelate to make room for the work of his new favourite, Raphael. Eight years later, Sodoma also visited Florence; but, entering a horse race soon after his arrival, he impertinently rode with an ape on his saddle, won, and then proceeded to insult the other competitors right and left. As impudence was less popular in Florence than in Siena he returned without securing any commissions. He spent the remainder of his life in Siena and the neighbouring cities, amusing himself with such practical jokes as filling a fresco for a monastery with unclothed damsels, and refusing to let the monks see it until it was completed. He grew steadily more flippant and careless in his style, and less sincere. He is said to have died in poverty in a hospital at Siena.

"No sour-faced frequenter of monks, but a good fellow; a contemner of conventions; a dandy devoted to fine clothes; a sporting man, too, with a pretty taste in horseflesh, and a prince of jesters to whom a practical joke was dearer than reputation or personal safety."—*E. H. and E. W. Blashfield.*

"Sodoma reminds one of the old tale of the prince to whom all good things were given and yet whose career was spoiled by the malicious gift of one wicked fairy. No painter was more richly dowered by nature: facility, elegance, sweetness were his; a keen and delicate feeling for grace of line and beauty of feature; remarkable powers of assimilation and a fertile fancy. But all these greater qualities were obscured by one fatal defect —frivolity."—*E. H. and E. W. Blashfield.*

"The sensuousness that had entirely taken possession of Italian literature was spreading now into the more lately developed field of painting, and the criticism of either art was directed rather toward its beauty of form, pleasing line or ringing metre, than to the ideas or sentiment expressed. Painting especially was losing touch more and more with thought, and, as it became less intellectual, beginning to lose some of the highest qualities of beauty. The whole of Sienese art had been from the beginning less thoughtful, less literary, than the Florentine; it was the emotional expression of simpler natures not trained in the subtleties of feeling which the combined influence of the Florentine Scholastics and Greek revivalists had brought about."—*Contessa Priuli-Bon.*

"The whimsical, roguish Lombard, with a little of the charlatan and much of the boy in his character."—*E. H. and E. W. Blashfield.*

"Sodoma, taking him all in all, is the most important and gifted artist of the school of Leonardo—the one who is most easily confounded with the great master himself."—*Giovanni Morelli.*

Best represented in Siena; Monte Oliveto Maggiore, Rome.

Examples of best work: *St. Sebastian,* Uffizi, Florence; *Frescoes,* San Francesco, Siena.

Spagnoletto, Lo, see Ribera.

Steen, Jan (1626-1679), Dutch School. Pronounced yän stān.

(1) Remember that the majority of Steen's pictures were only hasty sketches; try not to judge him except by his finished work. Study every picture of his, at first, as if it were only a light-hearted, rather impudent cartoon, and not Art at all. (2) See how many of the people are smiling. (3) Go close, and look into their eyes till you feel their joviality and good-heartedness. Realise how much delight they take in simple pleasures. Note that there are no gloomy souls among them, but that everyone is ready to put in a word or a slap on the back, whenever it is needed to keep the fun moving. Compare him

with Dickens in his most jovial mood. (4) Study the play of light and shade on the various fabrics, one colour at a time. (5) Look through half-shut eyes until you become more conscious of differences of *illumination* between various surfaces than of their difference in colour. (6) Study the composition of the picture,—*i. e.,* that arrangement of its elements which tends to make it immediately pleasing to the eye,—by noting the way in which Steen has distributed his brightly lighted figures among the darker ones. (7) Notice that no figure seems to have been constrained, as so many of Rubens' were, to assume any particular attitude or expression; but that each one does whatever comes into his head without asking anyone's consent. (8) Note especially how unconscious the children are of everything except their own world, and how free from any suggestion of adult traits. (9) Observe the range of expression in each picture, from tenderness to heavy boisterousness. Feel the flow of emotion from each person to one or more of the others. (10) See how many of the dogs are just on the point of violently wagging their tails. (11) Study the leer which Steen adds to so many faces, in a spirit of humourous exaggeration, till you realise that he is laughing up his sleeve at their emotions and their little foibles, not cynically but with comical good-nature.

Steen was born at Leyden in a highly respectable family of brewers. He himself at one time leased a brewery in Delft for six years, and at another experimented with retailing the family commodity as proprietor of a tavern in Leyden; but his business ventures were invariably unsuccessful. The old belief that he won great renown as a consumer of intoxicating liquors has been discredited by modern investigations. Whatever his ostensible occupation, Steen continued throughout his life to paint industriously, and he produced nearly five hundred pictures in all. Probably none of them have ever been resold as cheaply as they were bought from him. He studied under Ostade and Van Goyen. His first wife was a daughter of the latter painter.

"He recoiled from no coarseness, yet rose to the rendering of the sweetest. . . . Painters of pretty faces generally weary us. They are wedded commonly to one order of prettiness. Only the very greatest Italians, and, out of Italy, Watteau and Jan Steen, can keep us permanently interested in the young women of their art."—*Frederick Wedmore.*

"He never paints what is sad or embittered."—*Carl Lemcke.*

"His ridicule is never spiteful nor malicious."—*Adolf Philippi.*

"He did not paint men for the sake of textures, but textures for the sake of men. He observed life while others observed satin. And to his observation of life, Jan Steen brought his own spirit of gentle and genial and tolerant philosophy."—*Frederick Wedmore.*

"'The Marriage at Cana' gave him an excellent excuse to worthily extol the miracle of the changing of water into wine! It is indeed the only miracle which in all the Scriptures seems to have appealed to Jan Steen."—*W. Bürger.*

"He was like Rembrandt in feeling that his picture was practically finished as soon as he had given expression to his thoughts."—*Carl Lemcke.*

Best represented in Amsterdam, London, and The Hague.

Examples of best work: *Lovesick,* Rijks Museum, Amsterdam; *The Music Master,* National Gallery, London; *The Marriage Contract,* Ducal Gallery, Brunswick.

Teniers, David, the Younger (1610-1690), Flemish School. Pronounced te-nērz′.

(1) If the picture is an interior, let your eye run casually over the room; note that every utensil and piece of furniture in it catches your attention and holds it for a moment, either on account of some unexpectedness of position, some freshness in colour, or the striking way in which it reflects light. (2) If an exterior, see how well Teniers has suggested the freshness which one feels on stepping from a closed room into the open air. (3) Notice that he usually treats all the inanimate objects in his picture as of equal importance. Feel their newness, their neatness, and the buoyancy they impart to the picture. (4) See how innocent Teniers' people seem beside Brouwer's, Steen's, or Ostade's; feel the humourous kindness and even sympathy with which they are presented. (5) Notice how much interest they show in what they are doing; see how sprightly the moving figures are; and note that even the old, and those who are sitting or standing still, seldom appear either lazy or tired. (6) Note that Teniers seems more interested in colour and light than in texture. (7) Group two or three figures together; then make another group of two or three more. Continue until you have included every figure in the picture. Then go back and combine these small groups into larger ones, and these large ones into two or three greater ones, and these, in turn, into a single one which shall include the whole picture. Try for a moment to see all these smaller groupings simultaneously. (8) Realise that you are now less conscious of the scene itself than of Teniers' picture of the scene. Study it until you realise how much of the beauty would disappear if a few of the people stood somewhere else, or wore clothes of a different colour, or received a different amount of light. (9) Study the people again till you feel that kindness is their dominant quality. Then study the distribution in space of buildings and

other inanimate objects until you derive from a contemplation of their grouping, their proportions, the relative distances between them, etc., the same emotional quality (just described as kindness) which characterises the faces of the people. Remember how much *personality* the arrangement of bric-a-brac on a mantel often suggests. (10) Stand about fifteen feet from the picture. Try to realise, from its general neatness of construction, that the man who put it together was a very able craftsman. And note, incidentally, that he was also very well aware of the fact. (11) Observe that Teniers was not limited to any one type of picture. (12) Learn to recognise a Teniers from a distance by what might be termed its low pressure,—the low tones of the colour, the abundance of empty space, and the slight dramatic intensity of the action.

Teniers was born in Antwerp in 1610. His father, known as David Teniers the Elder, was a capable painter who had studied under Rubens. David the Younger married a ward of Rubens, who was also a daughter of the landscape painter Jan Breughel; and Helena Fourment was godmother to his first child. He seems to have learned painting from his father, but the influence of Adriaen Brouwer can also be traced in his early work. He was admitted at twenty-two to the Antwerp guild of painters as a master; and twelve years later was made its president. At forty he moved to Brussels to become court painter to the Archduke Leopold William and curator of the royal galleries. He built himself a fine house, took pains to move in the right society, and spent his last years in a vain campaign for a title. Philip IV. admired his pictures so much that he built a special gallery for them, and acquired as many as he could; but a knighthood, for some reason, he was unwilling to grant. Though Teniers painted the portraits of many of the notables of his time, his fame rests on his genre paintings. His four sons also became painters; but the eldest, David the third, was the only one to distinguish himself. Teniers left over nine hundred pictures.

"He almost invariably suggests comparison with Watteau. Equally sparkling and equally joyous, both seem to live in an almost ideal world, where toil, disease, and poverty may exist but are soon forgotten, and where sunshine seems everlasting."—*Henri Hymans.*

"The secret of Teniers is his great knoweldge and his great feeling for perspective."—*Paillot de Montarbet.*

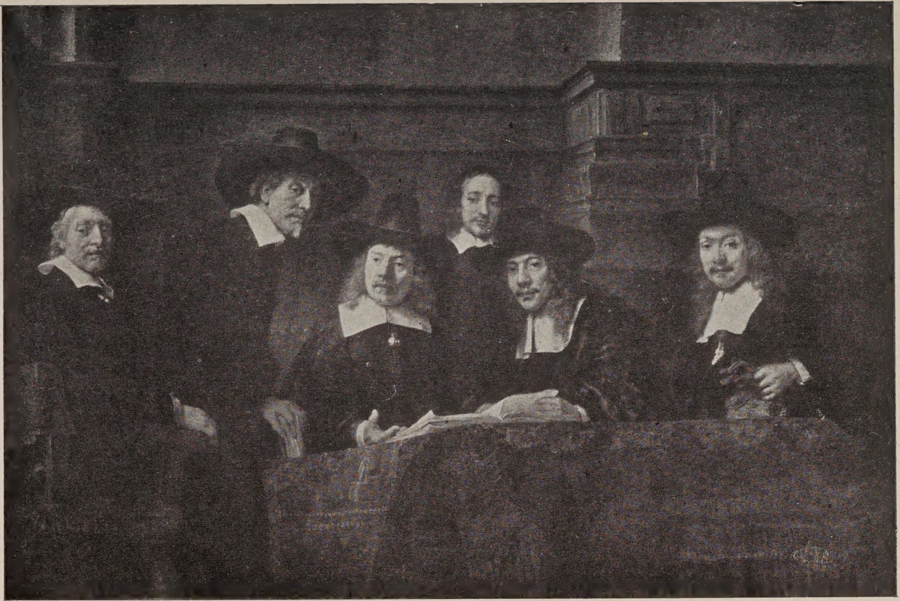
"The qualities which most attract us in the works of Teniers are his picturesque arrangement, the exquisite harmony of colouring in his details, and that light and sparkling touch in which the separate strokes of the brush are left unbroken—a power wherein no genre-painter ever equalled him."—*F. T. Kugler.*

Best represented in Madrid, London, Paris, Vienna, Dresden, Petrograd, and Glasgow.

Examples of best work: *Guild of the Arquebusiers,* Hermitage, Petrograd; *Village Fête,* National Gallery, London; *Shooting Match at Brussels,* Art History Museum, Vienna.

***Terborch, Gerard** (1617-1681), Dutch School. Pronounced tĕr′bôrK.

(1) Study the textures of Terborch's silks, satins, and furs; note especially the beauty of his shimmering white dresses. (2) Notice how few windows appear in his pictures; and observe that every door opens into blackness. (3) Note how much more space he leaves blank than is customary among Dutch painters; feel the tinge of melancholy which this gives to the picture. (4) See what restful attitudes his people assume; yet how fleeting their moods and movements seem. (5) Go close and study their placid contentment; note that it never becomes phlegmatic. Feel the dreaminess of their



THE SYNDICS—*Rembrandt*
RIJKS MUSEUM

expressions, as if they were more absorbed in drinking in life and tasting its flavor than in the tasks in which their hands are engaged. (6) Observe that there are never any discords among his colours. (7) Note the delicate, tapering fingers. Study the careless, yet firm, attitudes of hands and arms, until you realise how confident these people are of the correctness of their mode of thought and their ways of life. (8) Realise how coldly they would resent any intrusion into their privacy, or any liberties taken with their dignity. (9) In Terborch's portraits, study the mouth and the upper lids of the eyes till you feel how reserved, self-contained, self-sufficient, and sometimes proud and disdainful his people are. (10) See how completely they have stamped the rooms which they occupy with their own character. (11) Note how often he attains a dignity and melancholy that are almost Spanish in quality.

Terborch was born at Zwolle, in Holland. His father was an amateur painter and a lover of the fine arts; and he himself began to draw and paint at a very early age. He spent his youth in travel in England, Germany, France, Spain, and Italy, painting as he went. On his return to Holland he lived for a time in Haarlem; but on his marriage, at thirty-seven, settled in Deventer for the rest of his life. He was knighted by Philip IV. in Madrid, and was always well received by the fashionable society which he painted.

"Terborch represents the permanent, perpetually recurrent qualities of the Dutch people, their need of meditation, their taste for the comforts of life, and the amicability of their manners, which a century of cruel upheavals had not been able to destroy. Rembrandt, on the contrary, displays their instinct for liberty, their love of boldness, their need of activity, of scope for the individual to exercise his powers. With the former the traditional genius of the race comes to the surface; with the latter, whatever spontaneity and vehemence it possesses." —*Franz Hellens.*

"He has best expressed, beneath its material exterior, the lofty qualities of his race."—*Franz Hellens.*

"Terborch had one quality that no other Dutchman, save possibly his follower Metsu, possessed. That quality was culture; and by culture I mean style."—*John C. Van Dyke.*

"He was an aristocrat in feeling as in subject. In his pictures he never laughs like Hals, or bawls like Brouwer, or simpers like Netscher."—*John C. Van Dyke.*

"He is as perfect in drawing as in colouring and pictorial execution; he is in this superior to all painters from the Netherlands."—*Wilhelm Bode.*

". . . the charming beauty of this face in which one may find everything, but in which almost nothing is shown."—*Franz Hellens.*

Best represented in Berlin, Amsterdam, Paris, London, and Petrograd.

Examples of best work: *The Dispatch,* Mauritshuis, The Hague; *The Concert,* Louvre, Paris; *Paternal Admonition,* Rijks Museum, Amsterdam.

Theotocopuli, Domenico, see Greco.

***Tiepolo, Giovanni Battista** (1692? - 1770), Venetian School. Pronounced tē-ā'pō-lō.

(1) Don't pass judgment on Tiepolo until you have seen his ceiling paintings and his altar-pieces as well as his easel pictures. If you dislike him, analyse your objections until you realise that they are due chiefly to a lack of depth in his pictures, to his trick of crowding his people close together in a single plane, to his habit of filling his foreground with large but unimportant figures, and to his obvious lack of any deep or ideal concept of life.

(2) To overcome the unpleasantness of the lack of depth, try to realise that Tiepolo is first of all a decorator of flat surfaces. Compare one of his ceiling paintings with one by an inferior painter; note how easily your eye skims over the Tiepolo, and realise that it is because you are never lured very far beneath the surface to be entangled in the intricacies of a third dimension; note, too, that you are never involved in a very complex plot, demanding time and effort to unravel. (3) Observe that he often made the principal figures stand out from the crowd by painting them either much darker or much lighter than the others. (4) When you have a chance to study one of his walls or ceilings, note how inconspicuous the defects you have found in his easel pictures become,—especially the largeness of minor figures in the foreground. (5) Study the foreshortened bodies and limbs until they look entirely natural. (6) Feel the decision with which Tiepolo handles colour, line, and light. (7) Feel the confidence which his people have in their control over their muscles; note the sureness, lightness, poise, and ease of each pose. (8) Feel the nervous energy of each figure, its readiness to flare up at an insult. (9) Note that the draperies do not hang limply on the figures, but are filled out till they take on an individuality of their own, which contributes greatly to the total effect of the picture. Study them especially as reflectors of light. Note the spotless cleanness of the white fabrics. (10) Feel the exhilarating quality of the glare of light that comes from clouds and columns. (11) Feel the freshness, the piquancy, and the vitality of the lighter colours.

Tiepolo was born in Venice about 1692; his father was a rich merchant. His talent developed early, and at sixteen he was already famous. He worked under various masters, but owed his chief inspiration to the paintings of Paul Veronese. Besides his work in Venice, he painted in many other cities of northern Italy; spent three years in Würzburg decorating the palace of the archbishop; and at the time of his death had been working for eight years in the palace of Charles III. at Madrid. Nearly all of his female figures were painted from one model,—Christina, the beautiful daughter of a gondolier. He married the sister of the painter Francesco Guardi. Two of his sons also became painters.

"He ranks with Veronese as the greatest Venetian decorator. The rhythm and repose of Veronese is replaced in his work by freedom, nonchalance, and nervous moods. The Venetian spirit, then so solemn, has become a subtle juggler, lies, leaps, and dances caprioles. All heaviness has disappeared; deprived of all corporality, the figures soar through the clear, silvery ether."—*Richard Muther.*

"His energy, his feeling for splendour, his mastery over his craft, place him almost on a level with the great Venetians of the sixteenth century. The grand scenes he paints differ from those of his predecessor not so much in mere inferiority of workmanship, as in a lack of that simplicity and candour which never failed Paolo, no matter how proud the event he might be portraying. Paolo saw a world touched only by the fashions of the Spanish court, while Tiepolo lived among people whose very hearts had been vitiated by its measureless haughtiness." —*Bernhard Berenson.*

"He was the painter of a polished aristocracy, conscious of its superiority to the crowd."—*Salomon Reinach.*

Best represented in Venice.

Examples of best work: *Antony and Cleopatra,* Labbia Palace, Venice; *Frescoes,* Doge's Palace.

*Tintoretto (Jacopo Robusti, 1518-1594), Venetian School.

(1) Don't expect to see much beauty at first. Select one of the principal figures, and run your eye

back and forth slowly from head to foot until you feel its actuality, its dignity, and its power to accomplish mighty deeds. (2) Repeat the process with each of the other figures; go over the finest of them again and again until they begin to seem as magnificently powerful as the genii in the Arabian Nights. (3) If you find the faces displeasing at first, hide them from view with a finger-tip while you study the bodies. (4) Feel the great momentum of all the moving bodies, and especially of those that are flying through the air. (5) Look past the people to the horizon, from the horizon up into the clouds, and from the clouds back to the people until you realise the vastness and depth of the space in which the scene is set. (6) As your eye runs over the picture, divide its figures into the groups (of from two to four persons each) into which they most naturally fall. (7) Note how many different planes of interest these groups form; think of them as *screens* set in the three-dimensional space of the picture; observe what a variety of angles they make with the plane of the canvas. (8) Note in those pictures whose length is greater than their height how often the figures are grouped in long slanting lines that run nearly across the canvas. (9) Study, one group at a time, the expressions and relations of the figures; look especially at the trunks and thighs until you begin to feel that these people are waiting, with the stillness that precedes a storm, for some tremendous impending event. (10) Note that the majesty of the composition increases as you approach the top of the picture. (11) Examine the high-lights until you are able to perceive them as essentially reflected light, actually originating in the sun, or whatever the source of light may be. (12) Note that his version of each incident that he illustrates is striking and thoroughly original.

Jacopo Robusti was born at Venice in 1518. He received the nickname by which he is more commonly known while helping his father, a dyer (in Italian, *tintore*), at his trade. But he began to spend so much time in drawing on the walls with charcoal and colouring his sketches with the dyes, that at fifteen his father put him in Titian's studio to learn painting. Titian, however, sent him home again after only ten days, either through jealousy of a possible rival or because he saw that the boy was too independent to be teachable. Their relations in later life were never anything but cold and distant. But Tintoretto was not discouraged. He placed on his wall the motto, "The drawing of Michelangelo and the colour of Titian," and studied assiduously the casts of the Florentine's sculptures and the public works of his late master, in the hope of being able to unite their respective virtues in his own pictures. He studied anatomy; drew from living models whenever he could get them; and, when he could not, suspended manikins from the rafters in his attic and studied foreshortening. He worked night and day, and by his painstaking and accurate labours laid the foundation for the astonishing facility which he displayed in later years. When he finally exhibited his first picture,—in the streets, according to the Venetian custom,—his ability was immediately recognised; for, as William R. Thayer writes, "What the latest novel or yesterday's political speech is to us, that was a new picture to the Venetians. Their innate sense of colour and beauty and their familiarity with the best works of art made them ready critics. They knew whether the colours on a canvas were in harmony, as the average Italian of to-day can tell whether a singer keeps the key." He accepted every commission that came to him, even those that offered small pay or none, for the sake of getting a chance to work. At twenty-eight he was already painting magnificently in the churches of Venice. At forty-two he began the imposing series of paintings with which he covered the walls and ceilings of the Scuola di San Rocco. Five of the leading painters of the city had been invited to submit sketches for a small ceiling painting. At the appointed time, they displayed their designs; but when Tintoretto's turn came he removed a screen from the ceiling itself and revealed his finished picture, already in place. There was a great outcry; but, taking advantage of one of the provisions of the foundation that no gift could be rejected, he immediately presented it to the confraternity. After examining the picture, they became reconciled and gave him the contract for decorating the rest of the building at one hundred ducats a year, three pictures to be painted in each year. This, and his work on the Ducal Palace, occupied most of the remaining years of his life. He lived quietly, and devoted himself almost entirely to his painting; but he loved music and was interested in mechanics, and could make himself a very agreeable companion whenever he took time for diversion. He was named "Il Furioso" on account of the tremendous energy with which he painted.

"As a workman Tintoret was indefatigable. His lifelong yearning was not for praise but for opportunity to work. Modesty he had to a degree unrecorded of any other painter, although none seems to have been more confident of his own powers. There was in the man an inflexible dignity, born of self-respect, which neither the allurements of popularity nor the flattery of the great could bend. He saw that titles would add nothing to his fame and refused an offer of knighthood from Henry III. of France."—*Wm. R. Thayer.*

"The mind of Tintoret, incomparably more deep and serious than that of Titian, casts the solemnity of its own tone over the sacred subjects which it approaches, and sometimes forgets itself in devotion; but the principle of treatment is altogether the same as Titian's: absolute subordination of the religious subject to purposes of decoration or portraiture."—*John Ruskin.*

"Tintoretto's was the most vigourous and most prolific artistic temperament that has ever existed. In savage originality and in energy of will he resembles Michelangelo. His brain fermented; his thoughts boiled. It seems as if his mind were a volcano, always active, always in a state of eruption. Canvases of twenty, forty, and seventy feet, crowded with figures as large as life, hardly sufficed to absorb the inexhaustible, fiery overflow of his creative imagination. Call him, if you will, extravagant, impetuous, an improvisator; let critics complain of the blackness of his colouring, of his topsy-turvy figures, of the confusion of his grouping, of his hasty brushing, let all the defects of his qualities be adduced against him; I am willing. But, on the other hand, a genius like his, which I can only compare again to a volcano—so ardent was it, so overflowing, with such outbursts and flaming coruscations—has never been encountered in another." —*H. Taine.*

"I conceive him to be the most powerful painter whom the world has seen, and that he was prevented from being also the most perfect, partly by untoward circumstances in his position and education, partly by the very fulness and impetuosity of his own mind, partly by the want of religious feeling and its accompanying perception of beauty."—*John Ruskin.*

"Like the other highest masters of Venice he conceded little incidental emotion to the expression of his faces."—*W. M. Rossetti.*

"His intensity of imagination is such that there is not the commonest subject to which he will not attach a range of suggestiveness almost limitless; nor a stone, leaf, or shadow, nor anything so small, but he will give it meaning and oracular voice."—*John Ruskin.*

"His conceptions seem to have come to him as lightning-bursts of inspiration. He never selects; his vision imposes itself on him; the imaginative scene is to him instantaneously a reality; and he transfers it bodily to his canvas along with whatever in it that may be odd or irrelevant. From this method of creation arises his unprecedented originality. Compared with him all painters are self-copyists."—*H. Taine.*

"One thing can at least be said of no other man, and that is that the strength of his individuality was so great that he could assimilate even Michelangelo."—*Cosmo Monkhouse.*

"Tintoretto at his best is a great poet; in his work of the second order he remains a dramatic improvisatore; at his worst he is repellent, but is still an impetuous force. What he cares for most is not, as with Titian, the wonder of colour; not, as with Michelangelo, the wonder of man's body; not, as with Rembrandt, the wonder of light; but rather the wonder of telling a grand story in a grand way."—*E. H. and E. W. Blashfield.*

"He was in many of his pictures equal to Titian, in others inferior to Tintoretto."—*Annibale Caracci.*

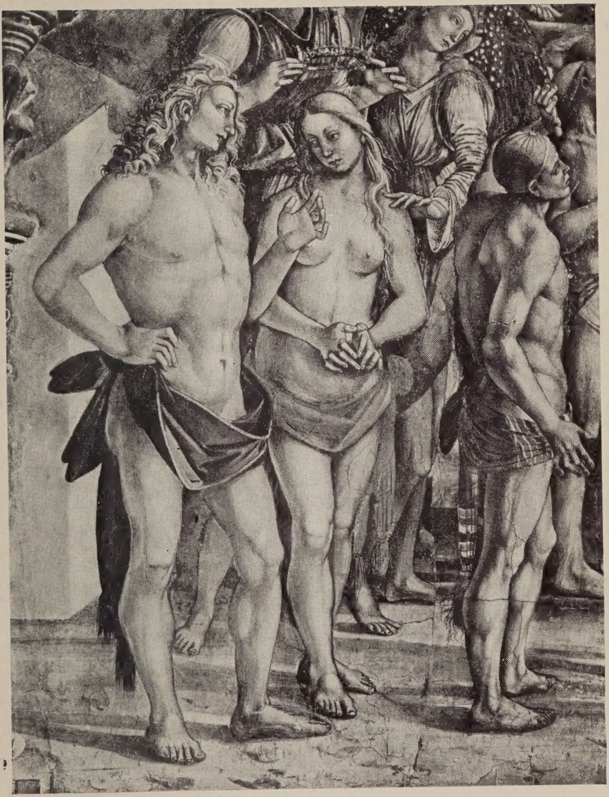
Best represented in Venice; Vienna, Florence, Madrid, Dresden, Milan.

Examples of best work: *Miracle of St. Mark,* Academy, Venice; *Crucifixion,* Scuola di San Rocco, Venice; *Marriage of St. Catherine,* Ducal Palace, Venice; *Finding of Body of St. Mark,* Brera, Milan.

***Titian** (Tiziano Vecelli, 1477-1576), Venetian School.

Portraits: (1) Don't expect at first to see facial beauty, ideal character, or a speaking likeness. (2) Study the steady, penetrating gaze of the eyes; feel the calculation in the lips. (3) Observe the peculiar smoothness of the brilliantly lighted forehead, and the firmness and keenness of the nose. (4) Study the face until the quality in it which seemed at first to be secretiveness flashes out as a noble dignity,—not mere pride, or readiness to take offence at insult, but the high consciousness of worth that comes only from having lived a long life well. (5) Hide with your finger first one hand, then the other, then the eyes, then some other brilliant highlight; see how the life goes out of the picture each time, as it goes out of a sunny room when the sun goes behind a cloud. (6) If the faces still seem heavy, study them till you succeed in feeling their delicacy of contour and of expression.

Other Pictures: (1) Don't look at first for delicacy, subtlety of emotion, or individuality of expression. Titian produced his effects rather by masses and volumes than by lines. (2) Note how often, as in other Venetian pictures, the lower part of the figures is cut off by the frame; feel the massiveness and stability which this gives to the composition. Compare Rubens and the Florentines. (3) Study first the relations of all the people in the picture to each other. Observe that their expressions satisfy all the dramatic requirements of the situation. (4) If you have difficulty in finding these figures real, human, and interesting, let your eye move slowly up and down one of them, from head to foot, until it wins its way into your sympathies. Repeat with each of the other figures. (5) Study the painting of the flesh for a few moments; then rub your fingers along your own cheek and note the resemblance between the sensations which you have received from the two different senses of sight and touch. (6) See how free every figure is from petty self-consciousness and from any suggestion of fussiness. (7) Observe that no one figure monopolises your attention, or even seems to wish to monopolise it; but that they all play their parts with equal excellence and equal self-respect,—an all-star cast without a touch of jealousy. (8) Note the serenity and confidence and quiet happiness with which each one lives his life. (9) Feel the consideration which each one shows for all the others; their freedom from all those passions and vices and meannesses of spirit which we should most regret in a friend. (10) Study the distances from the figures to the horizon and the clouds, or to the walls and ceilings, until you see the picture, not as a flat canvas, but as a vast expanse of space. Move away a few steps and note how it seems to expand before you. (11) Now step close again and examine the surface of each object in the picture, until you feel a subtle harmony between its form and its colour, and between its colour and that of the surrounding objects. (12) Feel the vigour of Titian's brighter colours. Then note how seldom he allows anything to gleam or glitter; notice how restful the colours now seem that at first looked only dull and dingy. (You will probably find it easier to learn from the smaller pictures to enjoy Titian's colouring.) (13) Feel



CROWNING OF THE ELECT (Detail)—*Signorelli*

ORVIETO

the dignity and restraint in all the action; the poise and surplus power of each of his people.

Titian was born in Cadore, in a mountainous region not far from Venice. At ten he was sent to Venice, in charge of an uncle who lived there, to study painting. He became a pupil first of Gentile Bellini, and then of his brother Giovanni; but his style reveals most clearly the influence of his fellow pupil and rival, Giorgione. From the beginning, his reputation, his popularity, and his prosperity increased slowly and steadily. He painted for the churches of Venice, for the Palace of the Doges, for the nobility of Venice and the rulers of the surrounding cities, for the numerous popes who came and went in his century of life, for Francis I. of France, and for the Emperor Charles V. Pensions, honourary and profitable offices, special privileges, and titles were showered on him by his patrons. His biography is filled as exclusively as a history with the names of the great men of his time. Charles V., especially, seemed unable to praise him enough or to show him enough honour; and after 1533 he sat to no other painter. Besides a worldly prosperity seldom equalled by any painter, Titian seems to have enjoyed remarkable health and vigour throughout his life; and he continued to paint to the very end of it. Mary Knight Potter writes of him, "He lived in princely style and entertained royally, and, from his own as well as Aretino's letters, it is easy to see that he was fond of the luxuries of living, of amusements, of gaiety, of the pleasures of the table, of music, of fair women. Yet in his life as well as in his work there is no more hint of excess, of debauchery, than there is of asceticism or pallid piety. It is perhaps the sanity in his works that is their greatest marvel."

"Ever since Titian rose into celebrity the general verdict has been that he is the greatest of painters, considered technically. He may properly be regarded as the greatest manipulator of paint in relation to colour, tone, luminosity, richness, texture, surface, and harmony, and with a view to the production of a pictorial whole conveying to the eye a true, dignified, and beautiful impression of its general subject matter and of the objects of sense which form its constituent parts. For the complex of qualities which we sum up in the words colour, handling, and general force and harmony of effect, he stands unmatched, although in particular items of forcible or impressive execution—not to speak of creative invention—some painters, one in one respect and another in another, may indisputably be preferred to him."—*W. M. Rossetti.*

"The sensualist will find sensuality in Titian; the thinker will find thought; the saint, sanctity; the colourist, colour; the anatomist, form; and yet the picture will never be a popular one in the full sense, for none of these narrower people will find their special taste so alone consulted, as that the qualities which would ensure their gratification shall be sifted or separated from others; they are checked by the presence of the other qualities which ensure the gratification of other men. . . . Nobody cares much at heart about Titian; only there is a strange undercurrent of everlasting murmur about his name which means the deep consent of all great men that he is greater than they—the consent of those who, having sat long enough at his feet, have found in that restrained harmony of his strength there are indeed depths of each balanced power more wonderful than those separate manifestations in inferior painters: that there is a softness more exquisite than Correggio's, a purity more lofty than Leonardo's, a force mightier than Rembrandt's, a sanctity more solemn even than Raphael's."—*John Ruskin.*

"As complete health may be termed the absence of obtrusive sensation, as virtue has been called the just proportion between two opposite extravagances, so is Titian's art a golden mean of joy, unbroken by brusque movements of the passions—a well-tempered harmony in which no thrilling note suggests the possibility of discord."—*J. A. Symonds.*

"Colour is the marking element of Venetian painting just as form is that which dominates in Florentine art, and because Titian was the chief of a colour-school it has become the custom to call him the greatest colourist who ever lived. Such characterisation is not critical; Titian was the foremost artist of Venice, not because he was her greatest master of colour, but because no other Venenetian painter possessed *so many* of the essential qualities of great art in so full a measure. Bounded completeness is what stamps Titian as a master. Other painters may have equalled him in each single quality; Veronese painted as easily and freely, but had not his dramatic instinct; Tintoretto equalled his *chiaroscuro,* but had not his even excellence of execution; Velasquez had as much or more of breadth, but had not his splendour of colour; Rubens's folk are as healthy and robust, but not so grand or beautiful; Van Dyck's people are as elegant as those in Titian's most courtly portraits, but they are not as forceful and vital. Titian united all the qualities in an adequate degree."—*E. H. and E. W. Blashfield.*

"Above all else towered the artist's personality, his sense of serene grandeur informing his entire technical achievement, and setting him among the greatest artists who have lived in modern times. This grand feeling is not awful, as with Michelangelo, or profoundly poignant, as with Rembrandt, it partakes rather of stately nobility, such as belonged to 'the most serene Republic' whose son he was."—*E. H. and E. W. Blashfield.*

Best represented in Venice, Madrid, Florence, Vienna, Paris, Dresden, London, Rome.

Examples of best work: *The Assumption,* Academy, Venice; *Presentation of the Virgin,* Academy, Venice; *Sacred and Profane Love,* Borghese Gallery, Rome; *Tribute Money,* Zwinger, Dresden; *Man with a Glove,* Louvre, Paris.

*Turner, Joseph Mallard William (1775-1851), English School.

Study first the mezzo-tints, then the water-colours, and last of all the oils.

Mezzo-tints: (1) If the plates look at all thin, watery, and unreal to you, experiment with different ways of looking at them. Look at several with half-shut eyes; several more with only one eye; a few through the thin slit made by crooking your first finger; and, if you still fail to get any realistic, stereoscopic effect, through a hole made with the point of a pencil in a piece of cardboard or paper. (2) Notice the beautiful gradation of light from the foreground to the horizon. (3) Note the vast expanse of the sky, and the fury and grandeur of the clouds. (4) Note the beauty and accuracy with which water is depicted as a reflecting surface, and the peculiar delicacy of all the lines and surfaces. (5) Feel the air of unattainability, as of castles in Spain, with which Turner has invested distant buildings. (6) See how much poetry the sunlight imparts to whatever it falls on. (7) See how much tenderness the shadows add. (8) Notice how much the scene has expanded since you began to look at it.

Water Colours: (1) Look intently at some object until it begins to assume some semblance of solidity, then at another, and another. (2) Keep looking from one to the other until they stand out for you in their correct spatial relations; shut one eye if necessary. (3) Study the picture until you can see that what at first seemed sketchiness is really delicacy, and can feel the care with which every detail has been painted. (4) Note especially the delicacy of trees, masts, spires, and hills that are outlined against the sky, and of any flat surfaces that are brightly illuminated. (5) See how beautiful the peculiar mistiness of the landscape becomes as you study it more carefully. (6) Note that Turner never made a merely pretty picture.

Oil Paintings: (1) Begin with the simplest, plainest, and most comprehensible that you can find, and work as far toward the most advanced as you can. Apply whichever of the foregoing directions you find most practical. (2) For a test of Turner's truth to nature, fix in your mind as firmly as possible the peculiar lemon-yellow he uses in so many of his sunsets, and the next time you see the winter sun just gleaming faintly through a bank of clouds late in the afternoon gaze at it intently for a few seconds, then shut your eyes and see how perfectly they reproduce Turner's yellow. (3) Compare his haziness and indefiniteness with that of other landscape painters of the same period.

Turner was born in London in 1775. His father was a hair-dresser; his mother was known for her violent temper and became insane toward the end of her life. At thirteen he left school, where he had failed decidedly to distinguish himself, and began to study drawing and painting. He attended the Royal Academy; worked with architects, floral painters, perspective draughtsmen; coloured prints for engravers; and made drawings of his own, which he exhibited in his father's shop and sold for a few shillings apiece. At seventeen he received a commission from a magazine and began a series of sketching tours over England. At twenty-one, the step-mother of his fiancée broke their engagement, and his disappointment increased the eccentricity and secretiveness which had already appeared in his nature. His skill as a painter, however, was not injured; four years later he became an associate of the Royal Academy, and at twenty-seven a full member. Much of his work was done on long solitary tours, on which he carefully avoided all his friends. In London, he lived alone with his father, until the death of the latter in 1830; and then he began a still more lonely life by himself, in a cheerless, dilapidated old house. In his last years he used to seek greater seclusion by stealing off for days at a time to a little house in Chelsea, where he was known to the neighbours as "Admiral Booth." It was on one of these excursions that his death took place. His will left all his pictures to the National Gallery, and his property to a proposed home for indigent artists; but he had written the document himself and the relatives whom he had omitted succeeded in breaking it. Ruskin wrote of him, "During the ten years I knew him, years in which he was suffering most from the evil-speaking of the world, I never heard him say one depreciating word of any living man or man's work; I never saw him look an unkind or blameful look; I never knew him let pass, without sorrowful remonstrance, or endeavour at mitigation, a blameful word spoken by another. Of no man, but Turner, whom I have ever known could I say this."

"There is no test of our acquaintance with nature so absolute and unfailing as the degree of admiration we feel for Turner's painting; precisely in the degree in which we are familiar with nature, constant in our observation of her, and enlarged in our understanding of her, will they expand before our eyes into glory and beauty."—*John Ruskin.*

"He understood our world—this ball of Earth—as Shakespeare understood his fellow-creatures. He was no more a geologist than Shakespeare was a biologist, but he had an instinctive comprehension of the way things behaved under the stress of rain, wind, and sunshine."—*Sir Walter Armstrong.*

"Turner grasped less the truth of nature than her splendours and her magic. He was above all a dreamer." —*Paul Mantz.*

"He painted simply to express himself, heedless of the quality of the expression. He was always trying to paint the unpaintable."—*P. G. Hamerton.*

"His later pictures belong rather to the realm of optical impressionism than to that of painting. There is little or no design in them, and intelligible conception seems wanting they are but the flamboyant sunrises or fiery sunsets of a chimerical land."—*Paul Mantz.*

"He seems to paint with tinted steam, so evanescent and so airy."—*John Constable.*

"Every picture, every drawing, almost every sketch, executed after he reached manhood, bears evidence of the action of imagination,—which in his works would often amplify a simple theme, or heighten still further the sublimity of a sublime one. There have been few artists of any kind, there has been not one landscape painter in whom the action of the imaginative faculty has been so constant."—*P. G. Hamerton.*

"Turner is driven by his passionate interest in every detail of nature's person into overwhelming us with his knowledge. Turner tells all he can, Poussin only what is required for his immediate artistic purpose."—*Sir Walter Armstrong.*

"There is one point, and one only, in which Turner really did excel the artists of all time, and that is in his appreciation of mystery in nature, and his superlatively exquisite rendering of it."—*P. G. Hamerton.*

"Turner was no decorator. So far as we can tell, he never tried to beautify anything but a canvas. Turner's indifference to decoration and all it connotes found a curious parallel in Ruskin—it was obviously the soil in which their mutual sympathy was rooted. No artist can read his books without realising that he was without that capacity for receiving noble impressions, intellectual and even moral inspirations, through the senses which is the artist's privilege. Turner's instinct was toward explanation, illustration, and insistence rather than toward creation; his pictures exist for what they tell us rather than for what they are; he was no virtuoso. He never hung upon the charms of his instrument, coaxing it to make the most of its essential and distinctive gifts and persuade the stander-by that no rival medium could pour passion so richly from one human vessel to another."—*Sir Walter Armstrong.*

Best represented in London.

Examples of best work: *The Fighting Temeraire,* Tate Gallery, London; *The Bay of Baiæ,* National Gallery, London.

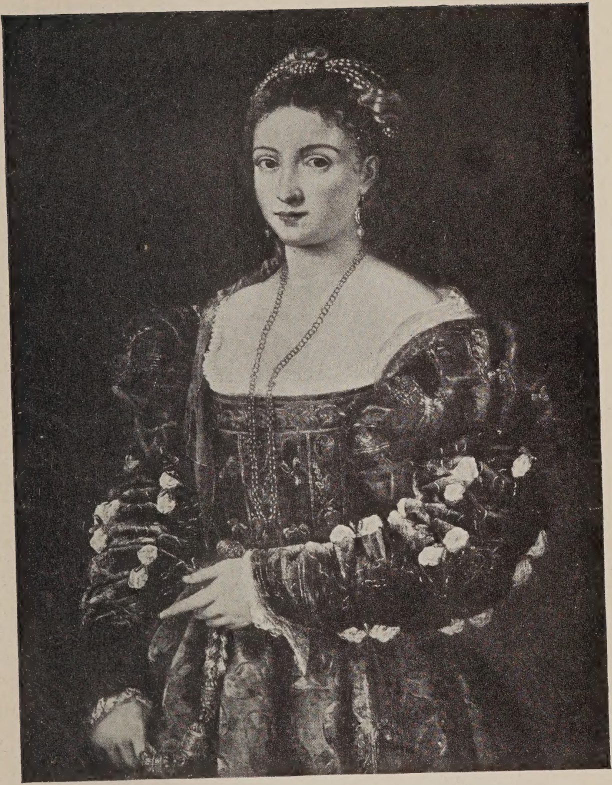
Van der Meer, Jan, see Vermeer.

Van der Weyden, see Weyden.

***Van Dyck, Sir Anthony** (1599-1641), Flemish School.

Portraits: (1) Note how quickly you begin to feel that you are looking, not at mere flesh and a face, but at a personality. (2) Study the total effect of the picture at a distance of twelve or fifteen feet; feel its aristocratic grace. (3) Study for a moment the shape of that part of the canvas which is *not* occupied by the figure; it will help you to realise how beautifully the figure has been placed within the frame. (4) Note the steadiness of the eyes; realise that these people are accustomed to making important decisions. (5) Study their brows and delicately modelled noses until you realise that their aristocratic air is due, not merely to a consciousness of wealth and rank, but to generations of good breeding. (6) Feel their self-confidence; realise that it has become for them a habit of life. Observe that, their position in life being so well established, they have no need of snobbishness, but are free to meet everyone with perfect frankness. (7) Note their interest in what goes on about them; see how sympathetic their experience with life has made most of them; and how tactful this sympathy, combined with their natural intelligence, enables them to be. (8) Observe that much of their charm is due to the fact that Van Dyck has portrayed their responsive, social qualities, and suppressed every self-sufficient, secretive, surly, and domineering element in their characters. (9) Note how he distinguishes sitters of artistic tendencies by turning their heads to one side and letting them gaze dreamily into space. (10) Note that although these people are obviously sitting for their portraits the effect is not at all unpleasant; they are just as interesting when engaged in that occupation as at any other time. (11) And note that at close range their personalities become so interesting that the thought that they are deliberately posing is lost. (12) Compare two neighbouring portraits; note that the differences in the two personalities are much more obvious than those similarities of treatment which indicate that both were painted by the same man.

Other Pictures: (1) Study them as paraphrases of Rubens and Titian, interpreting them in the light



LA BELLA—*Titian*
PITTI

of the characteristics you have discovered in the painter's portraits. (2) Note especially the delicacy of feeling with which Van Dyck interprets Biblical and classical stories.

Van Dyck was born in Antwerp in 1599; he was the son of a prosperous silk merchant. He began to study painting at ten; and it is said that at sixteen he was already working as an independent master, with pupils of his own. Before he was nineteen he became a full member of the guild of painters in Antwerp. A year later he had entered Rubens's studio, more as assistant than as pupil, just as a lawyer or architect to-day begins his career by entering the office of a large firm. At twenty-two he went to Italy and remained five years, studying Titian and Paul Veronese in Venice, and painting portraits in Rome, Florence, and especially in Genoa. Over a hundred of his Italian portraits have been preserved. In the six years that he spent at Antwerp after his return, his fame and honour increased rapidly. He shared with Rubens the official title of court painter and was recognised as a worthy rival to him; and in spite of the tremendous productivity of the older man there still remained churches for the younger one to fill with altarpieces, and noble houses to adorn with portraits. Houbraken has a story of Van Dyck's calling on Frans Hals and ordering a portrait, without revealing his identity. Hals dashed off an excellent likeness in a couple of hours; and Van Dyck, remarking that portrait-painting seemed easy, suggested that they change places. Hals consented, wonderingly; but as soon as he saw the finished portrait rushed to embrace the stranger shouting, "You must be Van Dyck! No person but he can do what you have now done." At thirty-three, Van Dyck went to England, for his third visit. He was immediately appointed court painter and given a liberal pension, and three months later was knighted. With the exception of brief visits to the Netherlands, he spent the remainder of his life there, living luxuriously but painting industriously. Thirty-eight portraits of Charles I. are known, and thirty-five of Queen Henrietta, besides several hundred of various members of the nobility. Two years before his death he married Mary Ruthven, the granddaughter of the earl of Gowrie. His influence on English portrait painting was felt for over a hundred and fifty years.

"Posterity, ever just in its instincts, assigns to Van Dyck a place of his own between men of the first rank and men of the second."—*Eugène Fromentin.*

"Van Dyck's qualities fitted him in the highest degree for the art of portraiture; and of all the masters belonging to the most developed period of art he alone divides with Titian, in that walk, the first place."—*F. T. Kugler.*

"Rubens had been somewhat indifferent to portraiture, and Van Dyck had the opportunity of making this department quite his own. He was gifted with an eye that saw the elevated in the human presence, and in portraiture he conceived the idea of adding to this elevation the brilliant colouring of Rubens and the Venetians. This was a new departure, for the portrait up to that time had been usually regarded as something to be done in sober hues."—*John C. Van Dyke.*

"There is a quality of flesh-colour in Van Dyck which is to be found in no other painter, and which exactly conveys the idea of the soft, smooth, sliding, continuous, delicately varied surface of the skin."—*William Hazlitt.*

"Never having created an imperious type to distract him from the real, he is true, he is exact, he sees correctly."—*Eugène Fromentin.*

"In his eyes a prince, a warrior, a statesman, an artist, belong to the world and to posterity, and in the realisation of this idea he attains a degree of excellence seldom, if ever, displayed before him."—*Henri Hymans.*

"His portraits of men are as a rule more successful than those of women; he evidently shared that deficient sense of the best characteristics of female beauty which marks Rubens and all his school."—*Percy R. Head.*

"He possessed none of that fire which had enabled Rubens to grapple with the most terrible and momentary incidents, but he surpassed him in the intensity and elevation of expression which he gave to profound emotion."—*F. T. Kugler.*

"Van Dyck shrinks, almost like a woman, from the unblushing nakedness in which Rubens delighted."—*Lionel Cust.*

Best represented in Vienna, Petrograd, Munich, Madrid, Dresden, Paris, Genoa, and Cassel.

Examples of best work: *Children of Charles I,* Windsor, Dresden, and Turin; *Princess Luisa de Tassis,* Liechtenstein Gallery, Vienna; *Philip Le Roy,* Wallace Collection, London.

***Van Eyck, Hubert** (1370?-1426) and **Jan** (1385?-1440), Flemish School. Pronounced vän īk′.

Portraits: (1) Note how much of the dignity, solidity, immobility, and impressiveness of marble busts the portraits display. (2) Feel the quality in them which, in spite of their intense realism, prevents you from thinking of them as merely "speaking likenesses." (3) Note that whatever emotion the faces display is transparent: it does not hold your attention, but lets it penetrate directly to the more permanent, essential qualities of the personality beneath.

Other Pictures: (1) Note the beauty of the jewels; the gem-like purity of his colours. (2) Stand at some distance, and compare the golds which he obtains with mere yellow paint with the actual gold of the early Italian pictures. (3) See how the eyes of his people gleam. (4)Step close, and feel the almost oppressive intensity of their vitality, as if the Flemish vigour which finds such exuberant expression in Rubens had, in them, been repressed almost to the bursting point. (5) See how absorbed they are in their own dignified lives; how little they seem to worry about your opinion of them,—a self-absorption which extends in some cases to stubbornness and narrow-mindedness. (6) In the great altarpiece, *The Adoration of the Lamb,* look at each of the processional groups as a unit till you feel its *momentum.* (7) Feel in the same way the mass-emotion of each group of singers and worshippers. Combine the momentum and emotion of the various groups till you feel the impact of the whole composition, the purpose and power of will it gives forth, like a great chorus several hundred voices strong. (8) Study the grip of hands on bridles, spears, staves, instruments, etc.; the carefully painted foliage; the beauty of the more elaborate draperies. (9) Feel the piercing intensity of such details as the dripping blood in the *Crucifixion* at Berlin. Note that his details never seem trivial, superfluous, or ridiculous, as is sometimes the case in early Italian pictures. (10) Study carefully his selection, disposition, manner of representation, and especially his combination, of details until you feel the kinship of the whole composition to some dignified piece of architecture, honestly built of solid stone. (11) Feel the seriousness with which he paints, his careful effort to present whatever he found in nature, untinged with his own emotions and undisturbed by any attempt to arouse emotion in the beholder. (12) Yet try to discover that quality in the picture which suggests that he is not striving for a mere imitation of nature, but for a something bigger,—which might be called the *suggestion* of nature.

Both Hubert and Jan van Eyck were probably born at Maeseyck on the Meuse. Hubert, much the elder, was the first to establish himself as a painter in Ghent. His success there seems to have tempted Jan to follow him and become his pupil and, later, his partner. Their masterpiece, "The Adoration of the Lamb," was begun by Hubert and completed by Jan after his brother's death. The remainder of Jan's life was divided between Bruges and Lille in the service of John of Bavaria and Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy. He was sometimes in demand as a painter, sometimes as a diplomat, and occasionally combined both functions, as in the mission to Portugal, during which he painted a portrait of Isabella to aid Philip in deciding whether to ask her hand in marriage. The perfection of a process of oil-painting, which, even more than their pictures, has made the names of the two brothers famous in the history of art, took place at some period between 1410 and 1420, after they had been working together for several years. Previously, white of egg, the sap of the fig-tree, soluble gums, and various sizes,—all thin, quickly drying mediums,—had been used almost exclusively to dissolve the colours and make them adhere to the wood or canvas (the process now known as tempera, or distemper). Other painters had tried oils, but the Van Eycks were the first to use them successfully.

"We say 'the Van Eycks' without stopping to consider which of the brothers may have painted the picture. One typical personality, indeed, seems formed by the blending of these two painters, and it is only later, when we have analysed our impressions, that the distinction between Hubert and Jan becomes clear. Hubert, the elder by many years, is more majestic, more serious; Jan, on the other hand, possesses the charm of youth and of confident strength."—*Arsène Alexandre.*

"Within a brief period—hardly more than a score of years—the human intellect, through the Van Eycks, discovered in painting a means of expressing its ideals, its beliefs; achieved that rendering of the human face which indicates the mind; gave the first correct, though not the noblest, portrayal of the human body; first imaged the sky; rendered atmosphere, depicted fields and garments; and set forth the outward richness of things by true colours."—*Eugène Fromentin.*

"None of this early Flemish art has the grandeur of Italian composition, but in realistic detail, in landscape, architecture, figure and dress, in pathos, sincerity, and sentiment, it is unsurpassed by any fifteenth century art."—*John C. Van Dyke.*

"Like many great artists he formed but few pupils. But if the personal influence of the Van Eycks was small, that of their works was immense, and it is not too much to say that their example, taken in conjunction with that of Van der Weyden, determined the current and practice of painting throughout the whole of Europe north of the Alps for nearly a century."—*Sir Joseph Crowe.*

Best represented in Berlin and Ghent.

Masterpiece: *Adoration of the Lamb,* St. Bavon, Ghent and Kaiser-Friedrich Museum, Berlin.

Van der Goes, see Goes.

Vannucci, Pietro, see Perugino.

Vecchio, Palma, see Palma.

Vecelli, Tiziano, see Titian.

***Velasquez, Diego Rodriguez de Silva y** (1599-1660), Spanish School. Pronounced vå-läs′kåth.

(1) Note, as you stand at some distance from the picture, how artificial the attitudes seem, how obviously the people have been posed for their pictures. Then step nearer and observe how perfectly natural they seem at close range. (2) See how intensely real they all are, in personality as well as in outward appearance. (3) Study the broad sweep of sky and landscape. If it seems at first a little muddy and confused, keep gazing at it till it expands to its full, clear depth. (4) See how independent, well-poised, self-contained all Velasquez's people are. (5) Feel their dignity and their freedom from pettiness. (6) Notice, especially in the portraits, that these men and women never

appeal to you for approval and admiration; they seem rather to sit in judgment on all the spectators who pass before them. (7) Try to feel the cool harmony of the grays, greens, and browns. (8) Observe the splendour, against this dull background, of the occasional touches of red, blue, or yellow; compare with the effect of beds of flowers on a lawn. (9) Study the surface of the canvas carefully, noting with how few, but with what bold, brush strokes Velasquez produced hands, lace, jewels, and other details. Compare with the smooth texture of the flesh of the face. (10) Note what value even the commonest objects take on when they enter one of Velasquez's canvases. Observe that he seems to have considered everything in the picture as almost equally worthy of his trouble and attention. Feel the patience of the man. (11) Study the apparent reality of each scene until you realise how largely it is due to a perfect rendering of those changes in the appearance of objects which are due to the intervention of the atmosphere between them and the eye. Note how evenly the foreground merges into the background. (12) Note how little emotion can be discovered in Velasquez's attitude toward his subject.

Velasquez was born at Seville. He was the son of Rodriguez de Silva, a lawyer, but was generally known, according to Andalusian custom, by his mother's name of Velasquez. He received a good education in philosophy and languages to fit him for one of the learned professions, but when his skill with brush and pencil became evident he was taken out of school and apprenticed to the painter Herrera for a year. Leaving him, he spent five years more with Pacheco, a dull painter and ponderous writer on art, and at nineteen married his daughter. At twenty-three he went to Madrid for a few months with letters of introduction to people connected with the court. He made such a good impression that he was called back the following year by Philip IV., and the year after was established in the capital as court painter. He was given a studio in the palace, a residence in the city, and a pension; and Philip declared that he would never sit to any other painter. Throughout their lives the two men were as intimate as the elaborate etiquette of the Spanish court permitted. Velasquez painted forty portraits of the king. In 1628, Rubens, in Madrid on one of his diplomatic missions, inspired him with a desire to visit Italy. He spent two years there on this journey; yet the pictures that he painted during that time show no trace of Italian influence. He even remained untouched by the tremendous power of Rubens' style. In 1648, he visited Italy again to buy statues and pictures for an academy of art which Philip had determined to found. He held an important official position at court, and was knighted in 1659. Tradition says that the king showed his appreciation of "Las Meniñas," painted in 1656, by painting in with his own hand the red cross of Santiago on the painter's breast; but that Velasquez was not allowed to receive the honour until a commission had spent three years in investigating the purity of his lineage. He died of a fever caught while superintending the decorations for the marriage of the Infanta Maria Theresa with Louis XIV. He admired Titian and Tintoretto above all other painters. His motto was *Verdad, no pintura,*—"truth, not painting."

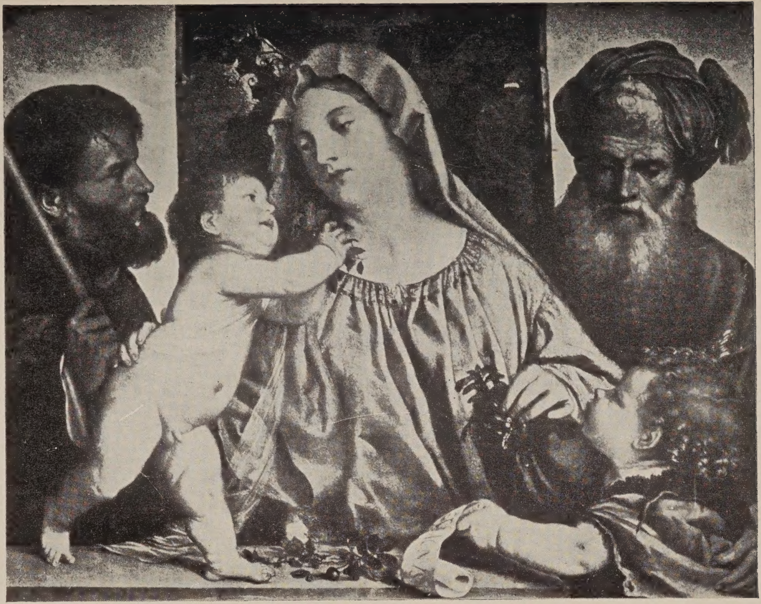
"No one since the time of Phidias has like him preserved before the world this respectful gravity and conscious enthusiasm which is the true religion."—*Élie Faure.*

"Professor Justi says that compared with Velasquez, Titian appears conventional, Rembrandt fantastic, and Rubens tainted with a mannerism at variance with fidelity."—*Anon.*

"The one painter of Spain whose art is marked by perfect balance and moderation."—*Calvert and Hartley.*

"Never, even in the fulness of his accomplishment, did he fall into mannerism, that fatal result of the abuse of facility."—*A. de Beruete.*

"There is no masking poverty of hand or mind under meretricious glitter; all is sober, real, and sterling. There



VIRGIN OF THE CHERRIES—*Titian*
VIENNA

is no showing off of the artist, no calling attention to the performer's dexterity."—*Richard Ford.*

"He was the great discoverer of *values;* and to him the just amount of light upon an object and the exact quantity of air between it and the spectator—its *appearance* at a given distance and under a given effect—this was the one thing about it worth painting, and this he painted as perhaps no man has done since."—*Kenyon Cox.*

"The art of Spain is, above all, an austere art, darkened as it were by a shadow of the Inquisition, of conventual seclusions, and monkish religion."—*Leon Bonnat.*

"It is impossible to estimate Velasquez without going to Madrid."—*Richard Ford.*

"To see the Prado is to modify one's opinion of the novelty of recent art."—*R. A. M. Stevenson.*

Best represented in Madrid; Vienna, Petrograd, Paris, and London.

Examples of best work: *Innocent X.,* Doria Gallery, Rome; *Equestrian Portrait of Olivarez,* Prado, Madrid; *Philip IV.,* National Gallery, London; *Surrender of Breda, Maids of Honour,* Prado, Madrid.

***Vermeer, Jan, of Delft** (1632-1675), Dutch School. Pronounced fĕr-mâr′.

(1) Observe that Vermeer's pictures give a much stronger illusion of reality than those of most other painters. Try to discover some of the reasons for this. (2) Observe the slight bloom on every coloured object, like the surface of a peach or of a butterfly's wing. Feel the freshness of the whole scene. (3) Notice the triviality of the occupations in which the people are engaged; yet notice, as you study the picture, a growing awareness that it somehow represents a critical moment in their lives.

(4) Observe that the beauty of the picture depends very little on the arrangement of people and objects within it, that you could move them quite freely without spoiling it. (5) Note that all the details, from chair legs to faces, are of almost equal interest. (6) Notice especially that even blank walls are not monotonous, but present a sufficiently varied surface to hold and interest the eye. (7) See how subtly light and shadow merge into each other. (8) Note how much Vermeer uses blue and lemon-yellow. (9) Note the multitude of tiny reflections,—a dot of red on a blue dish, a spot of blue on a white dress, etc. (10) Try to analyse the motives, emotions, and characters of the people. (11) Try to discover the nature of Vermeer's own personality, and his attitude toward his people.

Vermeer was born in Delft. (His name is sometimes written Van der Meer, but he should not be confused with Van der Meer of Haarlem or Van der Meer of Utrecht.) He studied under Karel Fabritius, a pupil of Rembrandt's; became a member of the guild of painters at twenty-one; and was twice chosen dean. For three years after admission he was unable to pay his initiation fee, presumably because he had entered on matrimony at the same time. His pictures can never have been in great demand, for at his death twenty-six remained unsold, and only thirty-six are now known. He nevertheless successfully supported a family of eight children. Fifty years after his death his name seems to have been entirely forgotten, for Houbraken, who chronicles innumerable nonentities, fails to mention him. His pictures were usually sold as the work of Metsu, De Hooch, Terborch, or Rembrandt. His individuality was restored only in the middle of the nineteenth century by the efforts of the French critic, Thoré, who wrote under the name of "W. Bürger."

"Vermeer has more accent than Metsu, more character than Terborch, more distinction than Jan Steen, more originality than Pieter de Hooch."—*W. Bürger.*

"He tells you enough to pique your curiosity, but he stops short just as you were about to discover the clue. His painting, indeed, is like the women of his pictures. It smiles upon you gaily, welcomes you, and beguiles you, but never does it give a complete and wholly satisfactory reply to your questioning."—*Arsène Alexandre.*

"There is no spot on Vermeer's canvases devoid of living, moving light; no spot where even darkness is dull and lifeless. Reflections, acting and reacting, subtly connect a hundred separate objects, and bring into harmony all the varying shades and gradations of the different colours."—*Alfred Peltzer.*

"Perhaps then, we particularly admire Vermeer because he has attacked what seem to us distinctly modern problems or motifs and solved them, on the whole, in a modern way. And with this he has been able to retain something of the serenity, poise, and finish that we regard as peculiarly the property of the old masters. Our modern work is petulant, that of the old masters was serene."—*Philip L. Hale.*

"The basic quality of Vermeer's art, the thing that makes it most itself and most different from the work of other men, is his manner of seeing. Where other men had a genius for drawing or for colour, he had a genius for vision. After studying his work most carefully, one arrives at a feeling that what gave his work its peculiar quality was that he looked at things harder than do other men. When one studies some of his more successful masterpieces, one almost feels that no one else has ever really looked at nature at all."—*Philip L. Hale.*

"Chardin said, when asked how he painted, that he kept putting on touches till the thing looked finished; and, curiously enough, Monet has said almost the same thing. One feels that Vermeer must have worked in something like the same spirit."—*Philip L. Hale.*

Best represented in The Hague, Amsterdam, Berlin, Dresden, Brunswick, London, and New York.

Examples of best work: *Drinking Scene,* Zwinger, Dresden; *View of Delft,* The Hague; *Girl with a Wine Glass,* Ducal Gallery, Brunswick; *Young Woman with Necklace,* Kaiser-Friedrich Museum, Berlin.

***Veronese, Paul** (Paolo Cagliari, 1528-1588), Venetian School. Pronounced vā″rō̇-nā′zȧ.

(1) Stand close to the picture; study each face until you realise that the expression in it which dominates all others is one of interest in something outside itself. Note that all Veronese's people are free from egotism. (2) Move back a step or two and notice how much action there is in the picture. (3) Note that the slightly nervous self-consciousness which characterises many of the gestures and the poise of many of the heads is echoed by something similar in effect in the folds of the draperies. (4) Step still farther back; run your eye slowly up and down each figure eight or ten times, until you feel an interest in them as personalities. (5) Observe that none of these people forget their station in life for a moment; see what imposing creatures they are. (6) Yet don't try to read too much human, or literary, interest into the picture; look at it simply as a gorgeous pageant, a magnificent spectacle. (7) Study, one at a time, the rich, heavy, saturated colours of each robe. Then look at two adjoining ones at once, noting the beauty of the combination of colours; then at a chord of three; then of four, etc. (8) Decide in each picture which particular pair of colours is most beautiful. (9) Realise that it is the flatness, the lack of perspective, which does most to make the picture hard to enjoy. Learn to look at it as a composition in colour rather than in form; realise that it was intended to be almost as purely decorative as a rug. (10) Look off over the heads of the people, through the arches and colonnades; feel the exhilaration of the marbles that gleam in the sunlight and of the bright, light-filled sky.

Cagliari owes the name by which he is better known to his birth in Verona. His father was a sculptor and he received his first training in art from him. When he developed a preference for painting, his education was turned over to his uncle, Antonio Badile. At twenty-seven he had made such a reputation in Verona and Padua, that he was tempted to go to Venice and match his skill against the greatest. He was successful from the first, and was soon recognised as a worthy rival of Tintoretto and Titian,—his elders by ten and fifty years, respectively. His commissions were so numerous that except for a journey to Rome in 1563 he hardly left the city. He even declined an invitation from Philip II. to go to Spain to assist in decorating the Escorial. Aside from the fact that he was haled before the Inquisition in 1573 for the worldliness, irreverence, irrelevance, and departure from Scripture of the picture now known as the "Feast in the House of Levi," little is known of the incidents of his life. He was quickly acquitted of this charge. His brother Benedetto and his two sons were also painters and assisted him in many of his pictures.

"Joyous, free, proud, full of health and vigour, Veronese is the very incarnation of the Italian Renaissance, that happy time when under smiling and propitious skies painters produced works of art with as little effort as trees put forth their blossoms and bear their fruit. . . . Veronese rarely appeals to the intellect; he seeks rather to charm and delight the eye, displaying to our vision all the splendours of light, all the wealth which heaven has bestowed upon man, all that makes material existence dear. His moral is not profound, nor is his motive serious. As a vast orchestra pours forth floods of harmony which can be separated into a thousand different sounds, each one produced by a single instrument, so does Veronese unroll before our eyes a sumptuous scene in which the colours, each one happily assigned to its place, combine in producing an effect in which we do not look for philosophy or reason, whose secret we make no attempt to penetrate, but to whose charm we invariably succumb."—*Charles Yriarte.*

"He was the most perfect colourist ever destined by nature to perceive the different qualities of light and colour, to detect all the manifold variations in intensity and value, and to reveal them with marvellous art to ordinary mortals."—*J. Buisson.*

"In his works the first quality which strikes one is their palatial splendour. The pictorial inspiration is entirely that of the piercing and comprehensive eye and the magical hand—not of the mind. He enjoys a sight much as Ariosto enjoys a story, and displays it in form and colour with a zest like that of Ariosto for language and verse. He was supreme in representing, without huddling or confusion, numerous figures in a luminous and diffused atmosphere, while in richness of draperies and transparency of shadows he surpassed all the other Venetians or Italians."—*W. M. Rossetti.*

"For the easy handling of great masses of people upon huge, cheerful, light-filled canvases, no master has ever equalled Paul Veronese."—*E. H. and E. W. Blashfield.*

"Where Tintoretto is dramatic, Veronese is scenic. All the equipage of wealth and worldliness, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life—this is Veronese's realm." —*J. A. Symonds.*

"Veronese yields none but negative results to the touchstone either of exalted and profound imagination or of searching and constructive common sense. The human form and face are given with decorous comeliness, often with beauty, but of individual and apposite expression there is next to none, and of reasoned realistic contact with the professed subject matter—whether in general disposition, in costume and accessory, or in attitude and effort of mind—there is frequently no trace at all."—*W. M. Rossetti.*

Best represented in Venice, Dresden, Paris, and Florence.

Masterpiece: *Marriage at Cana,* Louvre, Paris.

Vinci, Leonardo da, see Leonardo.

***Watteau, Jean Antoine** (1684-1721), French School. Pronounced vȧ″tō̇′.

(1) The secret of learning to enjoy Watteau is not to take him too seriously at first. Pretend that his people are merely beautiful Dresden china

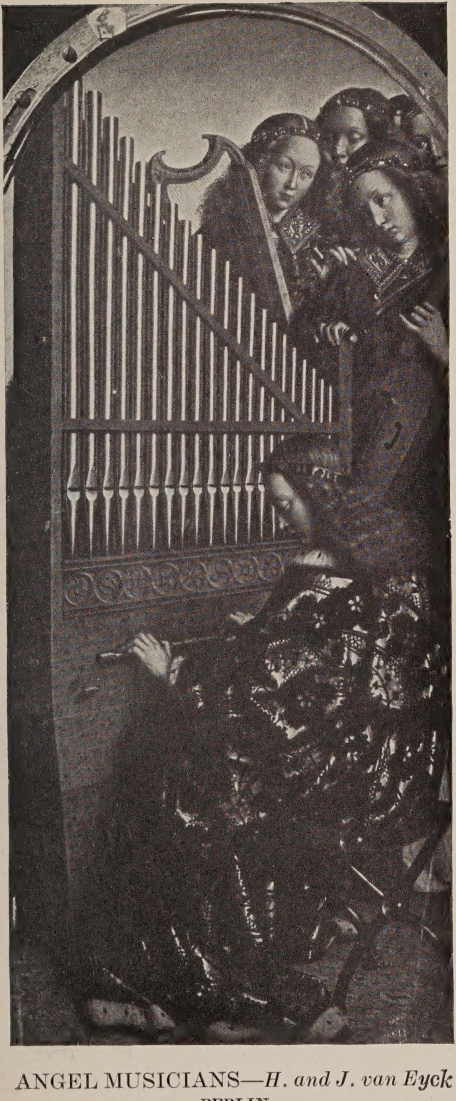
figures, endowed for a few hours with a spark of life. (2) Note the daintiness of their costumes. (3) Observe their automaton-like gestures and expressions. (4) Yet see how graceful their bodies are, and what light, airy spirits have entered them. (5) Notice the tinge of yearning in their faces, as if they realised that they must soon go back to the mantelpiece. (6) Feel the dreaminess of the long vistas, fading out to the horizon and up into the obscurity of the foliage. (7) Think of Watteau's pictures as improvisations rather than as formal compositions. (8) Feel the beauty of his colour, as delicate and evanescent as perfume.

Watteau was born at Valenciennes; he was the son of a master-carpenter. As a child he spent hours in drawing, and his especial delight was sketching the strolling players who occasionally performed in the public square. At fourteen he was placed with a mediocre painter named Gérin, and remained with him four years; but he seems to have learned more from the paintings by Ostade and Teniers in the Valenciennes museum. At eighteen he went to Paris; worked for a time for a scene-painter; next, for three francs a week and his board, in a sort of factory for the production of devotional pictures. He studied for a time under Gillot; then under Audran, a decorative painter who was working in the Luxembourg; and finally, having sold a picture of his own at a fair price, returned, after six years, to Valenciennes. At twenty-five he was back in Paris once more, still poor and living in an apartment whose location he kept as secret as possible from everyone. Three years later, wishing to go to Italy to study, he took some paintings to a member of the Academy to win his assistance in securing a royal pension. The academician informed him that he had nothing to learn in Italy, and the Academy promptly elected him an associate member. At thirty-three he was raised to full membership. His pictures sold well and were highly esteemed; but he himself was extremely critical of them and cared little for the money they brought him. The only one that he admired without reserve was a sign-board painted for his friend Gersaint, the art-dealer. He always lived in remote, obscure places, which he chose with the greatest difficulty and never remained satisfied with for long at a time. He died in 1721 of tuberculosis, which had been aggravated by a journey to London the year before. After his death his reputation decreased rapidly until revived by the de Goncourts in the latter half of the nineteenth century.

"Watteau's character was made up of uncertainties, hesitations, and caprices. His dominant passion was the love of change. He devoted himself to things and men and grew disgusted with them, with the same facility. Society he found intolerable. Impatience, inconstancy, caprice—such were the weaknesses that made his whole life wretched; and yet, it is to these very defects of nature that we owe the salient qualities of his genius. How, within the limits of so short a life, could this nervous, restless, sickly lad have produced a multitude of pictures, not one of which lacks some spark of genius, and many of which are masterpieces? It was the result of his underlying singleness of passion and desire, of the fact that his whole life was shaped toward one end, devoted to one object—his art."—*G. Dargenty.*

"Is it not remarkable that nowhere throughout his work is the least trace of his darker moods to be found—of his bitter personal irony, or the petulant sarcasm which in his daily life bore witness to the unhappiness of his spirit? . . . The frail and sickly poet shrinks from the strenuous passions and strifes of humanity and builds as a refuge a pleasure palace for his own frail soul, a world from which all elements which hurt him in the real world are absent, a fairy land of calm, of peace, of gentle passions and of laughter sweet, where spring reigns eternal, and the trees are green forever; a world where none is strong and none is weak, where none elbows or importunes another, where health and universal happiness are the common lot—such was the world which Watteau created for himself. Here he might find refuge."—*G. Dargenty.*

"He is the initiator of the Louis XV. period."—*Paul G. Konody.*



ANGEL MUSICIANS—*H. and J. van Eyck*
BERLIN

Best represented in London, Potsdam, Paris, Petrograd, and Chantilly.

Examples of best work: *The Embarkment for Cythera,* Louvre, Paris; *Pleasures of the Ball,* Gallery, Dulwich.

Weyden, Roger van der (1400-1473), Flemish School. Pronounced văn dĕr vī′dĕn.

(1) Study lips, eyelids, and hands until you feel their mobility. (2) Note the brilliant, gorgeous effects which Van der Weyden secures by skilfully placing gold and rich, saturated colours side by side. (3) Note that the colours in the background are almost always kept dull to set the others off. (4) See how much life these delicately shadowy spaces add to the picture. (5) Step across the gallery, and note how natural the scene looks from that distance. Observe that this is due especially to careful drawing of the outlines of objects, and to a well-considered arrangement of these objects within the space represented. (6) Note that these people are not posed in a static group, but that they are all engaged in lively, definite action, without a trace of sluggishness. (7) Observe that Van der Weyden emphasises action and emotion rather than character. Compare with other Flemings and the early Italians. (8) Feel the affectation, in faces, hands, and ornamentation. (9) Compare him with Carlo Dolci.

Van der Weyden was born at Tournai in 1400, but moved to Brussels in 1432, and was there made painter-in-ordinary to the municipality. In 1449, he set out on a pilgrimage to Rome, visiting Milan, Ferrara, and Florence on the way; yet the style of his later pictures shows no trace of Italian influence. As a painter he is known to have been successful and prosperous; his talents were also in demand for miniatures, engravings, sculpture, and tapestry. Though a lesser artist than the Van Eycks, his influence on the development of painting in the Netherlands was much greater.

"Van Eyck forsook once and forever the ancient religious ideal. . . . Roger van der Weyden reintroduced the religious element into Flemish art. He combined the old religious feeling with the new naturalism."—*W. M. Conway.*

"When Roger, the city painter of Brussels, spoke to the people, he spoke in words of thunder, like an impassioned prophet of the Old Testament."—*Richard Muther.*

"In the Low Countries every artist was his imitator if not directly his pupil."—*W. M. Conway.*

Best represented in Madrid, Berlin, and Munich.

Examples of best work: *Adoration of the Magi,* Kaiser-Friedrich Museum, Berlin; *Triptych,* Prado, Madrid; *Triptych,* Old Pinakothek, Munich.

***Whistler, James Abbott McNeill** (1834-1903).

"He is the one solitary example of cosmopolitanism in art, for there is nothing in his pictures to show that they come from the north, the south, the east, or the west."—*George Moore.*

Portraits: (1) Stand very close to the canvas, and gaze intently into the face till its apparent flatness becomes well-rounded relief, and the colours of the flesh begin to glow. (2) Feel the serene poise of the soul behind the eyes. (3) Observe that the eyes often seem to study and to challenge you. (4) Feel the mysterious, unnameable elements of character revealed in the face.

Other Pictures: (1) Study the lines one by one; feel the cool delicacy of their curves. (2) See how restful Whistler's water surfaces are. (3) Notice how often the colour seems to flow across the picture like a broad, peaceful river. (4) Observe that everything in the picture, from wavelets to bridges and palaces, is imbued with a little of the light poise, the untroubled freedom, of the famous butterfly of the signature. (5) Note that, although the picture displays all the refinement and delicate sensitiveness associated with the idea of aristocracy, yet it contains no hint of exclusiveness, of ponderous dignity, or of pride. (6) And note, above all, that it descends to no clamourous self-advertising; that it never calls you but always waits for you to seek it. (7) Note the soap-bubble delicacy and perfection of Whistler's etchings and of his slighter paintings. (8) Feel his fine respect for whatever material he has chosen to paint; he makes art of it by omission rather than by distortion. (9) Realise the delicacy and intensity of his sympathies. (10) Find your own "Whistlers" outside the galleries, in bridges, wharves, and rows of old houses.

Whistler was born at Lowell, Massachusetts. His father was a major in the United States army; and, after the family had returned from a seven year stay in Petrograd, the son entered West Point, at seventeen, Three years later he was dismissed for deficiency in chemistry; but, having been the best draughtsman in his class, he easily secured a position in the Coast Survey at Washington. Losing this in three months as a result of having idly sketched a few heads in the margin of one of his plates, he went to Paris to study art. His first etchings, known as "The French Set," were published not long after. At twenty-six he began to exhibit at the Royal Academy in London. Three years later he created a great sensation at the Salon des Refusés in Paris with "The White Girl." He moved to Chelsea the same year, and for a time shared a studio with Du Maurier. At thirty-one he took a long trip to Valparaiso for his health. Twelve years later he delighted all England with his wit in the trial in which he won a farthing's damages from Ruskin, who had written of one of the "Nocturnes" that he "never expected to hear a coxcomb ask two hundred guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public's face," and adding further remarks on "works in which the ill-educated conceit of the artist so nearly approached the aspect of wilful imposture." Other critics escaped without financial loss, but many of them suffered severely in the unique volume which he published under the title of "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies." Oscar Wilde wrote, "Popularity is the only insult that has not yet been offered to Mr. Whistler." Whistler spent 1879 and 1880 in Venice, painting and etching. He married in 1888 and received the Legion of Honour a year later. He never returned to America, but divided his time between London and Paris. He worked with almost equal brilliance in oils, water-colours, pastel, with the etcher's needle and the lithographic stone, and with words, both spoken and written. The stories of his wit have filled volumes; and it is interesting to note in his art a certain brilliant detachment comparable to that of wit in the field of the intellect.

"He flits across the Victorian years—gay, débonair, laughing, quarrelsome, huffy—a dandified exquisite of a man, insolent, charming, unexpected, hidalgic, swaggering; blithely stepping into frays for mere love of a quip." —*Haldane Macfall.*

"In the future Whistler must be accounted, in oil painting, a master exquisite but rare. But the number and the range of his etched subjects and the extrordinary variety of perception and of skill which he has brought to bear upon the execution of his nearly three hundred coppers, ensure and have indeed already compassed, the acceptance of him as a master among masters. Rembrandt's, Van Dyck's, Méryon's, Claude's, are, in fact, the only names which there is full warranty for pronouncing beside his own."—*Frederick Wedmore.*

"It was he who first transferred to canvas the blue transparent darkness which folds the world from sunset to sunrise. Until he came the night of the painter was as ugly and insignificant as any pitch barrel."—*George Moore.*

"More to Whistler than to anyone who has worked with brush or needle do we owe that complete acceptance of modern life, of the modern world, of all that is miscalled its ugliness, of its aspects of every day; which complete acceptance, remember, whether in pictorial art or the art that is literature, is the most salient characteristic of our time."—*Frederick Wedmore.*

"As music is the poetry of sound, so is painting the poetry of sight, and the subject matter has nothing to do with harmony of sound or of colour. Art should be independent of all clap-trap, should stand alone and appeal to the artistic sense of eye or ear without confounding this with emotions entirely foreign to it, as devotion, pity, love, patriotism, and the like."—*Whistler.*

"Whistler would have us believe that it is the province of Art to say Nothing very Beautifully; his instincts and his genius made no such mistake."—*Haldane Macfall.*

"The imitator is a poor kind of creature. If the man who paints only the tree, or flower, or other surface he sees before him were an artist, the king of artists would be the photographer. It is for the artist to do something beyond this; in portrait-painting to put on canvas something more than the face the model wears for that one day."—*Whistler.*

Best represented in New York, Washington, Boston.

(Most of Whistler's pictures are still privately owned.)

Examples of best work: *Portrait of Carlyle,* Corporation Gallery, Glasgow; *Portrait of His Mother,* Luxembourg, Paris; *Battersea Bridge,* Tate Gallery, London.

Zampieri, Domenico, see Domenichino.

Zurbaràn, Francisco (1598-1662), Spanish School. Pronounced thōōr″bȧ-rän′.

(1) Study the construction of houses, churches, furniture, fabrics, and human figures until you feel the workmanlike quality which characterises them.

(2) Study the way in which the picture is constructed from them until you feel the same efficiency in this larger task. (3) Note how firmly the hands carry out whatever task they are given to do. (4) See how often they are used to emphasise the meaning of the picture,—sometimes by their position, sometimes by being strongly illuminated, and sometimes, in the ordinary way, by the direction in which they point. (5) Study the eyes till you feel the intensity of their religious zeal. (6) Feel the richness of Zurbaran's shadows. (7) Study the sharpness of the outlines, the clearness and definiteness of the surfaces, and a certain prodigality of light, until you feel the strong serenity of the picture. (8) Compare Zurbaran at his best with the pictures of Rembrandt which seem noblest and most spacious, such as the "Old Woman Cutting her Nails" in the Metropolitan Museum in New York, or the "Burgomaster Six" in the Six Collection in Amsterdam. (9) Feel the cold, intense fire of the man.

Zurbaran was born in a peasant family at Fuente de Cantos in Estremadura in 1598. He made such excellent sketches with charcoal that while still very young he was sent to Seville to study painting with Juan de Roélas. He determined to follow nature strictly and never to paint an object unless he had it before him; and, finding a fellow spirit in Caravaggio, he took that painter's style for a guide in forming his own. About 1630 he was appointed painter to Philip IV., but he continued to spend the greater part of his time in Seville. Convents and cathedrals seem to have been his most familiar haunts, and his life was prosperous and uneventful. He died in Madrid in 1662.

"No artist has rendered as intensely as Zurbaran the beauty of the cloistered life, or interpreted with more nobility and truth the contempt for worldly pleasures." —*Paul Lafond.*

"His art was Doric in its simplicity."—*N. Sentenach.*

"There is an austerity in his point of view which separates him from the sentiment of Murillo, the passionate virility of Ribera, and the aristocratic distinction of Velasquez. To see him at his best, alongside of Murillo's work, as you can in Seville, is to be disposed to question the latter's claim to be considered the greatest artist of the Sevillian school. He had not the popular trait of sentiment and passion, but the higher gift of intellectuality and the rarer one of cold, dispassionate vision."—*Charles H. Caffin.*

Best represented in Seville, Madrid, and Paris.

Masterpiece: *St. Thomas Aquinas,* Museum, Seville.

BOOKS RECOMMENDED FOR READING AND REFERENCE.

ELEMENTARY AND TECHNICAL HANDBOOKS.

"A Child's Guide to Pictures"—Charles H. Caffin.

"How to Study Pictures"—Charles H. Caffin.

"Outlines for the Study of Art"—Powers and Powe.

"How to Appreciate Prints"—Frank Weitenkampf.

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SCHOOLS OF PAINTERS

(The names of painters treated in this book are printed in heavy type. The lists in lighter type which follow contain the names of other important painters of each school. The arrangement is roughly chronological within each subdivision. Parentheses about a name indicate that some other school has a greater claim to it.)

Florentine.

Cimabue
Giotto
Masaccio
Angelico
Lippo Lippi
Gozzoli
The Pollajuoli
Ghirlandajo
Botticelli
Filippino Lippi
Piero di Cosimo
(Signorelli)
Credi
Leonardo
Michelangelo
Bartolommeo
(Raphael)
Andrea del Sarto
Bronzino
Dolci
Taddeo Gaddi
Orcagna.
Castagno
Ucello
Domenico **Veneziano**
Rosselli
Verrocchio
Albertinelli
Pontormo

Roman, or Umbrian.

Piero della Francesca
Signorelli
Melozzo
Perugino
Pinturicchio
Raphael
(Sebastiano)
Gentile da Fabriano
Fiorenzi di Lorenzo
Giulio Romano

Sienese.

(Sodoma)
Duccio
Simone Martini
Lippo Memmi
The Lorenzetti

Paduan.

Mantegna
Montagna

Veronese.

(Paul Veronese)
Altichiero

Ferrarese.

Dossi
Correggio

Tura
Cossa
Costa
Garofalo
Parmigiano

Bolognese.

Francia
Domenichino
Guido Reni
The Carraci
Albani
Guercino

Naturalists.

Caravaggio
(Ribera)
Salvator Rosa
Giordano

Lombard.

(Leonardo)
Luini
Sodoma
Vincenzo Foppa
Bramante
Borgognone
Solario
Ferrari
Beltraffio
De Predis
Segantini

Bergamask and Brescian.

Moretto
Moroni
Lotto
Previtali
Cariani
Savoldo

Venetian.

Crivelli
Gentile Bellini
Giovanni Bellini
Carpaccio
Cima
Bonifazio
Palma Vecchio
(Lotto)
Giorgione
Titian
Bordone
Sebastiano
Tintoretto
Veronese
Tiepolo
Canaletto
Alvise Vivarini
Bartolommeo Vivarini
Jacopo Bellini
Antonello da Messina
Bassano
Rondinelli
Longhi
Guardi

French.

Nicholas Poussin
Claude
Champaigne
Watteau
Chardin
Boucher
Fragonard
Greuze
J. L. David
Ingres
Delacroix
Corot
Rousseau
Millet
Monet
Puvis de Chavannes
Fouquet
François Clouet
Gaspar Poussin
Rigaud
Le Sueur
Charles Le Brun
Lancret

Pater
Van Loo
Prud'hon
Vigée-Le Brun
Diaz
Daubigny
Troyon
Courbet
Meissonier
Gerôme
Manet
Renoir
Degas

Spanish.

Greco
Ribera
Velasquez
Zurbaran
Murillo
Goya
Coello
Ribalta
Cano
Herrera
Fortuny
Sorolla
Zuloaga

Flemish.

The Van Eycks
Van der Weyden
Memling
Bouts
Gerard David
Matsys
Mabuse
Brueghel
Rubens
Van Dyck
Jordaens
Teniers
Brouwer
Pieter Christus
Bernard Van Orley
Lucas van Leyden
Antonio Moro
Martin de Vos
Cornelisz de Vos
Bosch
Snyders
Pourbus

Dutch.

Hals
Rembrandt
Van Goyen
Cuyp
Terborch
Dou
Ostade
Potter
Ruisdael
De Hooch
Maes
Metsu
Hobbema
Vermeer
Bol
Flinck
Van der Helst
Fabritius
Mieris
Wynants
Wouverman
Van der Velde
Kalf
Weenix
Israels
Maris
Mauve

German.

Dürer
Cranach
Holbein
Böcklin
Master of Life of Mary
Master of Death of Mary
Lochner
Wolgemuth
Altdorfer
Grünewald
Schöngauer
Burgkmair

Angelica Kauffman
Spitzweg
Von Schwind
Feuerbach
Menzel
Lenbach
Liebermann
Von Stuck

English.

Hogarth
Reynolds
Gainsborough
Romney
Blake
Lawrence
Constable
Turner
Rossetti
Burne-Jones
Benjamin West
John Opie
William Etty
Richard Wilson
John Hoppner
William Beechey
George Morland
John Crome
Sir John Everett Millais
Lord Leighton
Holman Hunt
Ford Madox Brown
George F. Watts
Landseer

American.

Whistler
Copley
Stuart
Sully
Elliot
Trumbull
George Fuller
Frederic E. Church
A. H. Wyant
George Inness
Homer Martin
Winslow Homer
Sargent
La Farge

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

(BY COURTESY OF THE
NEW INTERNATIONAL ENCYCLOPEDIA)

ā as in ale, fate.
ā̇ " " Senate, chaotic.
â " " glare, care, and as *e* in there.
ă " " am, at.
ä " " arm, father.
ȧ " " ant, and final *a* in America, armada, etc.
a " " final, regal, pleasant.
ē " " eve.
ē̇ " " elate, evade.
ĕ " " end, pet.
ẽ " " fern, her, and as *i* in sir, etc.
e " " agency, judgment.
ī " " ice, quiet.
ī̇ " " quiescent.
ĭ " " ill, fit.
ō " " old, sober.
ō̇ " " obey, sobriety.
ô " " orb, nor.
ŏ " " odd, forest, not.
o " " atom, carol.
oi " " oil, boil.
ōō " " food, fool, and as *u* in rude, rule.
ou " " house, mouse.
ū " " use, mule.
ū̇ " " unite.
ŭ " " cut, but.
ụ " " full, put, or as *oo* in foot, book.
û " " urn, burn.
y " " yet, yield.
ʙ " " Spanish Habana, Córdoba, where it is like
English *v* but made with the lips alone.

ch as in chair, cheese.
D " " Spanish Almodovar, pulgada, where it is nearly like *th* in English then.
g " " go, get.
G " " The German word Landtag = *ch* in Ger. ach, etc.
H " *j* in Spanish Jijona, *g* in Spanish gila; like English *h* in hue, but stronger.
hw " *wh* in which.
K " *ch* in German ich, Albrecht = *g* in German Arensberg, Mecklenburg, etc.
m " in singer, longer.
ng " " sing, long.
N " " French bon, Bourbon, and *m* in the French Etampes; here it indicates nasalizing of the preceding vowel.
sh " " shine, shut.
th " " thrust, thin.
TH " " then, this.
zh " *z* in azure, and *s* in pleasure.

An apostrophe ['] is sometimes used as in tā'b'l (table), Kăz''m (chasm), to indicate the elision of a vowel or its reduction to a mere murmur.

For foreign sounds, the nearest English equivalent is generally used. In any case where a special symbol, as G, H, K, N, is used, those unfamiliar with the foreign sound indicated may substitute the English sound ordinarily indicated by the letter.

INDEX TO PAINTERS

(Two numbers joined by a hyphen indicate that a whole section has been devoted to the painter whose name they follow. Painters merely mentioned by name are, in general, not included in this index.)

Albani, F., 108.
Albertinelli, M., 7, 149.
Allegri, A., see Correggio.
Andrea del Sarto, 1-3, 87, 149, 178.
Angelico, Fra, 3-5, 7, 24, 101, 102, 147.
Bartolommeo, Fra, 1, 5-7, 149, 223.
Bazzi, G. A., see Sodoma.
Bellini, Gentile, 8-9, 38, 243.
Bellini, Giovanni, 9-11, 38, 83, 89, 147, 174, 187, 221, 243.
Bellini, Jacopo, 8, 10, 146.
Berchem, N., 122.
Blake, W., 11-13.
Böcklin, A., 13-16.
Bol, F., 200.
Bonifazio Veronese, 16-17, 174.
Bordone, P., 17-19.
Botticelli, S., 19-22, 28, 34, 87, 89, 130, 133, 134, 136, 140, 147, 149, 183.
Boucher, F., 22-23, 40, 63, 78, 161.
Bouts, D., 24-25, 61.
Bronzino, 25-27.
Brown, F. M., 209.
Brouwer, A., 27-29, 31, 111, 144, 154, 230, 231, 234.
Brueghel, Jan, 31, 231.
Brueghel, Pieter, 30-32.
Burne-Jones, Sir E., 32-34, 209.
Cagliari, Paolo, see Veronese.
Canaletto, 34-35.
Caracci, The, 69, 108, 205.
Caravaggio, 35-37, 108, 169, 205, 272.
Carpaccio, V., 37-39, 153.
Champaigne, P. de, 39-40.
Chardin, J. B. S., 40-42, 78, 106, 261.
Chavannes, see Puvis de Chavannes.
Cima, 11, 42-43, 187.
Cimabue, 44-44, 91.
Claude Lorraine, 45-47, 270.
Coello, S., 98.
Constable, J., 47-49, 145, 163, 219.
Corot, J. B. C., 47, 49-52, 211, 219.
Correggio, 52-54, 71, 205, 244.
Cranach, L., 54-56, 153.
Credi, L. di, 1, 56-58.
Crivelli, C., 43, 58-59.
Cuyp, A., 59-61.
David, G., 61-62, 123, 124.
David, J. L., 62-64, 78.
Delacroix, E., 64-67, 190.
Diaz, N., 212.
Dolci, C., 10, 67-68, 267.
Domenichino, 68-70, 108, 186, 206.
Dossi, D., 70-71.
Dou, G., 10, 72-73, 143, 144, 154, 155, 200.
Dupré, J., 212.
Dürer, A., 11, 56, 74-77, 119, 147.
Fabritius, K., 200, 260.
Fiorenzo di Lorenzo, 180.
Flinck, G., 200.
Forlì, see Melozzo.

Fragonard, J. H., 23, 40, 77-79.
Francesca, P. della, 79-81, 152, 175, 223.
Francia, 81-83, 87.
Franciabigio, 2.
Gainsborough, T., 83-86, 129, 203.
Gelée, Claude, see Claude.
Gentile da Fabriano, 4, 8.
Ghirlandajo, D., 1, 86-88, 147, 149.
Giordano, L., 68, 206.
Giorgione, 3, 10, 18, 71, 88-90, 161, 174, 220, 221, 243.
Giotto, 44, 91-93, 97, 149, 182, 201.
Goes, H. van der, 93-95.
Gossaert, see Mabuse.
Goya, F., 95-98.
Goyen, J. van, 60, 98-100, 229.
Gozzoli, B., 4, 100-102, 136, 152.
Greco, El, 102-105.
Greuze, J. B., 41, 105-107.
Guardi, F., 236.
Guido Reni, 69, 107-109, 123, 205.
Hals, F., 28, 109-112, 155, 172, 234, 251.
Hobbema, M., 60, 112-114.
Hogarth, W., 114-117.
Holbein, H., 15, 56, 117-119.
Hondecoeter, M., 119-120.
Hooch, P. de, 121-122, 144, 145, 200, 260.
Hunt, Holman, 209.
Ingres, J. A. D., 64, 66, 123-125.
Jordaens, J., 79, 125-127, 151.
Lawrence, Sir T., 115, 127-129.
Leonardo da Vinci, 2, 3, 6, 54, 57, 90, 129-132, 136, 140, 141, 147, 149, 195, 223, 225, 227, 244.
Lippi, Filippino, 21, 133-134, 147, 149.
Lippi, Lippo, 21, 24, 133, 134-136, 149.
Lotto, L., 11, 137-139, 156, 174.
Luini, B., 139-141, 225.
Mabuse, J., 142-143.
Maes, N., 79, 143-145, 200.
Mantegna, A., 8, 10, 24, 82, 145-148, 167.
Masaccio, 134, 135, 148-150, 201.
Matsys, Q., 25, 142, 150-151.
Melozzo da Forli, 80, 140, 151-152.
Memlinc, H., 62, 151, 152-154.
Metsu, G., 73, 111, 144, 154-156, 234, 260.
Michelangelo, 2, 3, 26, 54, 78, 87, 131, 132, 149, 156-160, 176, 195, 196, 203, 220, 221, 222, 223, 238, 240, 245.
Mieris, F., 73, 143.
Millet, J. F., 51, 160-162, 211, 212.
Millais, Sir J. E., 209.
Monet, C., 163-164, 261.
Moretto, 165-167, 168.
Moroni, G. B., 166, 167-168.
Netscher, C., 234.
Murillo, B. E., 169-171, 273.
Orcagna, 87.
Ostade, A., 28, 111, 144, 154, 171-173, 229, 230, 265.
Palma Vecchio, 17, 19, 138, 173-174.
Palmezzano, 152.
Parmigiani, 54.
Perugino, P., 57, 82, 83, 130. 147, 149, 166, 174-177, 180, 181, 194, 196, 224.
Piero della Francesca, see Francesca.

Piero di Cosimo, 2, 177-179.
Pinturicchio, 176, 179-181, 224.
Pollajuoli, The, 87, 181-183, 223.
Pontormo, 2, 26.
Potter, P., 99, 183-185, 200.
Poussin, N., 39, 185-187, 248.
Previtali, A., 11, 187-188.
Puvis de Chavannes, 180, 188-191.
Raeburn, Sir H., 127, 191-192, 206.
Raphael, 1, 2, 7, 54, 61, 69, 76, 78, 83, 120, 123, 132, 134, 143, 149, 192-196, 201, 203, 221, 225, 226, 244.
Rembrandt, 28, 72, 86, 97, 111, 113, 144, 155, 164, 195, 197-202, 204, 219, 229, 233, 240, 244, 245, 258, 270, 272.
Reni, see Guido.
Reynolds, Sir Joshua, 85, 129, 191, 202-204, 207.
Ribera, G., 69, 108, 169, 204-206, 273.
Robusti, J., see Tintoretto.
Romney, G., 115, 129, 203, 206-208.
Rosa, S., 206.
Roselli, Cosimo, 6, 178.
Rossetti, D. G., 33, 208-211.
Rousseau, P. E. T., 51, 162, 211-213.
Rubens, P. P., 29, 39, 66, 67, 76, 79, 124, 126, 127, 151, 185, 213-217, 228, 231, 241, 245, 250, 251, 252, 253, 258.
Ruisdael, J. van, 98, 99, 113, 114, 200, 217-220.
Ruisdael, S., 99.
Sargent, J. S., 105.
Sebastiano del Piombo, 11, 220-222.
Signorelli, L., 80, 222-224.
Sodoma, 224-227.
Spagnoletto, Lo, see Ribera.
Steen, Jan, 99, 144, 155, 227-229, 230, 260.
Teniers, D., 28, 31, 154, 172, 229-232, 265.
Terborch, G., 79, 111, 144, 200, 232-234, 260.
Theotocopuli, see Greco.
Tiepolo, G. B., 78, 234-236.
Tintoretto, 167, 190, 236-241, 245, 258, 264.
Titian, 3, 11, 17, 18, 19, 53, 54, 89, 90, 104, 138, 139, 152, 168, 174, 187, 190, 204, 208, 238, 239, 240, 241-245, 250, 251, 252, 258.
Turner, J. M. W., 34, 145, 163, 164, 245-249.
Ucello, P., 146.
Van der Helst, B., 99.
Van der Meer, see Vermeer.
Vandevelde, Willem, 60.
Van Dyck, Sir Anthony, 99, 119, 127, 144, 192, 245, 249-253, 270.
Van Eycks, The, 62, 94, 151, 154, 253-256, 268.
Vasari, G., 2.
Velasquez, D., 86, 97, 98, 105, 170, 191, 195, 245, 256-259.
Veneziano, D., 80.
Vermeer, J., 144, 145, 259-261.
Veronese, P., 66, 173, 190, 236, 245, 251, 262-264.
Verrocchio, A. del, 57, 87, 130, 149.
Vinci, see Leonardo.
Vivarini, A., 138.
Watteau, J. A., 229, 232, 264-267.
Weenix, J., 120.
Weyden, R. van der, 25, 62, 153, 256, 267-268.
Whistler, J., McN., 34, 268-271.
Wolgemut, M., 75.
Zurbaran, F., 271-273.

INDEX TO PLACES

(Refers only to places mentioned in Directions, or under "Best represented in" or "Examples of best work," as present location of important pictures; does not include any references to quotations or biographical sketches.)

Amiens, 191.
Amsterdam, 73, 100, 112, 120, 122, 145, 156, 185, 201, 202, 220, 229, 234, 261.
Antwerp, 127, 151, 217.
Arezzo, 81.
Assisi, 44, 93.
Baltimore, 52, 213.
Basel, 16, 119.
Bergamo, 139, 167, 168, 188.
Berlin, 11, 16, 19, 22, 25, 56, 59, 77, 94, 95, 100, 112, 119, 122, 136, 139, 143, 150, 160, 179, 183, 201, 202, 206, 220, 222, 224, 234, 254, 256, 261, 268.
Birmingham, 34, 211.
Bologna, 83, 109.
Boston, 52, 162, 164, 191, 271.
Brescia, 167.
Bruges, 62, 94, 154.
Brunswick, 229, 261.
Brussels, 25, 127, 151.
Budapest, 61.
Cambridge, 13, 100, 208.
Cassel, 112, 127, 201, 202, 253.
Castelfranco, 90.
Chantilly, 267.
Chicago, 162.
Cortona, 224.
Darmstadt, 119.
Dresden, 29, 35, 54, 56, 68, 71, 73, 77, 90, 109, 112, 119, 120, 127, 156, 173, 174, 197, 201, 202, 206, 220, 232, 240, 245, 253, 261, 264.
Dulwich, 204, 267.
Edinburgh, 192.
Ferrara, 71.
Florence, 3, 5, 7, 22, 27, 44, 58, 68, 71, 77, 88, 90, 93, 94, 95, 102, 109, 132, 134, 136, 150, 160, 168, 177, 179, 183, 197, 217, 222, 224, 227, 240, 245, 264.
Genoa, 62, 253.
Ghent, 256.
Glasgow, 52, 94, 192, 232, 271.
Haarlem, 112, 160.
Hague, The, 52, 120, 185, 201, 202, 229, 234, 261.
Hampton Court, 148.
Jesi, 139.
Leipzig, 16.
Liverpool, 208, 211.
London, 5, 11, 13, 22, 23, 34, 35, 40, 43, 47, 49, 52, 59, 61, 62, 73, 77, 79, 83, 86, 107, 109, 112, 114, 117, 119, 122, 129, 132, 139, 143, 145, 148, 156, 160, 167, 168, 171, 173, 177, 179, 185, 187, 192, 201, 204, 208, 211, 213, 220, 222, 229, 232, 234, 245, 249, 253, 259, 261, 267, 271.
Loreto, 139, 152.
Louvain, 25.
Lucca, 7.
Lugano, 141.
Lyons, 191.

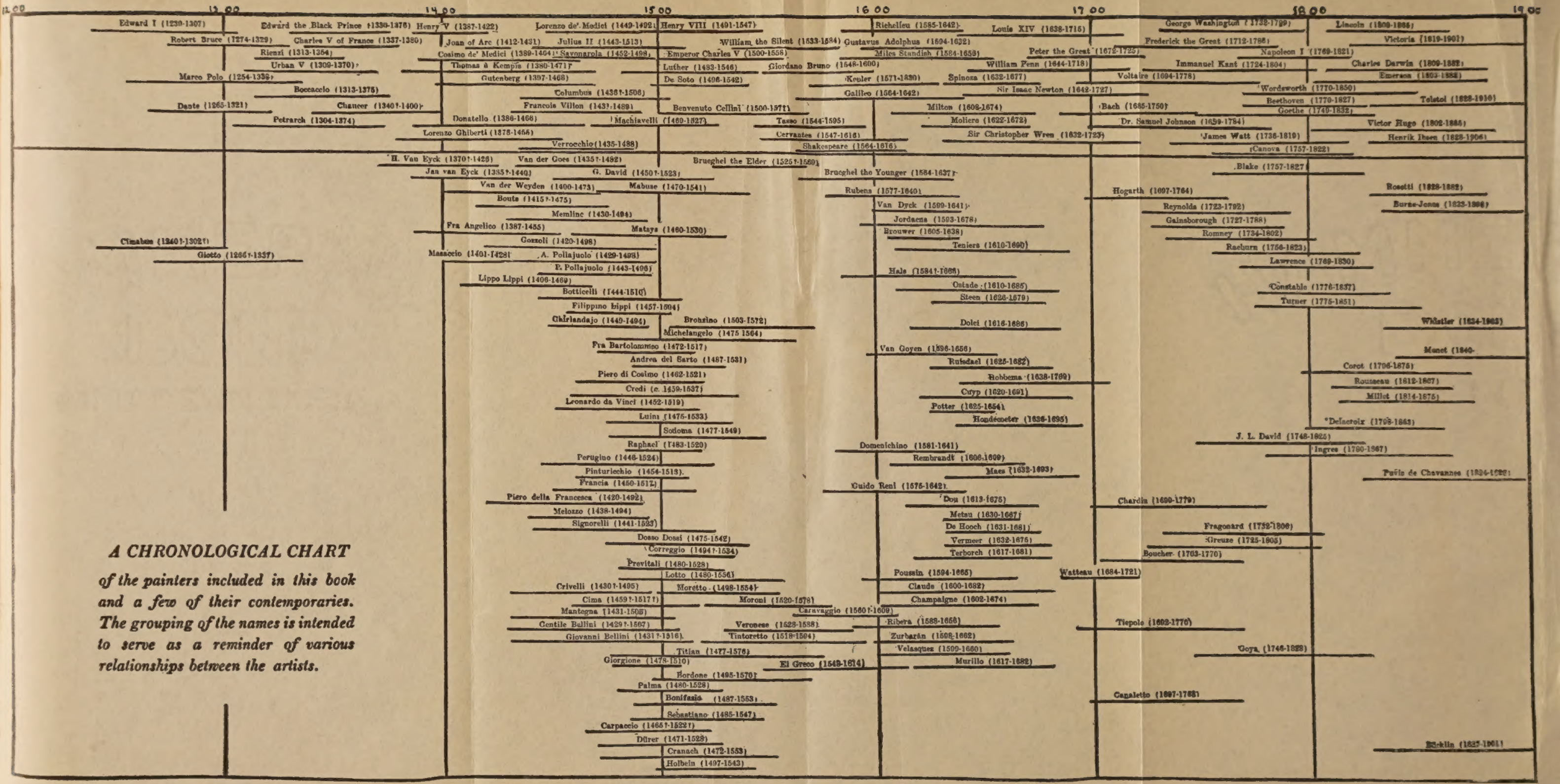
Madrid, 47, 77, 98, 105, 127, 171, 187, 206 ,217, 232, 240. 245, 253, 259, 268, 273.
Manchester, 211.
Mantua, 148.
Milan, 9, 17, 19, 43, 59, 132, 139, 141, 167, 168, 240.
Modena, 71.
Montefalco, 102.
Monte Oliveto Maggiore, 224, 227.
Montpellier, 67.
Munich, 16, 25, 29, 58, 68, 73, 77, 83, 100, 143, 156, 171, 173, 202, 217, 253, 268.
Naples, 31, 206.
New York, 162, 164, 201, 261, 271.
Orvieto, 224.
Oxford, 160.
Padua, 93, 148.
Paris, 5, 7, 23, 37, 40, 42, 47, 52, 61, 63, 67, 73, 79, 90, 100, 107, 109, 112, 125, 132, 141, 148, 151, 154, 156, 160, 162, 164, 171, 173, 177, 187, 191, 197, 201, 202, 206, 213, 217, 232, 234, 245, 253, 259, 264, 267, 271, 273.
Parma, 54.
Perugia, 177.
Petrograd, 47, 61, 68, 73, 109, 112, 171, 173, 201, 217, 220, 232, 234, 253, 259, 267.
Pisa, 102.
Pistoja, 58.
Potsdam, 267.
Prato, 136.
Rome, 5, 22, 27, 37, 70, 71, 109, 134, 139, 152, 160, 181, 197, 222, 227, 245, 259.
Rouen, 62.
San Gimignano, 88, 102.
San Sepolcro, 81.
Saronno, 141.
Seville, 171, 273.
Siena, 181, 227.
Spello, 181.
Spoleto, 136.
Stockholm, 23, 42.
Toledo, .105.
Turin, 253.
Venice, 9, 11, 17, 19, 39, 43, 132, 160, 174, 236, 240, 245, 264.
Vienna, 17, 19, 25, 31, 35, 77, 90, 94, 100, 127, 139, 160, 167, 174, 217, 232, 240, 245, 253, 259.
Washington, 271.
Weimar, 56.
Windsor, 35, 86, 119, 129, 132, 253.

INDEX TO QUOTATIONS

Alexandre, A., 76, 106, 255, 261.
Allen, Grant, 93.
Anon., 15, 35, 64, 111, 138, 258.
Aretino, P., 139.
Armstrong, Sir Walter, 85, 86, 116, 204, 219, 248, 249.
Bate, P., 211.
Baudelaire, C., 66, 67.
Berenson, B., 3, 5, 21, 22, 27, 35, 57, 71, 88, 92, 102, 136, 138-9, 149, 150, 152, 166, 168, 183, 195-196, 224, 236.
Bernard, C., 31.
Beruete, A. de, 258.
Beulé, C. E., 170.
Bigot, C., 51, 162.
Binyon, L., 33.
Blanc, C., 67, 118-119, 124, 155-156.
Blashfield, E. H. and E. W., 2-3, 11, 54, 81, 90, 92, 134, 139, 147, 149, 159, 174, 177, 181, 195, 196, 221-222, 223, 224, 226, 227, 240, 244-245, 264.
Bode, W., 29, 60, 99, 111, 113, 114, 122, 145, 155, 184, 200, 201, 217, 219, 220, 234.
Bonnat, L., 259.
Boucher ,F., 78.
Boulton, W. B., 204.
Brinton, C., 15.
Brown, G. B., 201.
Brown, J., 192.
Brownell, W. C., 51, 186.
Buisson, J., 263.
Burckhardt, J., 26.
"Bürger, W.," 120, 229, 260.
Burne-Jones, Sir E., 33, 34.
Bussy, D., 66-67.
Caffin, C. H., 67, 99, 111, 112, 201, 213, 273.
Calvert and Hartley, 105, 258.
Caracci, A., 240.
Cartwright, J., 34, 57, 162.
Cellini, B., 182.
Chéron, P., 184.
Chesterton, G. K., 13.
Clouston, R. S., 192.
Colvin, Sir Sidney, 11, 22, 41, 42, 76, 77, 90, 107, 116, 131, 160, 210, 211.
Comyns-Carr, J., 13.
Constable, J., 49, 248.
Conway, W. M., 25, 94, 154, 268.
Corot, J. B. C., 51, 52.
Cox, Kenyon, 33, 182, 259.
Crowe, Sir, J., 56, 60, 113, 118, 142, 256.
Crowe and Cavalcaselle, 43, 152.
Crowe and Konody, 172-173.
Crutwell, M., 147, 182-183, 223-224.
Cust, L., 76, 253.
Dargenty, G., 266.
De Chambray, R., 186.
De Goncourt, E. and J., 23.
De la Sizeranne, R., 34, 190.
Delacroix, E., 67.
De Selincourt, B., 93.
Diderot, D., 23, 41.
Dilke, Lady, 42, 162.
Dobson, A., 116.
Downes, W. H., 111.
Dürer, A., 75, 147.
Eaton, D. C., 23.
Evelyn, J., 200.
Faure, E., 258.

Ford, R., 258-259.
Francesca, P. della, 80.
Fromentin, E., 154, 216, 219, 220, 252, 255.
Fry, R. E., 9.
Gainsborough, T., 85-86, 204.
Gardner, E. G., 71.
Gautier, T., 109, 116, 132, 190.
Geoffroy, G., 104.
Ghirlandajo, D., 88.
Gower, Lord, 85, 128.
Goya, F., 97.
Grahame, G., 46.
Grappe, G., 164.
Greuze, J. B., 106, 107.
Guinness, H., 3.
Hale, P. L., 261.
Hamerton, P. G., 248, 249.
Harwood, E., 179.
Havard, H., 73, 99-100, 122.
Hazlitt, W., 116, 186, 252.
Head, Sir E., 23.
Head, P. R., 111, 252.
Heaton, M. M., 56.
Hellens, F., 233-234.
Henley, W. E., 51.
Hodgson and Eaton, 85.
Hogarth, W., 116.
Holmes, C. J., 48-49.
Houbraken, A., 29, 120, 144, 251.
Hueffer, F. M., 119.
Hutton, E., 171.
Hymans, H., 232, 252.
James, R. N., 100.
Kallab, W., 37.
Kingsley, R. G., 79.
Konody, P. G., 19, 62, 79, 111, 134, 266.
Kugler, F. T., 25, 141, 232, 252.
Lafenestre, G., 136, 141.
Lafond, P., 98, 272.
Lamb, C., 116.
Lapauze, H., 124.
"Lee, Vernon," 176, 177.
Lemcke, C., 229.
Lübke, W., 7, 159.
Lücke, H., 7.
Macfall, H., 270, 271.
Malone, E., 203.
Mantz, P., 31, 109, 114, 248.
Marillier, H. C., 210.
Martin, W., 73.
Marville, V. de, 187.
Mauclair, C., 79, 213.
Maxwell, Sir H,. 207.
McCurdy, E., 130.
Michelangelo, 5, 221.
Middleton, J. H., 180-181, 196.
Monkhouse, C., 59, 128, 240.
Montarbet, P. de, 232.
Montégut, E., 118.
Moore, G., 268, 270.
Morelli, G., 90, 227.
Müntz, E., 102, 138, 181.
Muther,, R., 15, 16, 19, 25, 26, 36-37, 57, 59, 62, 64, 79, 93, 94, 98, 100, 104, 124-125, 143, 151, 164, 167, 124-125, 143, 151, 164, 167, 179, 187, 206, 236, 268.
Normand, C., 106.
Northcote, J., 203, 204.
Paget, Violet, see "Lee, Vernon."
Pater, W., 22, 131, 132.
Peltzer, A., 261.
Pératé, A., 38.
Philippi, A., 229.
Phillips, C., 107.
Phillips, D., 90.
Phillips, E. M., 9, 35, 38, 181.
Piles, R. de, 216.
Pirkheimer W., 75-76.
Potter, M. K., 43, 174, 243.
Powers, H. H., 44, 152, 196.
Prinsep, V., 211.
Priuli-Bon, Contessa, 226-227.
Rea, Hope, 217.

Redgrave, R. and S., 13.
Reinach, S., 236.
Ricci, C., 17, 19, 43.
Ricketts, C. S., 98, 104.
Rod, E., 210.
Roosés, M., 126, 127.
Rose, G. B., 132.
Rosetti, W. M., 4-5, 46, 54. 70, 83, 88, 102, 108-109, 134, 136, 150, 168, 170, 174, 210, 240, 243-244, 264.
Rousseau, J., 118, 119.
Rubens, P. P., 215, 217.
Rushforth, C. McN., 59.
Ruskin, J., 5, 9, 11, 22, 49, 88, 239, 240, 244, 247, 248, 270.
Scheltema, P., 113-114.
Schmidt-Degener, F., 29.
Scott, Sir W., 192.
Sentenach, N., 273.
Shedd, J. A., 70.
Silvestre, T., 66.
Smith, G. W., 40, 206.
Solvay, L., 170-171.
Springer, A., 76.
Stanley, G., 143.
Stevenson, R. A. M., 51, 192, 259.
Stevenson, R. L. S., 192.
Stillman, W. J., 38.
Stranahan, C. H., 40, 46-47, 79.
Streeter, A., 22, 136.
Sweetser, M. F., 109.
Symonds, J. A., 3, 7, 54, 71, 81, 83, 88, 92, 102, 132, 147, 149, 158-159, 168, 176, 223, 244, 264.
Taine, H., 7, 17, 38, 68, 70, 88, 109, 131, 159, 216-217, 239-240.
Thayer, W. R., 238, 239.
Thomson, D. C., 51, 213.
Thore, E. J. T., see "W. Bürger."
Tieck, L., 54.
Van Dyke, J. C., 39, 60, 64, 73, 86, 116, 128, 129, 145, 151, 156, 208, 234, 252, 255.
Vasari G., 2, 5, 6, 8, 18, 21, 26, 27, 44, 53, 57, 80, 83, 87, 92, 101, 130, 131, 134, 136, 141, 147, 149, 178, 179, 182, 195, 221, 223, 225-226.
Waters, W. G., 80, 81.
Watts-Dunton, T., 210.
Wauters, A. J., 31, 151.
Weale, W. H. J., 154.
Wedmore, F., 122, 144-145, 172, 208, 229, 270, 271.
Whistler, J. McN., 271.
Wilde, O., 270.
Williamson, G. C. 83, 104, 105, 141.
Wilmot-Buxton, H. J., 13.
Witt, M. H., 126, 143.
Wölfflin, H., 222.
Woltmann, A., 119.
Yriarte, C., 263.
Zanetti, A. M., 38.



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